# ★ PHOTOPLAY

JUNE

PIER ANGELI

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE:

## PAT BOONE'S LIFE STORY

## Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?

## What "BABY DOLL" Did to CARROLL BAKER

25¢

MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS
P 838 7/L 30R M




# 4 Cakes of Personal Size Ivory

## COST NO MORE THAN 3 OF OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

Take a look at prices of leading toilet soaps next time you shop. Isn't it amazing how much less Personal Size Ivory costs—4 cakes for no more than you'd pay for 3 of other brands. That makes the 4th cake pure savings! And such a beautiful way to save, because Ivory is the finest soap you can buy — so pure, so mild, so right for your skin. Advised by more doctors than any other soap. Yes—take a look—That Ivory Look for your skin. So radiantly fresh and clear—so economically yours!




*99 44/100% pure*... it floats*

*Personal Size Ivory is your best beauty buy*

# Often a bridesmaid... never a bride!



**Janice is** a familiar type. She's popular with the girls . . . attractive to men *for a while.* Men seem serious—then just courteous—finally, oblivious. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a roadblock to romance. And the tragedy is, you're never aware that you're offending!

**The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions**

Why risk halitosis when Listerine Antiseptic ends it so quickly? Germs in the mouth are the most common cause of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Tests prove Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth, instantly, on contact.

**Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does**

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic—that's why it stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength morning and night!




**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . STOPS BAD BREATH**

**4 times better than tooth paste**



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication

# 'STARVES' PIMPLES

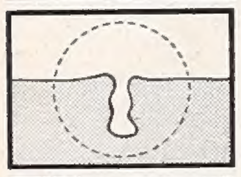
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works.* In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

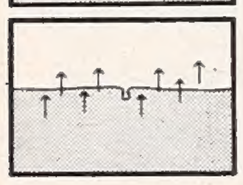
**CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR**



**1. PENETRATES PIMPLES** . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



**2. ISOLATES PIMPLES** . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



**3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES** . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

**SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM**

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

**'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS**

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).




**Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)**



# PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

**JUNE, 1957** **VOL. 51, NO. 6**



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## SPECIAL COMPLETE LIFE STORY


The Pat Boone Story.....*Sylvia Ashton* 41


## ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES


Look Where You're Going, Audrey! (Audrey Hepburn).....*Carl Clement* 46
The Trials of Jean (Jean Seberg).....*Beverly Ott* 50
What Makes Her a Star (Kim Novak).....*Hildegarde Johnson* 54
The Reluctant Traveler (Alan Ladd).....*Maxine Arnold* 56
Search for Faith (Marlon Brando).....*Nicholas Gray* 60
Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?.....*Sara Hamilton* 62
To You from Tony: Sa-Wad-Dee.....*Tony Perkins* 66
Escape to Happiness (Doris Day) Part III.....*George Scullin* 68
I Feel Bad About Baby Doll (Carroll Baker).....*Richard Gehman* 70


## NEWS AND REVIEWS


Cal York's Inside Stuff..... 4
Let's Go to the Movies....*Janet Graves* 14
Brief Reviews..... 28
Casts of Current Pictures..... 31
Hollywood for You....*Sidney Skolsky* 32
Exclusively Yours.....*Radie Harris* 48


## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS


Over the Editor's Shoulder..... 22
Readers Inc..... 36


## LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS


Becoming Attractions..... 12
Needle News..... 24
Crossword Puzzle..... 30
The Dream That Lasts a Lifetime *Ellin Thompson* 58
Big News in Swimsuits!..... 72
Patterned for You by Pier (Angeli).. 78


## STARS IN FULL COLOR


Pat Boone ..... 43
Audrey Hepburn .... 46
Eva Marie Saint .... 48
Dana Wynter ..... 48
Etchika Choureau ... 48
Tab Hunter ..... 48
Keenan Wynn ..... 48
Debbie Reynolds .... 48
Jane Russell ..... 48
Bob Wagner ..... 48
Tony Perkins ..... 67
Carroll Baker ..... 70
Valerie Allen ..... 72


COVER: Color portrait of Pier Angeli from M-G-M. Pier is starred in M-G-M's "The Vintage."

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# AVA shipwrecked on a desert island—with TWO MEN!



This scanty costume
(*and two adoring men*)
were salvaged by gorgeous
Ava when their yacht was
lost. Lots of spice and
everything nice in
this very funny comedy.

M-G-M presents

# AVA GARDNER
# STEWART GRANGER
# DAVID NIVEN

in

# The Little Hut

in BLUSHING color!

**WIN AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC!**

*Enter "The Little Hut" giveaway contest. Get your entry blank from your favorite movie theatre, travel bureau or luggage dealer.*



"You've both known me for years
There must be something you can work out!"



Philip, I'd like permission
to marry your wife!"

Introducing WALTER CHIARI • Screen Play by F. HUGH HERBERT • Based on the Play by ANDRÉ ROUSSIN

English Stage Adaptation by NANCY MITFORD • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • A HERBSON S.A. PRODUCTION

Directed by MARK ROBSON • Produced by F. HUGH HERBERT and MARK ROBSON An M-G-M Release

# INSIDE STUFF



*A surprised Liz Taylor and her surprising husband Mike Todd have a rich future*



*Being together often does not mean the usual for Natalie Wood, Bob Wagner*

## *Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*

**Diamond Liz:** On exhibit in a fashionable gallery in London is a painting of Elizabeth Taylor holding one of her babies in her arms. This look into the past was painted by Marjorie Wilding, her ex-sister-in-law. Meanwhile, Liz herself is living very much in the present and future. Happy in the expectation of producing a new family for Mike Todd, in the fall, she recently dazzled a plush gathering of New York society folks with a tremendous diamond clip on her dress, diamond earrings and a diamond flower clip in her hair, all in addition to the big rock on her finger, of course. By the way, Liz was named best-dressed woman of the screen by the Fashion Foundation of America.

**Rumor Time:** When we talked to Hope Lange in New York and recommended a doctor for her to see in Hollywood, just before her baby was born, we took the opportunity to check the rumor that she would go housewife-and-mother after young Murray checked in, neglecting her acting career. It's not true. The eight-pound boy arrived at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and Mrs. Don Murray immediately began talking to her bosses at 20th Century-Fox about a part in "Peyton Place." Don, of course, just

***Continued***

# BURT LANCASTER · KIRK DOUGLAS

**LAWMAN AND BADMAN...**
**THE STRANGEST FRIENDSHIP**
**THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN AND HELL!**

...They fought shoulder to shoulder
in the wildest wide-open
stand-up gunfight in the history
of the West!

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MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

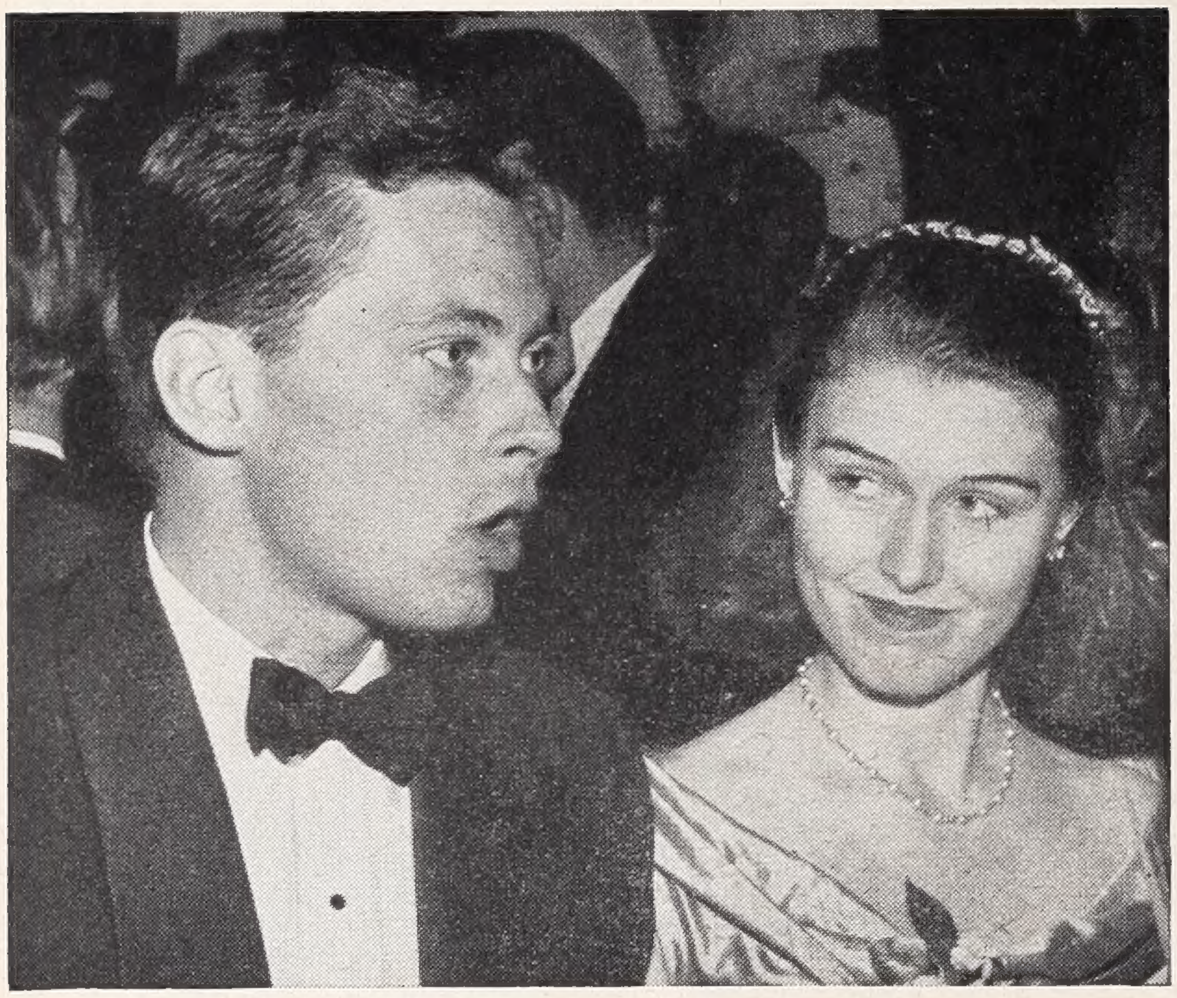
IN
HAL
WALLIS'
PRODUCTION OF

# GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL

co-starring **RHONDA FLEMING · JO VAN FLEET · JOHN IRELAND**

Directed by JOHN STURGES · Screenplay by LEON URIS · Music composed and conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN · A Paramount Picture

TECHNICOLOR®



*John Kerr and his pretty Priscilla find Hollywood life to their liking, are making it official*

*Nick Adams has some very useful information to impart to Karen Steele, about steak and tomatoes*



finished making "A Hatful of Rain." . . . Because Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner keep being seen around together, the talk persists that this is a big romantic thing. It's not. These two kids have somewhat similar problems —Nat's tussles with the press and others about her flittings from date to date, and Bob's frank admission that he considers his career is in a rut—and they find a great deal of consolation in being able to talk to each other about them. Basically sensible, both of them, they can really help each other . . . Talk is that June Allyson has promised Dick Powell to seek professional help for her emotional mix-ups. Dick would really like to work out their problems. . . . John Kerr and his Priscilla have been finding it hard to determine on which Coast they ought to settle. Having finished "The Vintage," John was considering possibilities on Broadway and in New York television as well as Hollywood. But they have bought a house in the movie capital, and television work from that end of the coaxial cable is what he will be doing most for the next few months. . . . George Nader can't make up his mind, still dates both the beauteous Dani Crayne and the beauteous Martha Hyer . . . Cornell Borchers is newly a Hollywood resident, now looking for a house with enough privacy to permit sunbathing *au naturel*. It's just something that Miss Borchers likes to do.

**Life in Hollywood:** Dusty Bartlett is the girl Jeff Hunter has been seeing most while recovering from his marital bust-up. Ask Dusty how she got her name and she will explain that it derives from her days as a Girl Scout, when she liked to roll down hills. . . . Nick Adams, though you may find it hard to believe, had to lose over twenty pounds for his role in "No Time for Sergeants." If you're on the lookout for a Hollywood-type diet, here is Nick's: Steak and tomatoes! . . . The tough and realistic school of acting is not so easy on its adherents, either. Paul Newman, after some rough and tumble roles in television, made "Somebody Up There Likes Me," with all its battles, and has been tagged as the prizefighter type ever since. Even in "The Helen Morgan Story" he has to take a few punches in defense of Ann Blyth's honor, in a night-club brawl, and in "Until They Sail" he's a soldier. His real-life girl, Joanne Woodward, thinks his next role ought to be that of a preacher. . . . In Hollywood, social storms rage over the most amazing things. Now it's Vikki Dougan who has kicked off a tremendous to-do over her low, low-cut dress—in the *back*. Some say it's poor taste, others that it's ridiculous. But a good many can be found who, like one close friend of Miss Dougan, just shrug and say, "What did they expect? The gals had gone just about as far as they could cutting down in the front. Vikki's idea is simply the next logical development!"

**Stay-at-Homers:** Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont are determined that their baby, expected the end of July, will be born in the United States, so it will be American, as is Maria Christina, Aumont's child with Maria Montez. After the birth of her baby, Marisa is going to concentrate on her career in Hollywood, while Aumont will tour the capitals of Europe in the play in which he is currently appearing in

***Continued***

DARRYL F.
ZANUCK'S

# ISLAND IN THE SUN

by Alec Waugh

Directed by
ROBERT ROSSEN

*The place is the West Indies.*
*The tantalizing sun*
*hides so many sins!*



JAMES
MASON
as
Maxwell
Fleury



JOAN
FONTAINE
as Mavis



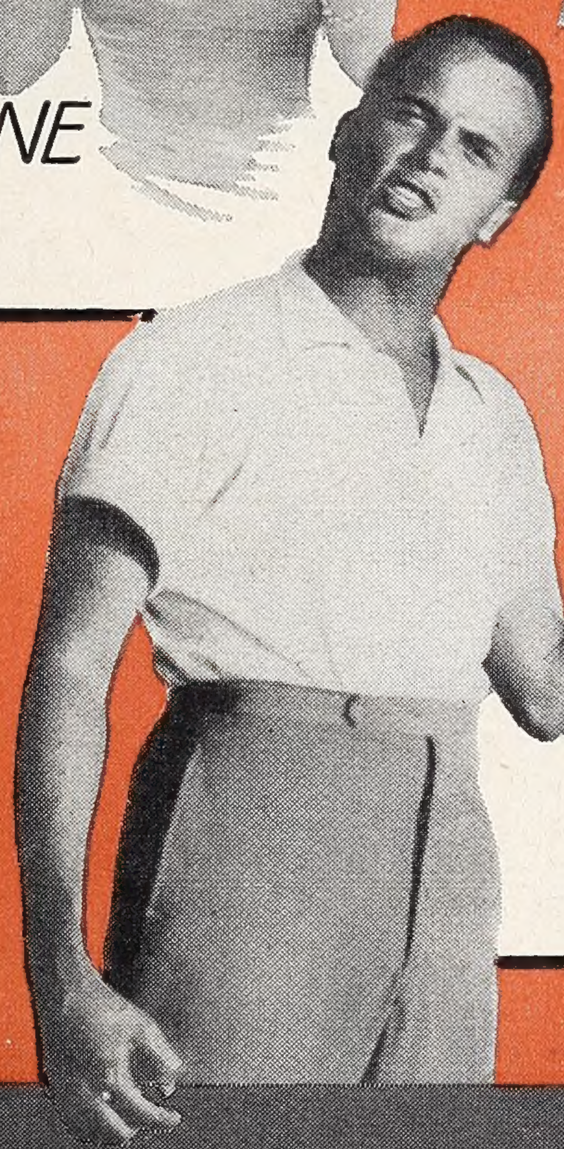
DOROTHY
DANDRIDGE
as Margot



MICHAEL
RENNIE
as Carson



JOAN
COLLINS
as Jocelyn



HARRY
BELAFONTE
as Boyeur

with
Diana Wynyard · John Williams · Stephen Boyd · Basil Sydney · John Justin · Ronald Squire · Patricia Owens

Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK · ALFRED HAYES
Screenplay by

COLOR by DE LUXE
CINEMASCOPE
Released by 20th Century-Fox

*Are you ever* **excited...**






*surprised...*



*rushed?...*

That's when most deodorants fail
but new MUM Cream keeps working




WON'T IRRITATE NORMAL SKIN
WON'T DAMAGE FABRICS

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

**You've probably noticed** . . . when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. *It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor.* Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor safely—24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are. That's because Mum contains M-3—long-lasting hexachlorophene.

*MUM contains M-3* (*long-lasting hexachlorophene*)
*. . . it works when other deodorants fail*


# INSIDE STUFF

*Continued*

Paris, "Amphitryon 38." Incidentally, Marisa and Jean Pierre, who are strict stay-at-homers, saw the new show at the Lido only because the Oliviers were in Paris. Sir Laurence and Vivien Olivier are Aumont's best friends, and he and Marisa took them to the Lido, on one of their rare nights out. The Oliviers came to straighten out arrangements for their joint appearance on the Paris stage in May in "Titus Andronicus" for the Paris Drama Festival. . . . Speaking of Aumont, he was one of the Hollywood friends Ty Power looked up during his week in Paris. Ty also managed to see his ex-wife Annabella several times for dinner, and she and Louis Jourdan took him to his plane when he left to return to London. When Ty leaves London for Hollywood and "Witness for the Prosecution" he is lending the Louis Jourdans his London home while Jourdan makes a film there. Incidentally, although Ty is deeply devoted to his two little girls and spends as much time with them as possible, he never mentions the name of their mother, Linda Christian. It's as if she simply does not exist for him. Ty's interest in Swedish actress Mai Zetterling, however, is keen.

**Rod and Sally:** Rod Steiger didn't miss the chance to stop off in Paris on his way to Spain for "Across the Bridge" location. Disproving that Paris is strictly a woman's shopping town, Rod bought himself a stack of hats and a new watch. But his main activity in the French capital was hunting new paintings. An avid art fan and a skilled painter himself, Rod confesses a preference for talented unknowns. "Can't afford masterpieces," he says. As friends tipped him off to one after another of the city's promising young painters, Rod, a strange (*Continued on page* 26)



*Fellow U-I star George Nader helps new import Cornell Borchers to feel at home.*

## *the kiss of spring for your hair. . .* **Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo**

. . . the outdoor fragrance, clean feel and young look that make you happy-to-be-alive! Exciting new Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo gives your hair a billion bubble beauty bath. Fine, rich lather cleanses thoroughly, gently . . . safeguards the precious natural oil that keeps your hair soft, easy to manage—sparkling with Springtime freshness all year 'round.

Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo by Lenthéric—*69¢ and $1.*





*Now!* ***Even humdrum hair can seethe with excitement!***

# NEW DuBARRY COLOR GLO

- ***Foams new living color right into your hair!***
- ***Washes right out with your next shampoo!***
- ***Looks so natural it's your own exciting secret!***

There's *never* been hair color like DuBarry Color Glo! Not a rinse—not a color shampoo—but a whole new way to color your hair. This fabulous foam gives a new *color-lift* to every shade of hair under the sun!

*Foam* in Color Glo after your next shampoo, and rinse. That's all! No mixing, no fixing, no fussing. It's fun, fast . . . and fool-proof! Color Glo *stays* on evenly . . . *conditions* while it's on . . . shampoos out *completely*.

With Color Glo you can *accent* and *intensify* your own hair color . . . or you can have a dramatic *new* color this very night! With Color Glo, blonde isn't bland . . . it's brilliant! Black isn't flat . . . it's fiery! Red isn't raging . . . it's radiant! And gray is never, never drab . . . it's pure shimmering silver! After your next shampoo, *foam* fabulous color into *your* hair with new DuBarry Color Glo!




*Choose from these newest, truest-to-life colors . . .*

**Golden Leopard** *puts golden gleam in blonde hair, a twinkle in brown hair.*

**Midnight Panther** *deepens black hair to sparkling jet. Gives brown a velvety depth.*

**Red Cheetah** *lifts hair to fiery brilliance. Gives brunettes a burnished glow.*

**Brown Jaguar** *adds richness and warmth . . . makes brown sparkle with highlights!*

**Silver Mink** *gives a fresh silver shimmer to faded white, gray or ash-blonde hair.*

DU BARRY COLOR GLO 1.50 PLUS TAX




Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)



**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE** proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.




**Leading shampoos** were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

**WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER**

# becoming attractions



**A**




**B**



**C**



**D**

**A** *Hush, Toni's new cream deodorant and anti-perspirant, comes in unique, plastic swivel case that measures, applies and smoothes in correct amount. 98¢**

**B** *Angel Touch, Pond's new, light, but long-lasting liquid makeup with dewy, non-greasy finish comes in six shades in plastic squeeze bottle. 59¢*; $1.00**

**C** *Schiaparelli's "Spring 'N Summer" cologne, a refreshing woodsy blend, is available with matching dusting powder. Each, $2.75.* Combination set, $5.25**

**D** *Coty Paris Original lipstick case, designed to hold Coty "24" lipstick, $2.50* or $3.50*, complete with Switchstick refill. Switchstick, alone, 90¢**

**plus tax*

If you like to mix and match colors (and we know you do)

# You'll love LUX




# Now in 4 new colors

## as well as pure white

This is the famous Lux Soap you know
... mild and gentle ... with its exclusive
fragrance ... its rich Cosmetic lather

One or more of the new Lux colors is sure to contrast or harmonize beautifully with your bathroom décor. You'll want to use Lux in Color—right along with your favorite White Lux.

Every one of the four new pastels is the same wonderful Lux you already know . . . famous Lux, the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars. And, like White Lux, Lux in Color is guaranteed by Lever Brothers to satisfy completely or your money back!




You'll find your favorite
pure white Lux in familiar gold foil

**Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper—**

**choose from lovely shades of** Pink Green Yellow Blue **as well as white**

# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

### *12 Angry Men*

U.

✓✓✓✓ Though tension builds steadily throughout thi unusual drama, its intelligent and penetrating approac provides material for thought, as well as lively entertair ment. The action takes place in a New York jury roon where twelve very miscellaneous citizens are arguing question of life or death, for a boy charged with murde ing his father. On the first vote, only Henry Fonda up holds a "not guilty" verdict. Subtly, patiently, he work on his fellow jurors. Among them: Jack Warden, a rough neck who just wants to get out of there in time for the bal game; E. G. Marshall, a coldly logical sort; Ed Begley whose outlook is distorted by prejudice; Lee J. Cobb influenced by a bitter personal problem.

FAMIL



*Is this the murder weapon? Fonda urges other members of the jury to consider every clue, for a youth's life is in their hands*



*Rhonda may side with Burt in his fight against crime, but gambler Kirk remains unpredictable*

### *Gunfight at the OK Corral*

PARAMOUNT; VISTA-VISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ A fine, handsome Western in the heroic tradition casts Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas as mighty men out of the history and legend of frontier days. Burt is Wyatt Earp, the Dodge City marshal who in this tale does a bit of roving to smash an outlaw gang. Supposedly at odds with the law, Kirk is gambler Doc Holliday, the one-time dentist who came West for his health, but gets into too many bouts with the bottle and with gunfighters. Not much time is left for romance, represented by Rhonda Fleming, as a lady gambler who attracts Burt, and Jo Van Fleet, as Kirk's tough but devoted girl. There's a strong supporting cast, and sharply dramatic photography points up every suspenseful situation.

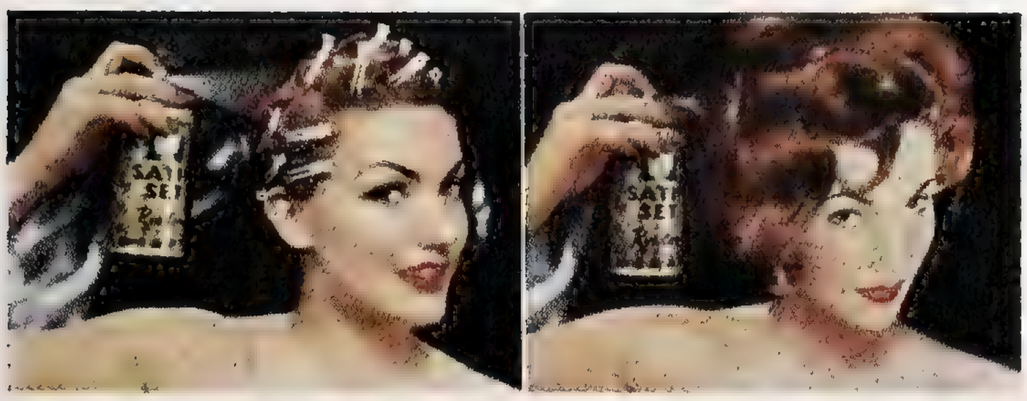
FAMILY

***Continued***

# Now...your hair can look, feel, act NATURALLY CURLY!

® 1.35 PLUS TAX

## Only *Revlon* 'SATIN-SET' has *Humidex* to set curls that stay...even when it rains!



To set this hair style, pin up as shown. Then a quick spray of 'Satin-Set'. Let dry—comb out—for soft, lasting curls. Between sets, a quick spray holds your hair style perfectly—without lacquer!

### *'Humidex', the amazing new discovery, protects hair from moisture in the air!*

Today, quick as a spray, you can have soft, natural-looking curls. *Have them even when it rains*, now that 'Satin-Set' has 'Humidex', Revlon's exclusive new moisture guard! 'Satin-Set' actually penetrates pin-curls and locks them in. They're set to stay, come what may! One spray 'Satin-Set' is all you need. For between sets, a quick spraying with 'Satin-Set' holds your hair style perfectly—*without lacquer!*

★ TM

© 1957, REVLON, INC.





# MOVIES

## *Boy on a Dolphin*

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Rarely seen on film here, never before with such sensuous camerawork, the ancient vistas of Greece add enchantment to the melodrama of an Alan Ladd adventure film. As a native girl who dives for sponges, Sophia Loren finds beneath the sea a fabulously valuable statue of a boy riding a dolphin. Dedicated to his profession of archeology, Alan knows that the relic rightfully belongs to the Greek government. But Sophia, her greedy boy-friend (Jorge Mistral) and a drunken English doctor (Laurence Naismith) want to dispose of it more profitably. As a wealthy and unprincipled collector, Clifton Webb is ready with the cash. Alan is convincingly heroic; Clifton has his usual air of superhuman composure; but Sophia sometimes seems to be doing a take-off on Italian actresses. FAMILY

## *The Tall T*

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Here's a first-rate Randolph Scott Western that pays more attention to human character than horse operas usually do. Trying to start his own ranch after years as a cowhand, Scott just happens to become one of a group held captive by three desperadoes. As the leader, Richard Boone is a veteran, ruthless outlaw, who still has enough elements of decency left that he despises his young henchmen, portrayed by Skip Homeier and Henry Silva, as hapless juvenile delinquents of the frontier. Scott's fellow captives include Maureen O'Sullivan and John Hubbard, as a fortune hunter she has married to escape an old maid's fate. In general outline, the plot is familiar, but the people and their reactions have a feeling of conviction. FAMILY

## *Abandon Ship!*

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Centered on a dramatically compelling situation, this close-up of castaways at sea puts star Tyrone Power in a terrible dilemma. The actual event that inspired the story took place more than a hundred years ago. Here it's brought up to date, picturing the few survivors of a wrecked cruise ship clustered in and around a hopelessly overloaded boat. As officer in command, Ty eventually faces his decision. Should he try to save all his charges, at the risk of losing all of them? Or should he better the chances of some by casting into the sea the ill, the injured, the weak, the old? Officer Lloyd Nolan, mortally hurt, urges the second decision. Ship's nurse Mai Zetterling, who loves Ty, and Moira Lister, as a socialite short on morals but long on courage, back him up. Though the idea is arresting, it takes on a certain dreariness in the telling. FAMILY

### *This Could Be the Night*

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Fresh and funny, sly and romantic, this comedy matches prim, winsome Jean Simmons with a Runyonesque crew of low-lifes—who are mostly pretty good guys and dolls. To add to her schoolteaching salary, Jean takes an evening job as secretary to night-club owner Paul Douglas. Overcome by the fact that she's a "college broad" and a "greenhorn," he is determined to shield her. Young newcomer Anthony Franciosa cuts a striking figure as Paul's partner, a wolf who finds he has higher ideas about Jean. Promptly, he shies away, wary of the "tender trap." The other night-club people are equally picturesque. Julie Wilson is the voluptuous and knowing singer. Promising new Neile Adams is a sassy, sexy dancer on the job; off it, she's a shy, bespectacled girl whose chief yearning is to be a good cook. Joan Blondell seems to be the typical stage mother. And bus-boy Rafael Campos has a strange reason for wanting Jean to coach him in algebra. Neatly dialogued, engagingly acted, it's a thoroughly enjoyable movie from start to finish. ADULT

### *The Naked Eye*

FILM REPRESENTATIONS

✓✓✓ The countless photography addicts will find plenty of fascinating material in this easy-to-look-at documentary. Though it starts with a history of the development of the camera, it is not at all a technical study. It moves on, from Daguerre to Matthew Brady to the great photographers of today, showing the varied and dramatic uses of the camera. The latter part of the movie is devoted to the life of Edward Weston, pictured through his work. But the makers of the film have tackled too big a job, trying to cover an entire art in seventy-one minutes, and the results are sometimes patchy. ADULT

### *The Little Hut*

M-G-M; EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Credit the good looks of Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger and the deft comedy talent of David Niven for most of the entertainment values in this mild farce. Promising more spice than it delivers, it makes those desert-island cartoons come to life. A yacht wreck lands the three on their tropical paradise. Before this, we've seen them back in London: Stewart as a big-shot, all-business industrialist; Ava, as the neglected wife; David, as the "friend" who escorts her during her husband's frequent absences. Now Stewart happily and efficiently turns *Robinson Crusoe*, to fit out their island with various niceties of civilization. Sulking in his lonely hut, David presently comes up with the astonishing suggestion that under the circumstances Ava ought to share her favors between the two men. To complicate the ensuing arguments, a third man appears. ADULT

### *Dragoon Wells Massacre*

A.A.

✓✓✓ Another satisfying Western follows a hopeful trend by trying to get some complexity into its characters. Its plot is that old reliable, used in many good movies—putting a chance-met group into a situation of deadly danger. Led by cavalry officer Dennis O'Keefe, these people are trying to reach a fort before Apaches wipe them out. Mona Freeman, a spoiled Easterner, has rejected Dennis to seek a more comfortable life with Casey Adams. Trevor Bardette, a grizzled marshal with an amusing weakness for gambling, has two prisoners: Barry Sullivan, a debonair adventurer, and Jack Elam, a sinister-looking but pathetic outlaw, whose life has been ruined by his ugliness. The group also includes gallant Katy Jurado and brutish Sebastian Cabot, who has been selling guns and liquor to the Indians. FAMILY

*Continued*



*In "This Could Be the Night," J. Carrol Naish's kitchen becomes a schoolroom, as Jean Simmons gives Rafael Campos a lesson. Anthony Franciosa, the joint's owner, looks on*




Wear
any bathing suit
you please—
any time you please

**ALL SUMMER LONG!**

The answer is simple: change to Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Tampax requires no belts, pins, pads, *supports of any kind*. Tampax does away with chafing, irritation . . . is cool and comfortable at all times. Tampax gives you *freedom* . . . freedom of motion, freedom of mind. You feel unembarrassed, socially secure (Tampax even prevents odor from forming). Carrying is convenient, changing is fast, disposal is easy. *Don't let another summer go by without Tampax!* Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.




The rush of modern living occasionally leaves everyone a little too tense and taut. Next time, do as so many busy, modern women do . . . let MILES NERVINE help you calm down and relax—to feel your best again. Also, use gentle, but effective MILES NERVINE whenever you're too restless to sleep at night. MILES NERVINE relaxes you, lets you sleep—*naturally*. Follow the label—avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE has a long record of satisfaction in use. Buy it in effervescent tablets or liquid at any drugstore.

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*feel calm and tranquil*
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MILES® NERVINE

*At any drugstore . . .*
**No Prescription Needed!**
*Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.*

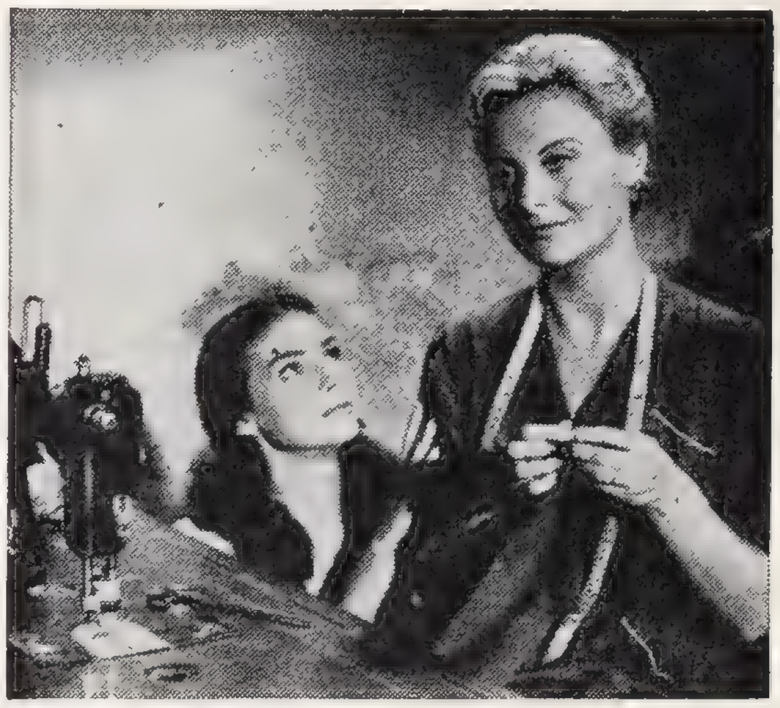
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## *The Vintage*

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE; METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ As three stars with both appeal and talent, John Kerr, Pier Angeli and Mel Ferrer have a fitting vehicle in this rich story of workers in Southern France's vineyards. A location trip there gives the picture conviction, as well as beauty. John and Mel play brothers who have fled Italy because John killed a man there, in understandable rage. They're taken on as grape-pickers at the vineyard owned by Leif Erickson, gruff and single-minded in his devotion to his fields. As his wife, Michele Morgan senses immediately that the more youthful of the strangers has a secret tragedy, and John falls in love with her. For Mel, the harvest of the grapes brings a slowly ripening romance with Pier, Michele's sister. Their problems are worked out against the annual drama of the vintage season, climax of the year for people of the vineyards. The whole picture is a winning, unusual blend of emotion, earthiness and dreamy remoteness. FAMILY



*For Pier, harvest time means growing up, and she seeks Michele Morgan's sympathy*

## *The Bachelor Party*

U.A.

✓✓ Doing a sharp change of pace from his "Bus Stop" role, Don Murray still turns in a first-rate performance in a drably realistic story of New York life. The picture centers on the final fling of the title, organized by office bachelor Jack Warden for young Phillip Abbott. As the men drift from joint to joint, alcohol loosens their tongues, and their individual worries are revealed. Don, as we've already learned, sees himself at a dead end, a bookkeeper forever, because wife Patricia Smith has told him that she expects a baby. The timid groom is afraid of marriage. Middle-aged E. G. Marshall, a family man, has just found that he has a fatal illness. Even the bachelor isn't happy with his aimless existence. All these people are bored with their lives, and as the night drags on it's easy to agree with them. However, the dialogue is convincing, if too repetitious, and the acting is uniformly fine, including Carolyn Jones, as a gabbling, love-hungry Greenwich Villager. ADULT

## *The Counterfeit Plan*

WARNERS

✓✓ An English-made crime movie, with two American stars, builds up thrills as it examines the techniques and hazards of the counterfeiters' trade. Escaped killer Zachary Scott heads for the country home of Mervyn Johns, expert engraver who committed legal forgeries for the secret service during the war. In the past, he hadn't been so scrupulous, but now he's determined to stay straight. Zachary's arrival, with gunmen at hand, forcibly changes his plans. When Peggie Castle, as Johns' daughter, comes for a visit, she finds her father a captive, helping the crooks at their money-making plant in his cellar. As her sweetheart, Robert Arden also gets embroiled in the straightaway melodrama and thrills. FAMILY

## *Tarzan and the Lost Safari*

TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Handsome and imposingly muscular as the jungle hero, Gordon Scott has a tough proposition on his hands in this colorful adventure yarn. A private plane has crashed, and its passengers, though uninjured, are lost. Scott offers to guide them to safety, but some of his charges aren't too cooperative. Pilot Peter Arne, a sulky sort, grows jealous over wife Betta St. John's admiration of Scott. (For this item in the series, mate *Jane* is conveniently omitted.) Wealthy George Coulouris and current girlfriend Yolande Donlan aren't exactly the jungle-hardened sort. But elderly gossip columnist Wilfrid Hyde White is a surprisingly good sport. Worse complications arise when ivory hunter Robert Beatty also offers to guide the safari. His motives are sinister, but he can't fool *Tarzan* Scott. Background scenes shot in Africa are full of colorful and spectacular animal life. FAMILY

## *The Deadly Mantis*

U-I

✓✓✓ In science-fiction horror films, prehistoric creatures returned to life are rivaled by familiar creatures grown to monstrous size—the ant, the tarantula. The menace of this lively piece is both. Entombed ages ago in Arctic ice, it is defrosted when a glacier unloads. Though it's about the size of the most modern jet bomber, it is only that large relative to the grasshopper, a preying mantis. But its powerful jaws and claws tear planes, buildings and people apart. Army officer Craig Stevens, scientist William Hopper and the scientist's pretty assistant, Alix Talton, are among those investigating the mysterious killer. The first point of attack is the Dew Line, our northernmost radar installations, and actual newsreel shots lend a chilling illusion of authenticity to all the wild goings-on. So do later shots of jet pilots in a scramble and in action. Just one note in passing: Today's relatively small mantis is our pal; his favorite dish is Japanese beetles. FAMILY


***Continued***



# because *you* are the very air he breathes...

He's yours, and you *know* it. It's love, and you *show* it.
What fabulous fun, being female, at a time like this!
Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your
charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives
away odor... dries away perspiration worries. (Remember,
if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)




***VETO is for you in more ways than one***




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*Spray*




*Stick*




*Aerosol Mist*

*One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!*

# Debbie comes out



**A nice girl but not glamorous, until...**

***First,*** she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.




KURLENE® tube **50c*** jar **$1.00***

**plus tax*



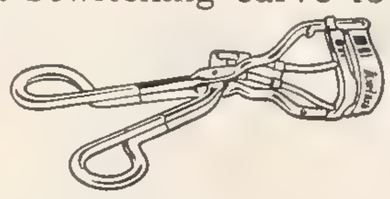
***Second,*** Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)



TWISSORS® **75c**



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*Don Burnett unwittingly stirs up emotional storms, including one in Lurene Tuttle*

### *Untamed Youth* WARNERS

✓✓ Don Burnett makes an impression as an attractive newcomer. Mamie Van Doren does a vigorous rock 'n' roll number. And that's about all you can say for this odd melodrama. With sister Lori Nelson, Mamie is sentenced to pick cotton on a sort of prison farm run by brutal John Russell, secret husband of Lurene Tuttle, who is the local judge. As Lurene's son, Don comes along to see what is happening to the young "prisoners." Supposedly, they're being overworked as well as mistreated—but all hands turn out to rock 'n' roll every evening! ADULT

### *Last of the Badmen* A.A.; CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ Chicago detective George Montgomery is called upon to combat a new outlaw gimmick that is the most interesting feature of this Western, handicapped by the way it's presented. George's predecessor has been the victim of the trick, and now our hero asks to be put through the same routine. With fake posters in circulation, he's represented as a wanted man, jailed on his arrival in a frontier town. The gang (Douglas Kennedy, Robert Foulk, James Best) promptly springs him. Then he's forced to take part in their robberies—as the only unmasked member of the gang. So the reward on his head goes up and up, while the outlaws plan eventually to turn in his remains (through an intermediary) and collect. George sticks with it dangerously close to the moment of collection, in the effort to identify the brains behind the scheme. To lend an air of realism, there's a solemn running commentary in the *Dragnet* style. This slows the pace, telling you what you can already see on the screen. FAMILY

### *Shoot-Out at Medicine Bend* WARNERS

✓✓✓ The nice "Friendly Persuasion" influence hits the Westerns in this agreeable Randolph Scott item. With two other former soldiers, Randy returns to Nebraska to find that his brother has been killed by Indians, unable to defend himself because his gun wouldn't fire. Randy goes after suave James Craig, storekeeper who sold the ammunition. To hide their purpose, he and his pals join a Quaker group and adopt their garb. Quaker lass Angie Dickinson and dance-hall gal Dani Crayne supply romance. FAMILY

### *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum have never appeared to better advantage than in this remarkable film, partly a suspenseful incident of the Pacific war, mostly a delicate study of the relationship between two human beings. Bob is a traditionally tough marine, dedicated to his corps. Deborah is a dedicated nun, though she has not yet taken her final vows. The two meet on a deserted island that is eventually captured by Jap forces. Under John Huston's direction, their struggle to survive is beautifully counter-balanced by the interplay between two utterly different personalities that for this interlude find a common ground. Inevitably, Bob falls in love with his companion, though he treats her with deep respect—except for one drunken lapse. The outcome can be foreseen, but any possible feeling of disappointment is forestalled. Bob's speech indicates the rough, unlettered man; Deborah's (with a hint of musical brogue), the cultured woman. There's the suggestion that they would never have suited each other under normal circumstances. Under these, their situation is touching. FAMILY

BEST ACTING: DEBORAH KERR, ROBERT MITCHUM



*Deborah and Bob face invading Jap forces with two kinds of heroism, equally strong*



# *I dreamed I was Twins in my maidenform* bra*

I'm beside myself with joy! For when I walk down the street, everyone I meet looks twice at my glamorous Maidenform lines! The duet of dream bras: On the left, Pre-Lude* Six-Way; on the right, the same bra in a slimming long-line version. And each *can be worn six-ways:* strapless, with straps any way you like, for every neckline in your wardrobe! And whichever way you wear them—you'll agree they're the most comfortable, the most curve-snugging bras you've ever worn! Bandeau, 3.00. Bandeau, lightly lined, 3.95. Long-Line, 5.95.

HAT: EMME SUIT: TOWNCRAFT

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# Discover the poise that comes when you're sure of yourself!

***How marvelous*** that clean-all-over feeling, that sure knowledge that you're at your *sweetest*, your *freshest!* How much happier, more confident you feel, knowing there's not a chance in the world of "offending"—since you discovered the "Lysol" way!

***"Lysol" belongs*** in your regular grooming routine. Just a teaspoonful added to your douche guards against "embarrassing odor," gives you a sense of complete cleanliness that nothing else seems to equal.

***Indeed, "Lysol" means*** new freshness, new daintiness for you. For "Lysol" is more than a cleanser, more than a deodorant. It's an active germ-killer that gets into folds and crevices and kills odor-causing bacteria on contact. Its thorough action *lasts!*

***Try new mild "Lysol"*** brand disinfectant today. Write for free booklet (sent in plain envelope) on medically-approved way of douching. Send your name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-576.




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P


# over the Editor's shoulder...

**The stars reveal a number of confidences—and so do we**

## *A Medal for Marksmanship*

Whenever a Hollywood star drops in on us in the New York offices, it causes a marquee-sized flurry, and there's no work done for the rest of the afternoon. Not so with the Hollywood office. They're *used* to stars out there. So when Ben Cooper stopped by for a visit on his first furlough from the Army, he nonchalantly plopped himself in an easy chair and settled back with a copy of PHOTOPLAY "to catch up on things." Ben reports that the soldiers nicknamed him "drag along" and "skip along" because his bad back made it impossible for him to keep up with them on marches. But they changed it to "Hop-along" on the rifle range—for he came in third, and won a medal. "Hopalong" or "drag along"—whichever you wish—but come back soon, Ben.




*"Skip along" Ben Cooper on first furlough*

## *Fun with Father*

We called Vic Damone, who was staying at the Essex House on his last visit to New York, to tell him how much we like the photographs of Pier he took for our fashion story on pages 78-79. "Thanks," he said modestly, "I had a good subject." Pier enjoys posing for him, and so does Perry, their twenty-month-old son. "He's a hambone," laughs Vic. Perry kept trying to get into the pictures, and when Vic motioned him away, he'd run behind his Daddy. Then, just as Vic was ready to snap the shutter, he'd pull his Daddy's leg. Literally. "I thought he'd rip the trousers," says Vic. And then there was the dog. Usually, he's good as gold, but this time he wound up biting the baby. Between the dog biting the baby, and the baby running to Daddy for help, Vic had quite a time. "But it was fun," he sighed.

## *Glamour—Then and Now*

We enjoy reading your letters—every last one of them. Matter of fact, that's where we get some of our best ideas. So when so many of you wrote us asking for a story about the old-time stars and posed the question: "Are the current movie queens like Mansfield, Russell and Monroe as queenly as Harlow, Dietrich and Bow?" we asked tiny but titanic Sara Hamilton to find out. We thought Sara, who's been a confidante of the stars for years, ought to know—and she did. We'll let you be the judge, when you turn to page 62.

And speaking of glamour (your own, this time) have you ever had the urge to want to copy the hairdo of a movie star? Well, just when you're most concerned with getting yourself an attractive new hairdo for summer, along comes Harriet Segman, our Beauty Editor, with a big story on Hollywood hair styles featuring the coiffures of Natalie Wood, Doris Day, Ann Blyth, June Allyson and Debbie Reynolds—and complete instructions from the studios for cutting and setting each. Watch for it, in our next issue. As a matter of fact, we can't wait until we see it in print ourselves!




*Collins and Mansfield—and good reading*

# IT'S JUST AN OLD G.I. CUSTOM WITH A BRAND-NEW JAPANESE TWIST!!

The uproarious saga of those hilarious heroes who "took" Tokyo in OPERATION KIMONO!!



ACTUALLY FILMED IN JAPAN!

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CINEMASCOPE TECHNICOLOR®

starring

## AUDIE MURPHY · GEORGE NADER

co-starring

KEENAN WYNN

KEIKO SHIMA · JOHN AGAR · CHARLES McGRAW · FRED CLARK and **BURGESS MEREDITH**

*As JOE BUTTERFLY, that lovable con-man!*

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*Paris about you . . .*
*every day!*




Enjoy Paris glamour in your deodorant! Evening in Paris stick glides on smooth and dry, keeps underarms *dry* and delicately *fragrant.* Rely on it for 24-hour protection. New convenient push-up tube.

**EVENING IN PARIS**
**DEODORANT STICK**
BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.



# NEEDLE NEWS

*732—Neat wrap halter to make in two versions. Trim one with colorful embroidery, or sew in solid and gay stripes. Pattern, embroidery transfer. Sizes small (10-12); medium (14-16); large (18-20). State size*

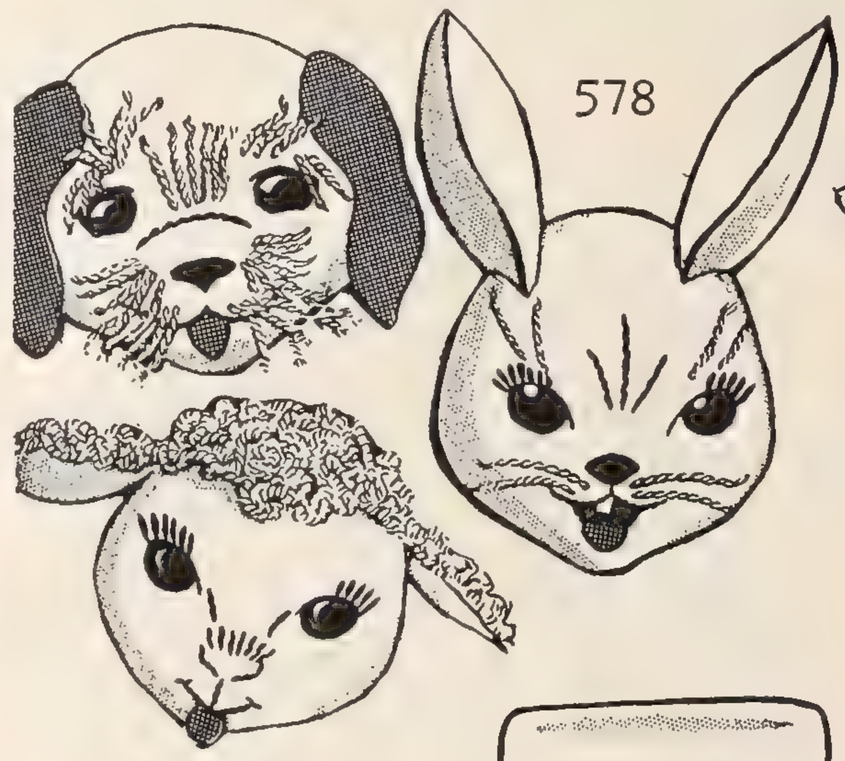
*578—Cuddly animal-face pillows. Children love them. Simple to sew. Directions for three 10-inch pillows; transfer of faces*

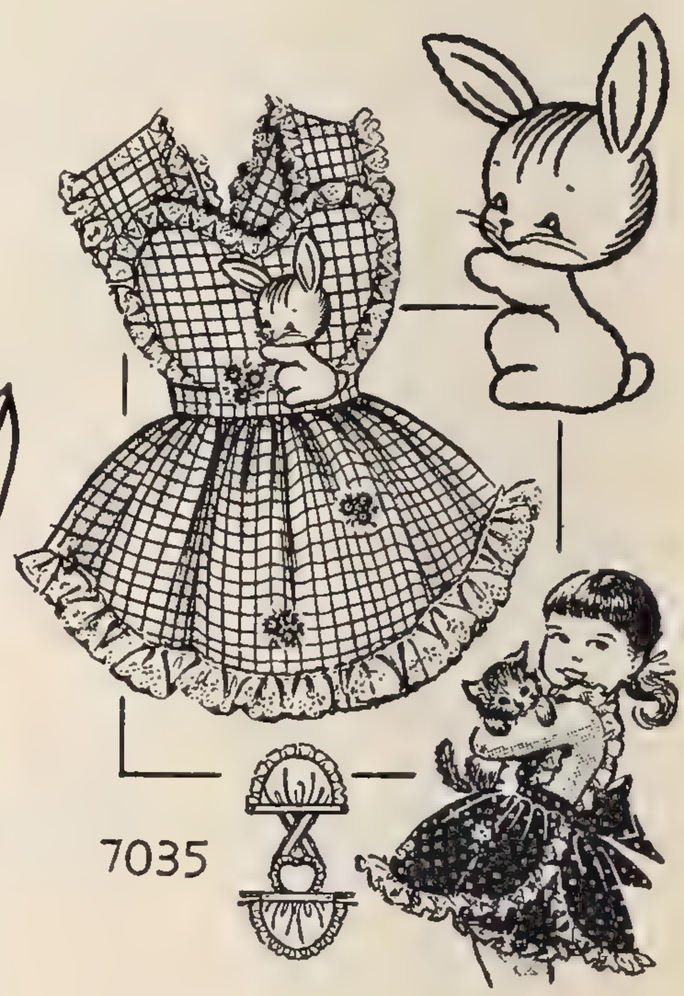
*7035—What little girl wouldn't love this ruffly, posy and bunny-trimmed sundress? Ruffled panties, too! Children's 2, 4, 6 included. Pattern, transfer, directions*

*7109—Brighten kitchen towels, curtains, potholders with gay cross-stitch motifs. Looks like gingham appliqué. Six transfers of 5½ x 6-inch motifs. Quick, easy!*

*624—Swan basket in simple crochet makes a stunning centerpiece. Perfect for fruit, flowers. Directions for 11-inch basket in heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly*










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*"...takes to water like a duck"*



It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually

# WEATHERPROOF!

Soft, shiny curls! Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

**It's always fair weather** when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to *last!* New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

**Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too.** It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer . . . you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.75 plus tax.




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by

## Richard Hudnut

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Silf Skin Pantie Girdle is so firm . . . so friendly . . . has no crotch seams to cut and bother, yet moulds and controls beautifully! Make the *"inside-out test"* and discover that only Silf Skin exclusive seamless knit is just as velvety smooth on the inside as it is on the outside—feels so good next to you. Full-fashioned . . . preshrunk in white, also in black. Nylon elastic, $5.95. Silk elastic, $10.95. As shown, $5

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# INSIDE STUFF

*Continued from page 8*



*Happy to be parents of a big boy are Hope Lange and Don Murray*

sight in his black leather jacket and bright red shirt, was kept running from one to another. Rod has been busy showing the sights of Europe to his wife, Sally Gracie, as a reconciliation present. She stayed with him in Spain all through the filming. A family is the first item in their plans for a new life together.

**Lucky Cannes:** Wonder what will happen to the Hollywood stars who choose to attend this year's film festival in Cannes? Something nice has happened every year to at least one. Grace found her prince. Olivia de Havilland met her Pierre Galante. Kim Novak climbed out of the starlet rank into star place as a result of the publicity received at the festival. Kim has just been named one of the most popular foreign stars in Germany. Before the festival last year, they had hardly heard of her. Incidentally, Olivia will make nine personal appearances at American Army bases in Europe this year, for which she will receive the total sum of one dollar.

**No See, No Talk:** Ingrid Bergman has taken to wearing costume jewelry, something she never did in Hollywood. but the exquisite emerald necklace she wears on special occasions is the real McCoy. It's a present from Rossellini, who sent it to her from India. One of those occasions was when she danced the rumba one night in Paris' famed Lido Club with Ernest Hemingway, who was visiting the club with his wife and saw her seated with friends. After great exclamations of joy and greeting, they took to the floor and did a fancy rumba together. One of Ingrid's favorite anecdotes about her children concerns Robertino, seven, a student at a Paris boys' prep school. A reporter wanted to interview the boy and thrust a micro-

phone in front of him, Robertino glared at the mike, then said, "I refuse to speak to people I can't see."

**Far from Home:** What love will do! One of Hollywood's most glamourous and sophisticated beauties, Susan Hayward, now calls little Carrollton, Georgia, her "main home." What's more, she proves it by climbing into the cab of one of her new husband's trucks to do her housewifely shopping. This stops traffic downtown, of course, as all of Carrollton turns out to watch red-haired Mrs. Eaton Chalkley back into a parking space in front of the supermarket, just like any other Georgia housewife. . . . Our Paris correspondent reports that a chance visit to his barber, Desfosses, the swankiest in the French capital, revealed an appalling aftermath to Yul Brynner's visit to that city. Yul's bald head became such a fad that the barber reported an average of half a dozen males a day getting a clean head shave. . . . John Derek was a slight puzzlement to American newsmen who met him at the London airport when he recently flew in from Hollywood for his picture, "Women of the Night." John has always complained of the "Pretty Boy" tag and wished aloud the press would treat him in a more realistic and rugged manner, yet he wouldn't allow himself to be photographed because he hadn't shaved



*Marisa, Jean Pierre and daughter Maria came home for good reason*

and his face was showing the effects of a rather rough flight. . . . Jose Ferrer tried to smoke a pipe between courses at the conservative Claridge's restaurant in London—a thing which isn't done by Englishmen who appreciate good food—and was subtly but severely reprimand by his waiter. . . . Princess Grace's daughter will learn deep-sea fishing as soon as possible, says her fond father!




**1.** Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



**2.** Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



**3.** Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



**4.** Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

# Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. **Arrid keeps you safe** morning, noon and night! Rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night.

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## BRIEF

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

**For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.**

✓✓✓✓ ALBERT SCHWEITZER—de Rochemont: Fine movie biography of the great humanitarian-doctor-musician-philosopher, with many scenes at his hospital deep in Africa. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—U.A.; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ BATTLE HYMN—U-I; CinemaScope. Technicolor: Touching, true story of the Korean war, starring Rock Hudson as Col. Dean Hess, who is both combat pilot and man of religion, looking out for orphans. Martha Hyer is his wife, back home; Anna Kashfi, a Korean heroine. (F) April

✓✓✓ BRAVE ONE, THE—U-I; CinemaScope. Technicolor: Stunning Mexican locales, exciting bullfight sequence, charming work by little Michel Ray, as a boy who makes a pet of a bull destined for the ring. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ DESIGNING WOMAN—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lively marital farce teams Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall as a sports writer and a fashion designer, battling problems that include a gangster, Another Woman. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ DEVIL'S GENERAL, THE—Stebbins: Fascinating study of intrigue in Nazi Germany stars Curt Jurgens as a general with a conscience. German dialogue, English titles. (A) May

✓✓✓✓ FEAR STRIKES OUT—Paramount: Tony Perkins does a first-rate job as baseball player Jim Piersall, driven toward breakdown by his over-ambitious father, Karl Malden. Norma Moore is sympathetic as Tony's wife. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ FULL OF LIFE—Columbia: A warm, tender portrait of a family gives Judy Holliday an off-beat role, as expectant mother. Dick Conte's her writer husband, who can't get along with his dad, Salvatore Baccaloni. (F) March

✓✓✓ FUNNY FACE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Light, imaginative tune-film about high-fashion high-jinks presents Fred Astaire as a photographer, Audrey Hepburn as a new model off on a fling in Paris. (F) May

✓✓✓ GUN FOR A COWARD—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Fast but character-centered Western, contrasting three brothers. A ranch war tests Fred MacMurray, Jeff Hunter, Dean Stockwell. Janice Rule parts Fred and Jeff. (F) April

✓✓ GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Brisk Audie Murphy Western. As a Union vet, he organizes a fort full of women to repel Indian raids. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ HAPPY ROAD, THE—M-G-M: Honey of a movie, combining heart and hilarity. American widower Gene Kelly and French divorcée Barbara Laage trail their runaway children across France. Both small kids are charmers. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ IF ALL THE GUYS IN THE WORLD . . . —Buena Vista: Enthralling, heartening international film (titles in English). "Ham" radio operators and fliers of several nations save fishermen stricken at sea. (F) January

# REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓✓ INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, THE—U-I: Ingenious, haunting science-fiction film pictures Grant Williams as an average man who shrinks to minute size. (F) May

✓✓✓ KELLY AND ME—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: In a pleasant, sentimental comedy, ham vaudevillian Van Johnson is put in the shade by his partner—a trick dog. Piper Laurie helps the team to film fame. (F) May

✓✓ LIZZIE—M-G-M: Provocative but heavy-handed psychiatric study. Eleanor Parker has a flashy role as a split-personality case, a drab girl whose other selves are a hussy and a normal woman. Richard Boone's the doc. (A) May

✓✓✓✓ MEN IN WAR—U.A.: Direct, honest, tense picture of Americans during the dark days of Korea. Average soldier Bob Ryan leads a cut-off patrol, finds an adversary-ally in Aldo Ray, the natural-born fighting man. (F) April

✓✓ MISTER CORY—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Tony Curtis draws a doubtful role, as a social climber who turns gambler to win heiress Martha Hyer. As Martha's understanding kid sister, Kathryn Grant steals the show. (A) April

✓✓✓ OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Agreeable, off-handed farce. Psychoanalyst David Niven loses his detachment when he finds fiancée Barbara Rush is an old flame of his patient Tony Randall. Ginger Rogers, Dan Dailey join the fun. (A) May

✓✓ PARIS DOES STRANGE THINGS—Warners, Technicolor: Light comedy, easy on the eyes but short on laughs. Ingrid Bergman is a flighty princess in turn-of-the-century Paris; Mel Ferrer, an admirer. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ RAINMAKER, THE—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Funny, touching, fanciful tale of a farm family has Katharine Hepburn as a lovable spinster, Burt Lancaster as a dashing showman, Wendell Corey as his rival, Earl Holliman as kid brother. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, Warnercolor: True story of great adventure. As young Lindbergh, Jimmy Stewart dares transatlantic flight in 1927. (F) May

✓✓ STRANGE ONE, THE—Columbia: Youthful Ben Gazzara does a striking debut as a bully in an overdrawn drama of a southern military school. George Peppard's a likable cadet. (A) May

✓✓ TATTERED DRESS, THE—U-I, CinemaScope: In a suspenseful courtroom drama, lawyer Jeff Chandler is framed on a charge of bribing a juror. Jeanne Crain's his wife. (A) May

✓✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

✓✓✓ TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Easygoing musical romance gets hotel tycoon Dean Martin mixed up with husband-hunting Italian girls. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ YOUNG STRANGER, THE—U-I: Teenager James MacArthur scores in a thoughtful study of family relationships. Kim Hunter's his mother; James Daly, his movie-producer dad, who fails the boy in a crisis. (F) March


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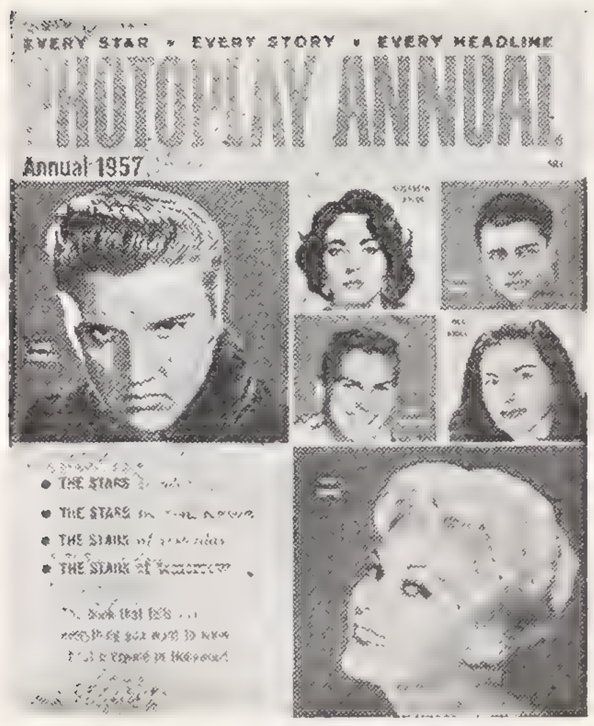
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## PHOTOPLAY CROSSWORD PUZZLE



**Across**

1. "— at the OK Corral"
7. Former film idol who became father of TV's *Margie*
13. Ursula's husband (init.)
14. British sub crews in "Above Us the Waves" belong to this outfit (init.)
15. Brave on film, once haunted by offscreen scandal
17. "— — Your Face Before Me" (song)
18. Carradine's role in "The Ten Commandments"
19. Pop classic, title tune of a Gene Tierney hit
20. A former wife of 15 Across acquired these initials with her next marriage
21. "Love — Tender"
22. "It's a Sin to Tell a —" (song)
23. Serious type of film
26. "The Tattered Dress" villain
27. Films' Doc Holliday (init.)
28. Oscar-winners do this well
30. Freberg or Kenton
32. "The Greatest Show on —"
34. TV's *Robin Hood* (init.)
35. He married Ava, Lana, etc.
36. Flyer's bride, formerly wed to a cameraman and a brewery king
39. "Westward — the Wagons!"
40. Locale of "Abandon Ship!"
41. "That Old — of Mine" (song)
43. "The Big —"
44. Wagner might have been called this as a kid
47. Heroine of 1 Across
53. Jimmy Stewart's last role
55. Garment Lamour made famous
56. Mrs. Anthony Steel
58. *Mrs. Miniver* (init.)
59. "12 — Men"
61. Kelly Curtis' mother
63. Young Crockett killed one
65. Locale of "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" and "The Monte Carlo Story"
67. Youngest sister in "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" (init.)
69. Blyth, Sheridan and Miller
70. Star of "The Way to the Gold" (init.)
71. Injured officer in "Abandon Ship!" (init.)
72. "The — I Love" (song)

**Down**

1. Cary and Kathryn
2. "— Blaine"
3. Hayward's role in "With a Song in My Heart"
4. — *Sanctum*
5. "—, Young Lovers" (song)
6. Wagner and Hunter recently played noted — robbers
7. "Gun — a Coward"
8. Alan is; so is Sue
9. Mother of Rebecca and Princess Yasmin
10. Nickname of film mermaid who's forsaken the water
11. "Pepe — Moko"
12. Former *Tarzan*, but no hero to a lovely redhead and a lovely blonde
16. "On the — de la Paix" (song)
24. Currently seen opposite Hudson and Curtis
25. What the director says as cameras start rolling
26. Once movies' George M. Cohan, now Lon Chaney
29. "Written on — Wind"
31. "The Deadly Mantis" uses many a camera —
32. *Miss Brooks* (init.)
33. "Nightfall" star (init.)
36. Most Oscar also-rans are good —
37. "Spring Reunion" star (init.)
38. George Stevens — — Ferber are among the creators of "Giant"
41. Miss Gibbs
42. "— and Dolls"
44. Are Jayne's gowns too —?
45. Films' Wyatt Earp (init.)
46. Jean Parker, Margaret O'Brien played this role in "Little Women"
48. Danny Thomas' former TV wife
49. Musical instrument in "Friendly Persuasion"
50. "—, Not Much" (song)
51. She played the James boys' mother
52. Currently cast as a nun
53. Producer-director of "The Ten Commandments"
54. Rossana Podesta's historical role
57. Geisha in "The Teahouse of the August Moon"
60. "The Fastest — Alive"
62. Actress attendant at the Monaco wedding
63. Costello's partner (init.)
64. Star of "Shoot-Out at Medicine Bend" (init.)
66. Heroine of "Kelly and Me" (init.)
68. "Boy — a Dolphin"

*Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 96*

# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

*ABANDON SHIP!*—Columbia. Directed by Richard Sale: *Alec Holmes,* Tyrone Power; *Julie,* Mai Zetterling; *Frank Kelly,* Lloyd Nolan; *Will McKinley,* Stephen Boyd; *Edith Middleton,* Moira Lister; *"Cookie" Morrow,* James Hayter; *Mrs. Knudsen,* Marie Lohr.

*BACHELOR PARTY, THE*—U.A. Directed by Delbert Mann: *Charlie Samson,* Don Murray; *Walter,* E. G. Marshall; *Eddie,* Jack Warden; *Arnold,* Philip Abbott; *Kenneth,* Larry Blyden; *Helen Samson,* Patricia Smith; *The Existentialist,* Carolyn Jones; *Julie,* Nancy Marchand; *Hostess,* Karen Norris; *Girl on Stoop,* Barbara Ames.

*BOY ON A DOLPHIN*—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *James Calder,* Alan Ladd; *Victor Parmalee,* Clifton Webb; *Phaedra,* Sophia Loren; *Government Man,* Alexis Minotis; *Rhif,* Jorge Mistral; *Dr. Hawkins,* Laurence Naismith; *Niko,* Piero Giagnoni.

*COUNTERFEIT PLAN, THE*—Warners. Directed by Montgomery Tully: *Max,* Zachary Scott; *Carol,* Peggie Castle; *Louie,* Mervyn Johns; *Flint,* Sydney Tafler; *Duke,* Lee Patterson.

*DEADLY MANTIS, THE*—U-I. Directed by Nathan Juran: *Col. Joe Parkman,* Craig Stevens; *Dr. Ned Jackson,* William Hopper; *Marge Blaine,* Alix Talton; *General Mark Ford,* Donald Randolph; *Sgt. Pete Allen,* Pat Conway; *Professor Anton Gunther,* Florenz Ames.

*DRAGOON WELLS MASSACRE*—A.A. Directed by Harold Schuster: *Link Ferris,* Barry Sullivan; *Ann Bradley,* Mona Freeman; *Capt. Matt Riordan,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Mara Fay,* Katy Jurado; *Tioga,* Jack Elam.

*GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL*—Paramount. Directed by John Sturges: *Wyatt Earp,* Burt Lancaster; *Doc Holliday,* Kirk Douglas; *Laura Denbow,* Rhonda Fleming; *Kate Fisher,* Jo Van Fleet; *Ringo,* John Ireland; *Ike Clanton,* Lyle Bettger; *Cotton Wilson,* Frank Faylen; *Charles Bassett,* Earl Holliman.

*HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON*—20th. Directed by John Huston: *Sister Angela,* Deborah Kerr; *Mr. Allison,* Robert Mitchum.

*LAST OF THE BADMEN*—Allied Artists. Directed by Paul Landres: *Dan Barton,* George Montgomery; *Ted Hamilton,* James Best; *Hawkins,* Douglas Kennedy; *Roberts,* Keith Larsen; *Taylor,* Robert Foulk.

*LITTLE HUT, THE*—M-G-M. Directed by Mark Robson: *Susan (Lady Ashlow),* Ava Gardner; *Sir Philip Ashlow,* Stewart Granger; *Henry Brittingham-Brett,* David Niven; *Mario,* Walter Chiari; *The Rev. Brittingham-Brett,* Finlay Currie; *Mrs. Brittingham-Brett,* Jean Cadell.

*NAKED EYE, THE*—Film Representations, Inc. Directed by Louis Clyde Stouman: Narrated by Raymond Massey. Documentary.

*SHOOT-OUT AT MEDICINE BEND*—Warner Brothers. Directed by Richard L. Bare: *Cap Devlin,* Randolph Scott; *Clark,* James Craig; *Priscilla,* Angie Dickinson; *Nell,* Dani Crayne; *Maitland,* James Garner.

*TALL T, THE*—Columbia. Directed by Bud Boetticher: *Pat Brennan,* Randolph Scott; *Usher,* Richard Boone; *Doretta Mims,* Maureen O'Sullivan; *Ed Rintoon,* Arthur Hunnicutt; *Billy Jack,* Skip Homeier.

*TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI*—M-G-M. Directed by Bruce Humberstone: *Tarzan,* Gordon Scott; *"Tusker" Hawkins,* Robert Beatty; *Gamage Dean,* Yolande Donlan; *Diana Penrod,* Betta St. John; *"Doodles" Fletcher,* Wilfrid Hyde White; *Carl Kraski,* George Coulouris; *Dick Penrod,* Peter Arne.

*THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT*—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Wise: *Anne Leeds,* Jean Simmons; *Rocco,* Paul Douglas; *Tony Armotti,* Anthony Franciosa; *Ivy Corlane,* Julie Wilson; *Patsy St. Clair,* Neile Adams; *Crystal,* Joan Blondell; *Leon,* J. Carrol Naish; *Hussein Mohammed,* Rafael Campos; *Mrs. Shea,* ZaSu Pitts; *Stowe Devlin,* Tom Helmore; *Waxie London,* Murvyn Vye.

*12 ANGRY MEN*—U.A. Directed by Sidney Lumet: *Juror #8,* Henry Fonda; *#3,* Lee J. Cobb; *#10,* Ed Begley; *#4,* E. G. Marshall; *#7,* Jack Warden; *#1,* Martin Balsam; *#2,* John Fiedler; *#5,* Jack Klugman; *#6,* Edward Binns; *#9,* Joseph Sweeney; *#11,* George Voskovec; *#12,* Robert Webber.

*UNTAMED YOUTH*—Warners. Directed by Howard W. Koch: *Penny,* Mamie Van Doren; *Janey,* Lori Nelson; *Tropp,* John Russell; *Bob,* Don Burnett; *Bong,* Eddie Cochran; *Mrs. Steele,* Lurene Tuttle; *Baby,* Yvonne Lime.

*VINTAGE, THE*—M-G-M. Directed by Jeffrey Hayden: *Lucienne,* Pier Angeli; *Giancarlo Barandero,* Mel Ferrer; *Ernesto Barandero,* John Kerr; *Leonne Morel,* Michele Morgan; *Eduardo Uriburri,* Theodore Bikel; *Louis Morel,* Leif Erickson; *Etienne Morel,* Jack Mullaney; *Uncle Ton Ton,* Joe Verdi.




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# THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



*On again, off again: June Allyson can be gay, as Dick, Ginger Rogers know*

*Dorothy Malone, who dates Richard Egan, has new problem, Sidney thinks*



I'd say Kirk Douglas tries to be charming always and everywhere. . . . And that Cary Grant is always charming, without trying. . . . Not too long ago Lex Barker was quoted: "My highly publicized marriage to Lana (Turner) had everyone wanting to bet it wouldn't last." I like Lex. I hope he didn't take too many of those bets. . . . Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, to avoid arguments, have two television sets. . . . I'm so weary of reading articles about "The Real Marilyn Monroe." Honest Marilyn will tell those pretenders that she doesn't know The Real Marilyn Monroe. . . . Diana Dors, come back. All is forgiven. . . . Talking about sex bombs, Oscar-toting Dorothy Malone is going to find it hard to stay out of slinky dresses from now on—on screen, anyway. . . . On the set of "Loving You," Elvis Presley greeted me with, "What's been shaking with you?" I told him I thought he was the shaker, the wiggler. "I mean," said Elvis, "what's moving? Is your hi-fi putting out a solid message?" Anyway, I stopped Elvis and this jazz by inviting him to hear the latest Lawrence Welk record. . . . Don Murray is the most honest and sincere person holding a Screen Actors' Guild card. In fact, you don't believe he's for real. . . . Jayne Mansfield insists she's a shy girl. "I'm shy—but I got this fantastic build-up, and now I can't let anyone see how shy I am."

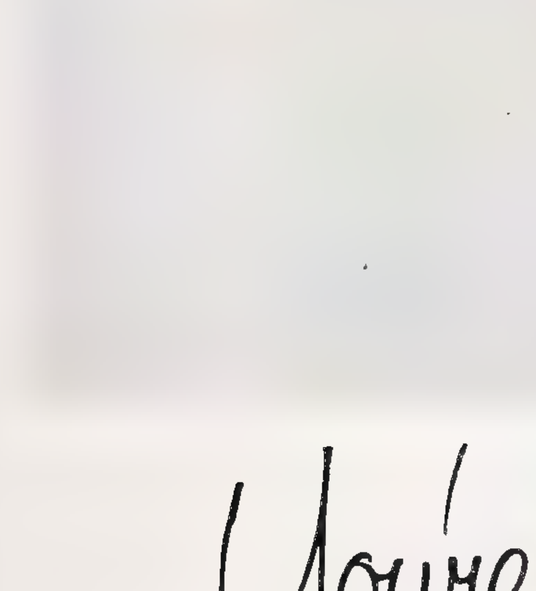
June Allyson's slacks are sometimes baggy, but she's still sexy in them. . . . Katharine Hepburn once told me that blue jeans never fit right until after they've been worn in the rain. . . . I think Ingrid Bergman should be ordered by law to make another movie immediately. . . . Anita Ekberg said it: "I like champagne. It's so bubbly. I like bubbly things. They give me goose bubbles."

I find Natalie Wood more interesting off-screen than on. I'm also the fellow who thinks Natalie is the best of the young, promising actresses. . . . Rita Hayworth listens to records while in bed. . . . Deborah Kerr is not temperamental, and explains why: "I'd never fight for a better dressing room. You can't see the dressing room in the movie." . . . Jose Vincente Ferrer y Cintron is the full name of Jose Ferrer. . . . Sophia Loren supposed to be the greatest Italian discovery since Gina and spaghetti. . . . Joan Collins is a swinger. Generally English actresses aren't hip, but Joan is more typical United States than Grace Kelly. . . . When asked why he worked so hard, Gordon MacRae (movies, television, records, night clubs) replied, "I've got eleven people to support. Twelve if you count Uncle Sam."

I know Shelley Winters is trying to find herself, but on the way she found Tony Franciosa. She seems satisfied. . . . Tony Curtis has stopped wearing those high tab collars. He looked like a con man. . . . A generation ago this nation was excitedly informed: "Garbo Talks!" Be prepared for the latest exciting information: "Brynner Has Hair!" . . . Mamie Van Doren is cooperative, willing, etc. As Mamie puts it: "I'm good-natured. I want people to look upon me as a sweet girl." . . . Kim Novak had finished dancing with Mac Krim, and she turned to the orchestra leader at the Cocoanut Grove and said, "Would you please play the other side of 'True Love' for us now?" That's Hollywood for you. THE END

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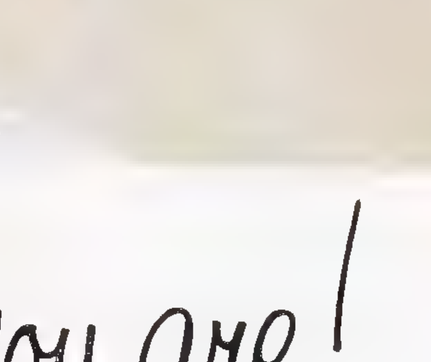


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# ICK

**Home Permanent by Richard Hudnut**

*Address your letters to Readers Inc.,* PHOTOPLAY, *205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.*—ED.

# READERS INC...

### Actors Are Fine People

We here in Marietta, Ohio, were host to the world premiere of "Battle Hymn," the true story of our own Colonel Dean Hess. Rock Hudson, Jock Mahoney and Dan Duryea, who are the stars of the picture, and Ross Hunter, who is the producer, were brought by a caravan of cars from the airport, and when they entered Marietta, they were taken to the hotel via a torchlight parade. Hundreds and hundreds of teenagers followed Rock's car to the hotel. Some of us got inside and went to the bottom of the steps and yelled, "We want Rock!" Others did the same outside. Finally, Rock came out on a balcony, and talked to us until they made him go inside.

The next day was a "cake and autograph" party for teenagers. But since we had to go to school until 3:35, by the time we got to the Field House, there was such a crowd of older women that hardly any M.H.S. teenagers got in. We never gave up, though, and finally they had to take Rock back to the hotel in a police car.

Thursday afternoon, Marietta saw the biggest parade she ever saw or ever will see in her life. All the stars, Colonel Hess, Air Force officials, floats, bands and many other things were shown off to Marietta. Rock, Jock, Dan, Ross and Colonel Hess were mobbed all through town by people wanting to get their pictures and shake hands with them. Thursday morning, Rock had been given a Doctor of Arts degree from Marietta College at the annual Founders Day ceremony. He looked like he was so proud over the fact he could burst.

Thursday night was really the big time. We have only three small theatres in Marietta so in order to accommodate the thousands who wanted to see the movie, we had to have two showings at each of the theatres. Before the first showing at the Colony, which is our largest theatre, all the stars were to make an appearance at the reviewing stand in front of the theatre. Our M.H.S. band played until all the dignitaries arrived. All of a sudden, as we were playing while the stars came up on the platform, Jock Mahoney grabbed the baton and started directing us. Rock followed suit, only with his finger. The whole band went into hysterics. We are known as the only band in captivity to be directed by Jock Mahoney and Rock Hudson at the same time.

Rock, Dan, Jock and Ross talked to us until they had to go into the theatre. We all loved them. Marietta and all the people will never forget when they were here. They were all lovable, down-to-earth people. If there were more stars like them in Hollywood today, it wouldn't be given so much criticism. They all had fine parts in "Battle Hymn."

I think we should hear more about Jock Mahoney and Dan Duryea. They're all fine people as well as actors. Ross Hunter and Rock are the best! They won the hearts of all the people in Marietta, and we'll be their number one fans for years to come.

TOBIE WRIGHT
Marietta, Ohio

### Are We In a Rut?

I have been a reader of your magazine for a number of years and for the first time I have decided to voice an opinion on it. I buy other magazines only if they happen to have a story on one of my favorite stars, but I buy PHOTOPLAY because it is PHOTOPLAY.

I realize that you must concentrate on the stars who are in the public eye, and to please your readers you must give them stories about stars they like. However, would it be asking too much for perhaps just one page of your supposedly terrific magazine to cover someone like Kathryn Grayson or Maureen O'Hara—or perhaps a special feature acquainting the young fans of today with the old Hollywood, and what we missed while we were in the cradle? How about stories about people who have really contributed something to the industry as, for instance, Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland and others too numerous to mention? I have yet to read an article on Ida Lupino, a terrific actress.

I could go on and on about what my dream fan magazine would contain. I know people have different tastes. I, too, like Debbie Reynolds, Tab Hunter, Janet Leigh, etc., but enough is enough!

JUNE PARKER
Dixon, Illinois

*Here's one reader we feel is going to enjoy the story in this issue, "Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?" with pictures and comments about many of the old stars!*—ED.

### No Rut, Says Mrs. W!

I just have to write this letter to let you know how pleased I was with the April issue of PHOTOPLAY. There were no stories on Natalie's boy friends, nothing on Liz's marriage problems and no Elvis Presley!

I subscribe to four movie magazines. As each arrived at my mail box, they all seemed like duplicates—that is, until PHOTOPLAY came. Here was a different one, and I was so happy. Doris Day, Pier Angeli, Jacques Sernas, Anne Baxter, Monty Clift—it was so nice reading about these stars for a change!

I can truly see why PHOTOPLAY is the largest-selling movie magazine. Thanks for being different.

MRS. T. C. WILLMAN
Appleton, Wisconsin

### Favorite Actor Is Different

He doesn't look or act like any other star. He is an individual! He has a style of his own. He is at ease in any role. He has played a bashful newlywed, a small-time hood, a sex-hungry cowhand, a rocket-ship cook, a punch-drunk boxer, a frightened young soldier, and was convincing in each part. Now, with his fine part in "The Rainmaker," I believe Earl Holliman will get the recognition he deserves.

A FAN
Longview, Texas

***Continued***



*Rock Hudson, gowned for honorary degree from Marietta, charmed the town. So did Dan Duryea and Jock Mahoney*

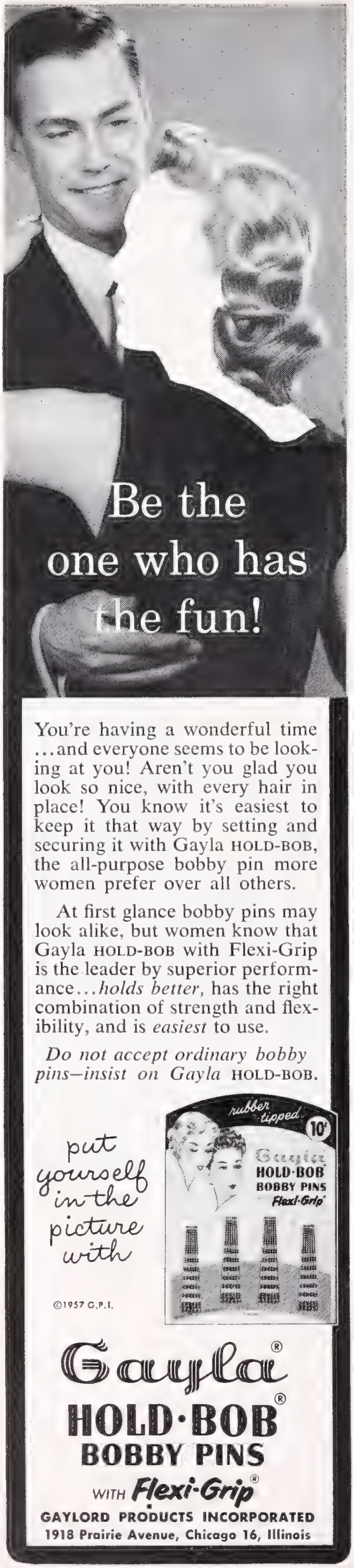



Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Fran Miggins of New York City. Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand only.

# Reach for Jergens...and **stop** "Detergent Hands"

In a scientific test*, over 450 women soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In a few days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and smooth. No other lotion tested this way kept hands so lovely. Jergens Lotion stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film...it *penetrates* to help replace natural moisture lost to summer sun and wind, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to $1.

**Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.*




# READERS INC.

### Dean Miscast?

I was reading a magazine the other day in which someone stated that James Dean was miscast in the movie "Giant." I am inclined to agree on that point, but think she should have had the courtesy to say that he gave a very realistic portrayal of *Jett Rink.* I think he was the greatest actor and watched him grow from bit parts to a star.

Mrs. John K. Parks
Mt. Holly, New Jersey

### You Ask Questions

I have just seen "Battle Hymn," and think it is one of the most moving stories I have ever seen. Will you please tell me who played *Lt. Maples?* He gave a wonderful performance.

I want to add that of all the Hollywood magazines published, yours is the best. It has better pictures and stories than any other magazine.

(Miss) Sandy Barnhart
Muscatine, Iowa

*The young man you ask about is James Edwards.*—Ed.

Was Nick Adams in "Rebel Without a Cause"? My girl friend said he was. I disagreed. Who is right?

M.T.
Rahway, New Jersey

*Nick Adams had the part of* Moose *in "Rebel," so I guess your girl friend wins this argument.*—Ed.

My friend and I had an argument about the movie "From Here to Eternity." She said Ernest Borgnine didn't play in it, and I said he did. Who is right?

Melba and Helen
Lost Creek High School
Lost Creek, West Virginia

*You are right. Borgnine played the villain.*—Ed.

I have just seen "Rumble on the Docks" starring Jimmy Darren. Could you please give me some information about him?

Gail Bargerstock
Aultman, Pennsylvania

*James Darren was born in Philadelphia June 8, 1936, the son of Virginia and William Ercolani. His parents still live there. In May, 1956, while waiting for an elevator in the Brill Building, New York City, young Darren was spotted by Joyce Selznick of Screen Gems, Columbia Pictures' television subsidiary. She introduced him to Harry Romm, Columbia's Eastern talent representative, and three days later Jimmy was signed to a contract. He prefers serious dramatic parts or Westerns. Does his own horseback riding, as he lived on a farm for five years. His hobbies are tennis, baseball and motorcycle riding. He also likes to get lost in a good philosophy book. He is 5'11" tall, weighs 170 lbs., has brown eyes and black hair.*—Ed.

### Hollywood's Good-Will Ambassadors

For almost ten years I've been a reader of Photoplay. I have written to "Readers Inc." before. I hope you will publish this one.

I've been working at the American Film Festival in Punta del Este and had the opportunity of meeting wonderful people like the Van Heflins, the Yul Brynners, the Anatole Litvaks, Mitchell Leisen, Hedda Hopper, Lana Turner, Joanne Dru, Joanne Gilbert, Beverly Tyler. I don't know what the delegation, as a whole, thought about our country, but if it was wrong, it cannot be helped now.

But I want to mention specifically the Craig Stevens—Craig and his wife, Alexis Smith—who were so wonderful to everybody, and were chosen by the reporters as the most cooperative people of the whole delegation. They were so natural, so unaffected, so friendly that when they left it was not only I, but lots of people who thought we were parting from our closest friends. In Alexis, we found not only beauty and grace, but refinement and culture. In Craig, friendliness, education and intelligence.

Don't you think that when you have such wonderful good-will ambassadors from Hollywood, it should be made known to everyone?

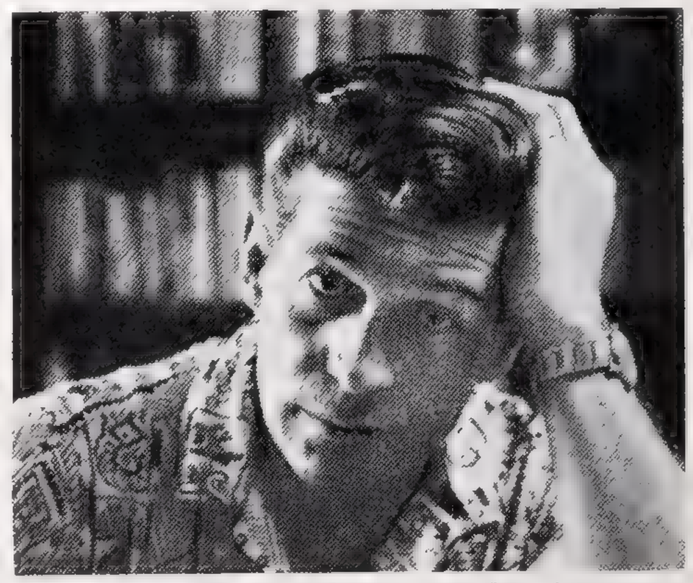
Marta Amorin
Montevideo, Uruguay

### Reason to Believe

I am writing in reference to a young boy who I think will be one of the future stars of our time. His name is Phil Virtuoso, Jr. He hails from the Bronx, and is barely eighteen years old. He is a very handsome Latin type with dark, flashing eyes.

I was chosen to write from over 200 girls because I am the president of his fan club. This club was organized a year ago, and because of his appearance in "Rock, Rock, Rock" has grown tremendously.

Phil was born January 31, 1939, educated in the All Hallows Institute, was graduated at the age of fourteen, and entered High School after that. At the age of fifteen, his mother took him to see "The Innocents" and he then realized that he wanted to become an actor. He decided to study dramatics, chose a school from the phone book, and received six months of intensive training at this school. The head of the school wrote a script for him, and that summer he portrayed a man of twenty-four. At the end of the stock season, he studied with a mobile theatre, then, because of conflicting hours, transferred to the High School of Young Professionals. In 1955, he was a resident member of the Pocono Playhouse, spending a season there, and in 1956 landed a part in Paramount's "Beau James," with Bob Hope, and then



*George is a hero to the fans*

came the part in "Rock, Rock, Rock." Fifteen minutes after the first rehearsal, Will Price, the director, Max Rosenberg and Courtney Hefela singled Phil out as the featured dancer of the film.

Because of the above, all his fan club

*Continued*

members are hoping to see Phil rise to stardom.

LINDA MICHETTI, *President*
Phil Virtuoso Fan Club
Bronx, New York

**Request for Space**

Just a letter to let you know how much I liked the April issue of PHOTOPLAY. I especially liked the moving story, "Know Not the Face of Fear"—a wonderful tribute to a lovely lady, Lauren Bacall.

And that article, "Alas, He's No Hero to His Cat," is one of the best I've read about George Nader.

Thank you very much for one of the best issues of PHOTOPLAY since I started reading it.

Now, if you would only give some space to a really talented actor and a wonderful guy, William Campbell, my cup would run over.

MRS. WILLIAM CAMPBELL
Dixon, California



*Is Lana too unappreciated?*

**Hollywood, Wake Up**

Why doesn't Hollywood wake up to the fact that it is wasting one of its most talented actresses—Lana Turner. She is beautiful, glamorous, and certainly an excellent dramatic actress as she has proven in such pictures as "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "The Rains of Ranchipur."

There is one way her talent can be put to use. Let her star in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" with Paul Newman and Burl Ives as co-stars. A combination like that couldn't fail at the box office or at next year's Oscar ceremonies.

WILLIAM S. YOUGENE, III
Montgomery, Alabama

**Jacques on the Shelf?**

It is about time someone finally heard the call of the public and printed some pictures of Jacques Sernas! It was a welcome surprise to see pictures of him in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY. Nothing is more disappointing and discouraging than to pick up movie magazine after magazine only to throw them down in disgust without finding a single picture of Jacques.

He has great talent as he has proved time and time again. It is amazing how he can be kept on the shelf for so long without someone recognizing this talent and signing him to a real contract and giving him a chance in a full-length movie.

Very few of my friends have ever heard of him so why not let the world find out more about Sernas?

MISS KAY MEECH
Buffalo, New York





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thick and creamy . . .
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!




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NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

# New and lavish PINK CAMAY

*scented like perfume from Paris that would cost you $25.00 an ounce... blended with pink cold cream*




*Probably the most lavish soap that ever pampered your skin (yet costs no more than ordinary soaps)*

Kept fresh and fragrant in Pink Pearl foil

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# THE PAT BOONE STORY



***The wheel of fortune turned— to make him in two years a top record star. Now phenomenal Pat is moving in on Hollywood— for a whirl at stardom***

***BY SYLVIA ASHTON***

ON A SLATE-GRAY, bitter cold afternoon in February, a young couple from Leonia, New Jersey, bundled their three children in snowsuits, mittens and galoshes, and locked the front door of their snug little home. For Pat Boone, his wife Shirley and their youngsters were leaving for Hollywood.

When Pat shut the door of his house, he also closed a chapter in his life. Behind lay Pat the singer, whose records had been on the top ten list for thirty-eight out of fifty-two weeks and who, measured by the fan-club yardstick, is the country's most popular vocalist. Ahead for Pat lies a career as an actor, complete with a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox and a starring role in his first picture "Bernardine." For twenty-three year-old Pat whose only acting experience has been in amateur productions at North Texas State College this offers a great challenge. Everybody is rooting for Pat who keeps asking, "Can this really be happening to me?"

***Continued***



*In New York, Pat's whirl-around-the-clock schedule keeps him hopping*









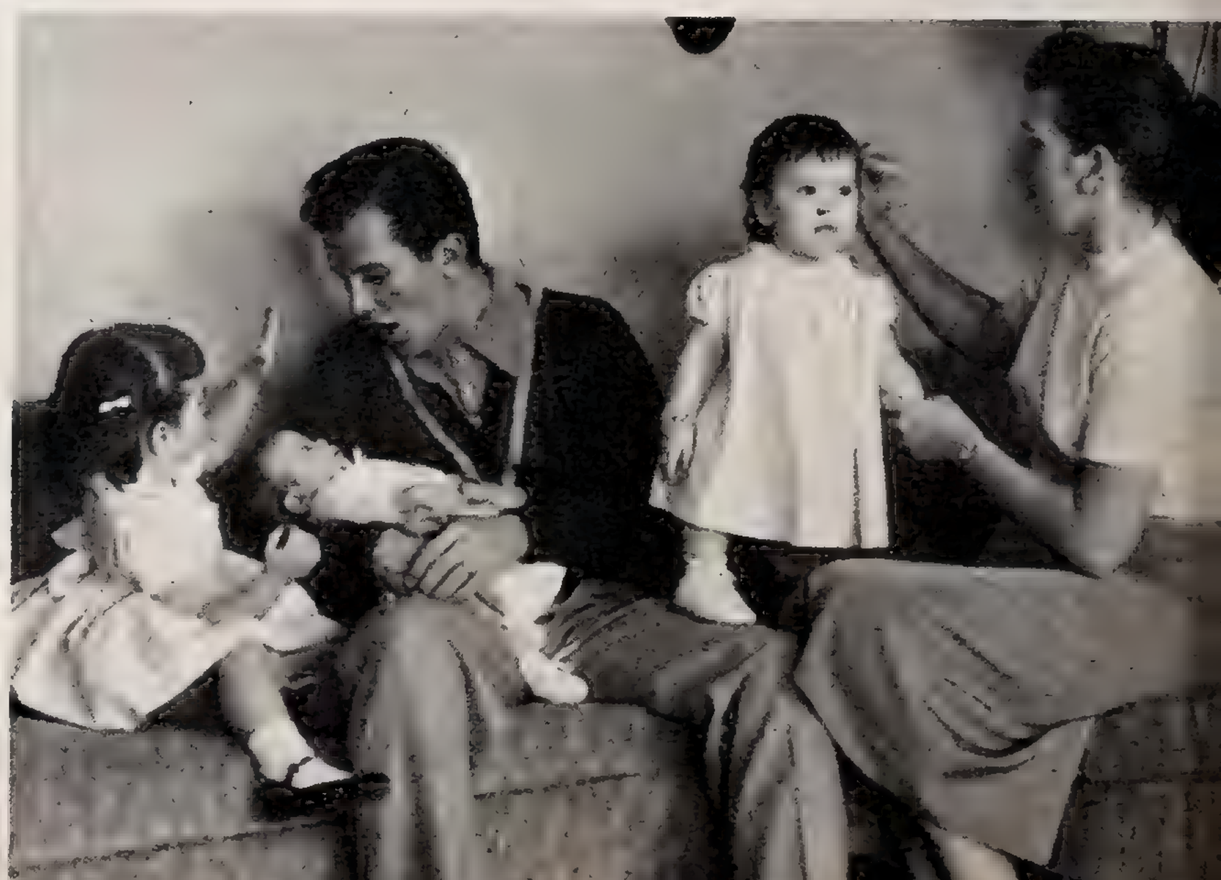
*From classroom to gym at Columbia University, to rehearsal hall and mike at CBS, with stops along the way for recordings and interviews, Pat's is a busy day. His class schedule, already extra-heavy, left no time at all to play football!*

Even as he turned the key in the front door that blustery winter's day, Pat couldn't believe that it was true. He put his arms around Shirley and said, "Honey, let's keep our fingers crossed." Then he picked up two-year-old Linda and handed her to Eva, the nurse, who was sitting in the back seat with baby Debbie and Cheryl, affectionately known as "Cherry." Pat and Shirley climbed into the front and they drove off to the airport.

As they flew westward through the darkening sky Pat thought back over his life. Of the wonderful twenty-three years that had made history for Pat Boone. Hollywood seemed a long, long way from the tiny stage of the Belle Meade Theatre in Nashville where he had made his professional debut at the age of ten. Pat, of course, had been singing ever since he could talk. And even before that. Neighbors recall Pat at the tender age of two, crawling all over the Boone house in Nashville, crooning to himself as he went. One of them says, "We all said that Bing had better watch out." And when he was older he had sung in the choir at church, and whenever there was a gathering of friends and neighbors Pat would be called upon to sing a hillbilly or cowboy song. Even then Pat had a way of making the folks listen

*Continued*

*For Pat there's still time for his young family*



# THE PAT BOONE STORY *Continued*

Photos on these two pages by Curt Gunther

*Pat, with Cherry, two and a half, Linda, two, Deborah Ann, eight months, had hoped for a boy, called each one "Mike" before birth. In his own case, Charles Eugene Boone got nicknamed when his parents, wanting a girl, chose "Patricia"!*



## *In Hollywood, it's a new career, a different tempo for Pat as he learns*

whenever he started to sing. There was an earnest sincerity about him that seemed to touch people's hearts even when he sang the simplest cowboy ballads or one of the fine old hymns.

That night on the stage of the Belle Meade, when Pat was introduced as "the next Bing Crosby," nobody, certainly not Pat, could have conceived that this prediction would some day come true. Pat sang a Western called "Single Saddle," and all he remembers about it is that he was dazzled by the footlights, which nearly came up to the top of his head, and frightened by the sea of blank faces that stretched out in front of him. But even after a resounding roar of applause had followed



*Pat didn't have to go to Hollywood to get crowds of happy young fans at his feet, had them before*




*Gay signs and exuberant admirers made Pat's arrival in Movietown with his family a warm event*



*Producers Sam Engle, Buddy Adler, thespians Janet Gaynor, Terry Moore, Ronnie Burns welcomed him*

## *the tricks of a movie star's trade*

his small figure into the wings, Pat didn't believe that they were clapping for *him*. Even now, with fame reaching out to him, he doesn't think he's much of a singer. "I simply can't imagine myself as a really *big* singer," he said recently. "I know all these things are happening, but it seems to be happening to somebody (*Continued on page* 92)



*TV was never like this! Flat on his back, Pat is taking direction from "Bernardine's" Henry Levin*






# Look Where

# You're Going, Audrey!

***While she strides forward to greater triumphs, Audrey's critics ask: Can the gamin grow up as an actress and find the dream she lost along the way?*** • ***BY CARL CLEMENT***

ONE MORNING not long ago Audrey Hepburn stood at the window of a large, comfortably furnished hotel room in Paris gazing at the traffic passing below. She alternately sipped from a hot, steaming cup of French coffee and nibbled on a biscuit. She was pondering a question that had been asked a moment before: Had she found a formula for success?

She turned away from the window, put down her cup on the small, graceful French table next to her and answered quietly, "I think you must be definite and determined to succeed. I have faith in believing that if you do something for the right reason it has a blessing on it. And I believe," she added, "it's important to analyze yourself and decide exactly what you are best able to do and then do it."

Has this definite and determined girl who certainly has a blessing upon her *really* succeeded? It would certainly appear that she has. By any standard, Audrey seems to be sitting right smack on top of the world. Not since Garbo has a new actress been welcomed with such fervor and adulation. From time to time stars have exploded in the skies over Hollywood: sultry *femmes fatales* like Hedy Lamarr, fragile waifs like Janet Gaynor and Luise Rainer, distinguished ladies whose names are preceded on the screen by Miss (Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr) and, of course, the rounded blondes in the shape of a Marilyn or a Jayne. Audrey never fitted any of these clichés nor did any of these clichés fit her. After seeing "Roman Holiday," one critic said of her, "Amid the rhinestone glitter of the current glamour crop, she shines with the authenticity of a diamond." Audrey has been shining ever since, brightening the box office with such hits as "Sabrina," "War and Peace," and the just released "Funny Face," with Fred Astaire. In two plays, "Gigi," which helped to discover her (*Continued on page* 82)



*Eva Marie Saint and Jeff Hayden have made two like-minded friends*



*Dana Wynter has inadvertently given her husband Greg a first anniversary problem*



*Etchika Choureau came and went after one role, but Tab Hunter's life is changed*



*Keenan Wynn and Debbie Reynolds both are thinking about the next generation*



*Bob Wagner has uncovered a new talent that had Jane Russell a trifle confused*

# Exclusively Yours



*Yul Brynner is still laughing about the rumors the columns printed about him*

***New talents but old problems for Tab Hunter, Dana Wynter, Yul Brynner and***



*How many young stars know the secret Rita Hayworth and George Jessel share?*



*Jayne Mansfield almost missed a chance to show her famous form—or did she?*



RADIE HARRIS

***Brave Girl:*** When M-G-M's "Designing Woman" was previewed in the studio projection room, Gregory Peck himself came to call for me and personally chauffeured me to Culver City—with his off-stage bride, Veronique Passani, as chaperone. Lauren Bacall came to the screening too—her first public appearance since the tragic death of Bogie. It was a painful experience for her, because all through the shooting of this gay comedy her heart was heavy with the terrible secret of Bogie's fatal illness, which she had to keep from him at all costs. She had desperately hoped that he would live long enough to see her in it. In one scene, where Lauren and Greg are seen romancing on a boat in Balboa harbor, Bogie's own boat, the "Santana," was anchored in the background, and Bogie, feeling strong enough at that time to join them on location, was sitting on the sundeck, out of range of the camera. At the preview Lauren's eyes fought back the tears at this scene, as Kate Hepburn, who sat next to her, pressed her hand comfortingly. Facing a lot of people again was also difficult. Lauren later confessed to me that she was so nervous that she would have to see the picture again to *really* appraise her performance. But you never would have suspected it from the gallant way she carried it off.

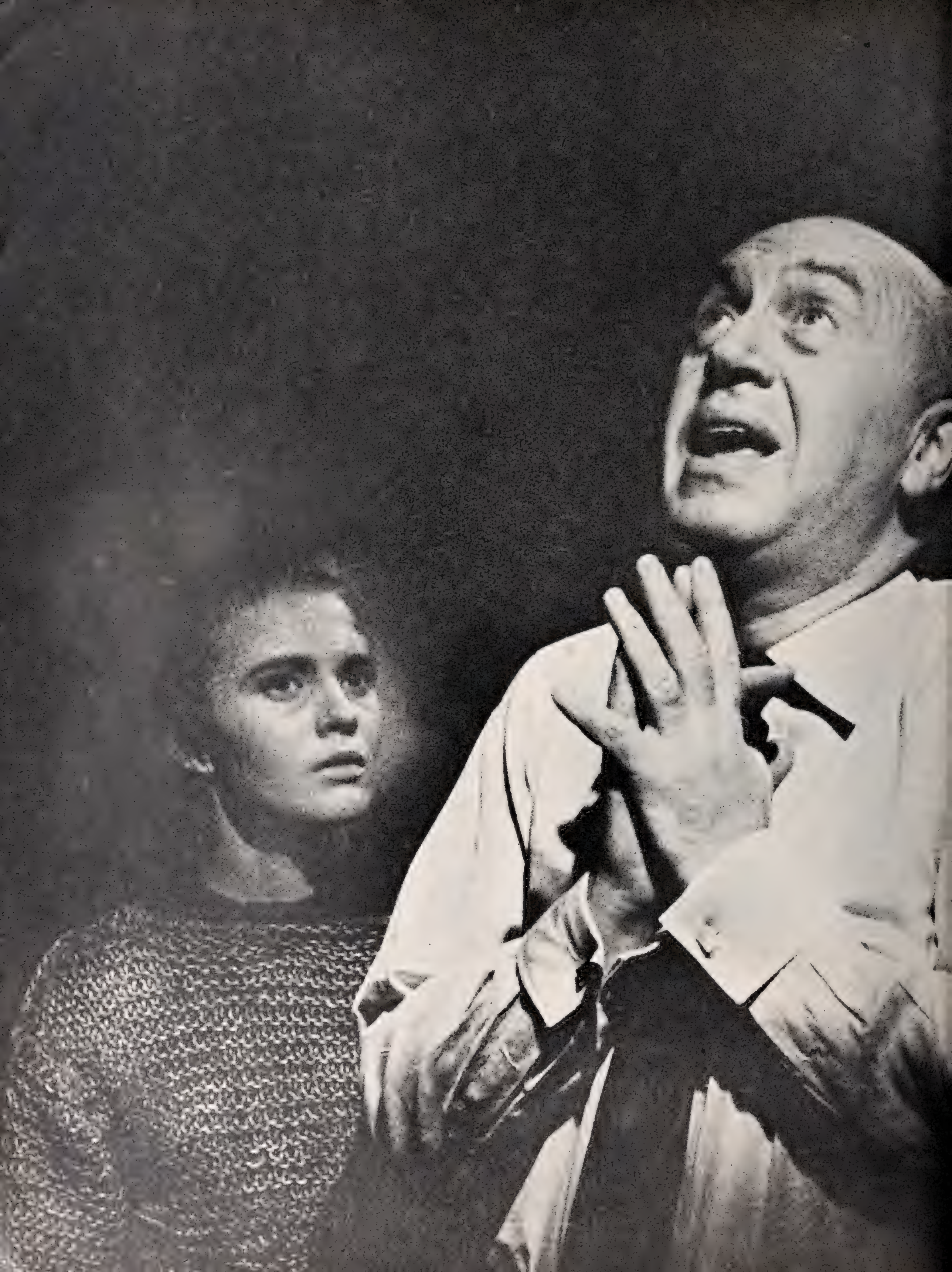
Incidentally, Kate's unexpected appearance at this press screening was a tribute to her great friendship for Lauren. Ordinarily, Kate shuns the press like the plague and has never been known to show up at one of her *own* screenings. But she felt that Lauren needed her. Their friendship began when Kate made "The African Queen" with Bogie and it has grown with the years. Kate and Spence Tracy were the last visitors Bogie saw before his final curtain.

***The Great Lady:*** Who's going to be the one to lure Garbo back to acting again? Ever since her retirement more than two decades ago, George Cukor. Rouben Mamoulian, Otto (*Continued on page* 86)



*Happy Phyllis and Rock Hudson have been amazed at how things have changed*

## *Bob Wagner* • *BY RADIE HARRIS*







# THE TRIALS OF JEAN

***Stepping onto a movie set was like stepping into a nightmare. The cameras looked like menacing cannons; the director, an ogre. To Jean Seberg, playing Joan for Preminger was truly trial by fire*** • ***BY BEVERLY OTT***

OUTSIDE A BUILDING just off Broadway in New York City, on a brisk October morning, early-bird traffic was in its usual snarl. Producer-director Otto Preminger was in one of the creeping cars, on his way to supervise the final tests to find the actress for his "Saint Joan." It was time and more than time for his decision. The search had been conducted through movie houses and magazines. Eighteen thousand girls had applied. He'd spent five weeks on the road, here and abroad, himself seeing three thousand of the candidates. Yet the industry wiseacres still didn't believe that he was going to cast an

***Continued***




*After screen test, to become Joan, Jean had her hair cropped*

Photos by Bob Willoughby





*Preminger was a hard taskmaster. "You*

unknown. He could understand their skepticism. "Joan" was to be a million-dollar production. He would be gambling a fortune on an amateur. Then there was the matter of the tight shooting schedule. Production would begin in January, finish in early March and the picture would have its first showing in May. The girl he chose would have to have more than talent. She would need, in one plain, unvarnished word, guts. On a set Otto Preminger was known as a merciless perfectionist. On "Saint Joan" he could be nothing else. He had no choice. Too much was in the balance.

But even a merciless perfectionist could be troubled by a conscience. The Seberg child he'd seen in Chicago, for instance. Something in his mind had clicked; he knew at once that

*A modern Saint Joan in saddle shoes watches pros*

## JEAN *Continued*



*are not thinking the part!"*

she was a possibility. And so, rehearsing her for her test, he'd been rough, shouting at her, bullying her until she was nearly hysterical. He'd called her a ham, a phony, told her she couldn't act, couldn't take it. And suddenly she'd whirled, faced him. At that moment she could have been Joan of Orleans herself, glaring at the whole of the English army, her tone as deadly as a French sword. "Mr. Preminger," she had said, "I'm going to rehearse this scene until you drop dead!"

There was a tiny, reminiscent smile on Otto Preminger's lips as the car stopped in front of the building and he got out.

Upstairs, a girl sat alone in a large, bare room. Sat stiffly, like Alice trying desperately to satisfy the Red (*Continued on page* 104)



*Said Richard Todd, "It's not easy to jump into a classic role—"*



*Has Kim Novak gone Hollywood? Some say yes, but maybe it's just that a shy little girl is at long last finding out . . .*

# WHAT MAKES HER A STAR

*BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON*









IT WAS EARLY MORNING, the sun scarcely above the horizon, when Kim Novak came out of the Columbia dressing room where she'd spent the night. Yawning, she checked in at the wardrobe department, climbed out of her sweater and slacks, into one of the glittering gowns designed for her title part in "Jeanne Eagels." She stood still for the boring job of having a costume fitted, until a pin pricked through. "My, you're fidgety today," the wardrobe woman said amiably, and to her amazement she heard the once shy and gentle actress explode.

"I'm not fidgety!" Kim announced. "I'm temperamental!"

Accounts of that incident—some of them exaggerated and distorted—went around Hollywood fast. As short a time as a year ago, nobody would have dreamed of saying a harsh word about Kim, quiet and soft, that lovable white kitten of a girl. Now the stories have started, about quick brush-offs to the press, an alleged air of self-importance, emotional storms, set delays.

They've started because Kim is now a star. Remember, "Jeanne Eagels" gives Kim her first real leading role. For all the publicity she's had, all the awards—PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal, Hollywood Foreign Correspondents' Golden Globe, Boxoffice Magazine's Top Ten—she has never before been asked to carry the whole weight of a major movie on her slender shoulders as title-role star. (*Continued on page* 96)





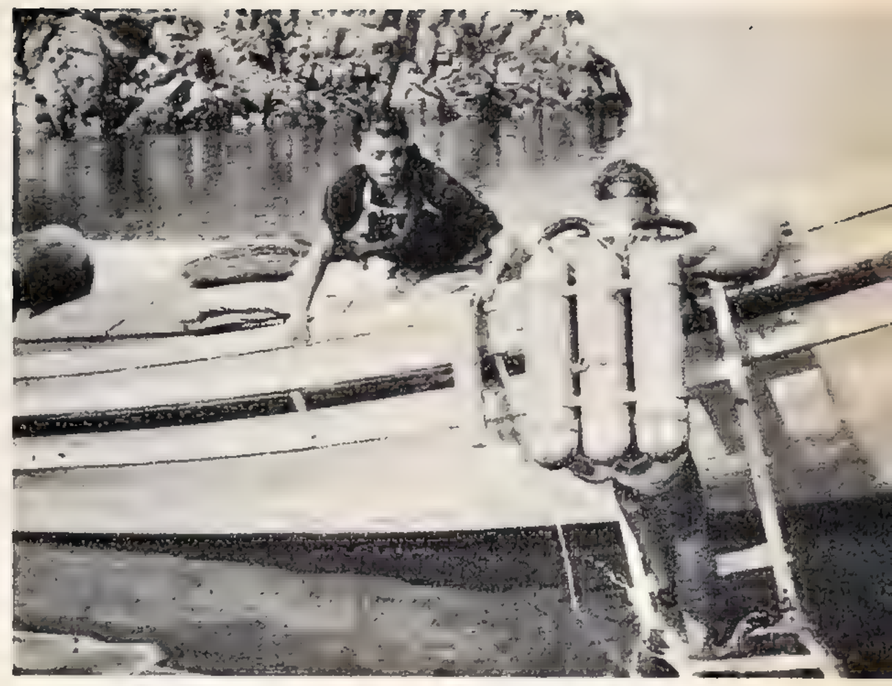
*Making a movie in Greece was exciting, living in a rock 'n' roll home was fun. But at times Alan Ladd was ready to give up the ship*

• *BY MAXINE ARNOLD*

# THE RELUCTANT







# TRAVELER



*Working beneath the surface of the sea was tough even with Sophia Loren's help*



WITH A SCREECHING OF WHEELS in the cold early dawn the Oriental Express stopped inside the border of Yugoslavia. A hundred yards away was Greece, but before they could reach there, Alan and Sue Ladd had to face a glowering Yugoslavian official. "You cannot cross the border without papers," he snapped.

"But nobody ever returned them to us," Sue, who can speak German and French, explained patiently. According to instructions, the travelers had filled out two originals and two copies for Customs, had given them to the porter. He had never given them back, Sue said. We have to get to Greece, she went on. My husband is an actor . . .

"Please," the official interrupted impatiently. "You will get dressed. You will get off the train." As Sue and Alan Ladd (*Continued on page* 107)

# The Dream

*BY ELLIN THOMPSON*

# That Lasts a Lifetime

YOU say two magic words: "I do" – and immediately, you're not just *you*, you're half of a duet: wife, lover, friend, sweetheart, helpmate and keeper of the home. It's a big responsibility, but it's one that every girl dreams of, from the time she's old enough to dream.

Vera Miles, who's pictured here, was a bride herself last spring, when she became Mrs. Gordon Scott. Vera says, "I never cared much for personal belongings, but when it comes to the things that make a house a home, I've learned. Somehow, when you're deep in the throes of some big emotion, you don't want to think in terms of sheets and pillowcases and silverware and china and glass. That all seems too *(Continued on page 114)*

*He left the stage*

*to try the movies, discarded*

*blue jeans for respectability,*

*courted love, then fled. Today*

*Marlon Brando reaches out*

*in a new direction*



# SEARCH FOR FAITH



***BY NICHOLAS GRAY***

OUTSIDE THE JAPANESE orphanage a heavy-set young man wearing dark-rimmed glasses sprawled on the green spring grass and sang gay songs for the little children who crowded around him. They were simple old-fashioned songs like "Old Black Joe" and "Oh, Susanna." The Japanese orphans, charmed by the American stranger, spiritedly applauded after each number, shouting "Hallo," the only English word they knew, to show their appreciation. The singer was Marlon Brando, who was in Japan making "Sayonara." The day the picture was completed he had asked one of the Japanese players to take him to an orphanage that he had visited the year before when filming "Teahouse of the August Moon." It had been built around an old Buddhist temple. Marlon, who had filled up the back of his car with flowers and candy, watched the children in their classrooms. When they were let out to play he romped with them on the orphanage grounds. He tossed them up in the air, carried them around (*Continued on page* 110)



*Jean Harlow brought excitement to the Thirties*

*Looking backward*
*to the torrid Twenties*
*and tempestuous Thirties—*
*to the era of mink-lined*
*limousines, voluptuous vamps,*
*patent-leather sheiks,*
*the question is...*

# Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?



*Can Jayne Mansfield revive the golden era of gilded glamour?*



Turn the page for a glimpse of the glittering past

# Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?

*Continued*



***Great lover** Rudolph Valentino, unmatched from his time to this as movies' embodiment of male-type glamour, made millions swoon*



***A few beads** and a lot of lion made this scene from early Gloria Swanson movie rich in glamour and thrills. She is still glamorous*



***Unforgettable love scenes** were the boon which Greta Garbo and John Gilbert gave to a palpitating public. But talkies ruined him*



***The It Girl**, Clara Bow, gave sex appeal and carefree wealth the all-American look, but still glamorous enough to delight millions*



***Young love**, off screen but on the Hollywood royalty level, made Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford a duo loved by the fans*



***A new word**, "Oomph," and new look came to Hollywood glamour with Ann Sheridan, who wore a big hat in film "It All Came True"*

When Jayne Mansfield showed up at a lavish party recently she made a grand entrance, wearing a sheath of shimmering gold that hugged her body as closely as nature would allow. Casually trailing $20,000 worth of champagne mink, junoesque Jayne matched stare for stare. One of the female guests snapped cattishly, "What's she trying to do—set the clock back thirty years?"

"I sure hope she does," was the fervent reply of a nearby male.

The next morning, answering her critics in a bikini fashioned from what, one photographer cracked, "must have been the smallest leopard in the world," Jayne flared: "Hollywood's getting to be a community of staid married couples. After all, this town was built around glamour, not babies!"

And so it was. Those early years of Hollywood—they were the brightest, maddest, gayest and wildest in the history of motion pictures. It was the golden era of movie queens and movie kings, of sudden wealth, spectacular glamour, of tragedy and scandal, of pomp and show and circumstance.

Locked behind the wall of silence that encompassed pictures in the Twenties lies this whole fantastic world of silent movies and its people—Valentino, Norma Talmadge, the Gish sisters, Wally Reid, Garbo and Gilbert, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin.

The mansions that rang with their festive parties stand quiet and serene in the smoggy sunshine of Sunset Boulevard. Most of them are remodeled beyond recognition, some have become pitifully passé. The bright spots that found the old-time stars at play are no more. Only a remodeled Cocoanut Grove, where Joan Crawford kicked up a wild Charleston, remains; a monument to an era gone forever, along with its gayety. The Daimlers, (*Continued on page* 88)

## BY SARA HAMILTON



***Link between** oldtime glamour and new was Lana Turner, first to draw attention to the exciting possibilities of a simple sweater*



***Songs, dances** and lissome legs, here being preserved in cement, were Betty Grable's contribution to war effort—highly valued, too*



***The sweater girl** concept of glamour-by-measurement reached its most exciting fulfillment in Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell*



***A throwback** to the past is the unforgettable Marlene Dietrich, here swathed in swan's-down and 200,000 diamonds for night club*

To YOU from TONY:

# SA-WAD-DEE*

*Rome, Italy*

I'M WRITING THIS from Rome, which is wonderful enough for me, a fellow who's never ventured out of the United States before I signed on with Columbia to make "The Sea Wall" for Dino De Laurentiis. But the real wonder, which I haven't recovered from yet, was finding myself a working resident of the "King and I" country—unbelievable Thailand—and its amazing capital city, Bangkok, for seven weeks. Putting Perkins in Bangkok is like topping a strawberry nut sundae with a pickle. But, believe it or not, it worked out fine!

"The Sea Wall" also brought me here to Rome, which I'll tell you about, but first let me get some of the delightful and strange adventure of Thailand off my chest. I was pretty nervous about venturing into a strange land for the first time, and wanted very much to make a good impression. My friend Bill Holden had told me the kids out there are hungry for bubble gum, which they rarely get, so I took two cases with me. Both of them were gone within two weeks—and, I hope, did a good job for American-Thailand relations!

We really went to extremes in that country, which is very hot, about like New York during a hot spell in August, only there it goes on all the time. Actually, one of the crew kept a record, and he reported that (*Continued on page* 102)



*Tony Perkins in a Siamese sampan on Bangkok's river—a fine place to be!*

*Siamese for "Greetings!"



DORIS DAY'S
COMPLETE LIFE STORY
LAST INSTALLMENT



*Nothing in her life before can match the joy Doris has as Marty's wife*



*Doris' present world is fully complete with her son Terry and her mother, Alma*

# ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS

## BY GEORGE SCULLIN

***At the very moment of her deepest despair, the sun broke through for Doris Day, and a new life was born***

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: From the time she broke her leg to the time her second marriage ended, Doris Day lived in alternating happiness and despair, triumph and defeat.**

Doris Day was numb after the emotional turmoil of her second marital breakup on the April day in 1947 when her agent, Al Levy, took her over to see producer Michael Curtiz about what might be her first movie role. Curtiz was planning to produce and direct a musical called "Romance on the High Seas."

"Sing for me," Curtiz directed in his strong Middle European accent.

Obediently Doris launched into "That Old Black Magic." And burst into tears at the second line. In desperation she started the loud and raucous number called "Murder, He Says." It was dismal.

"And what's more," she wailed, paying no attention to Levy's alarmed shushing, "I can't act either. I've never acted in my life."

Fortunately, this honesty impressed Curtiz favorably rather than otherwise. He signed her for the picture and to a personal contract as well. At the end of one of the most unlikely auditions in Hollywood history a girl headed for stardom walked out of the producer's office clinging to the arm of her agent and weeping.

Curtiz was not out of his mind. He knew Doris could sing. Everyone in the entertainment world knew that. What he signed up was that rarest of combinations—naturalness and honesty. As for acting, he would handle that one scene at a time, and do his best to keep acting out of it. He wanted Doris Day as she was, not as she would be in heavy makeup and with studied mannerisms.

Then began for Doris a bewildering period that she has since referred to as "Doris Day's daze." Her leading man was Jack Carson, the gay but innocuous story involved an assortment of romantic shennanigans on a boat trip to South America, and everywhere that she turned there were dancing girls, musicians, lights, cameras and Michael Curtiz.

She made mistakes. Her biggest mistake, and one that took her years to overcome, was that she could never remember to act like a star. On her solo numbers she had no difficulty in dominating the mike and the camera, just as she had dominated the audience as a night-club and radio singer, but when it came to asserting her starring role in a group scene she was always deferring to other actors. They might have lesser, or even insignificant, parts, but if they were experienced, with "names" especially (*Continued on page* 111)



***She isn't me,***
***insists Carroll Baker,***
***who admits it hurts***
***when people talk about***
***the girl who***
***made her famous***

***BY RICHARD GEHMAN***

# I feel bad about Baby Doll



THE PICTURE "Baby Doll" set off one of the most excited public controversies in recent movie history. A national news magazine called it "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture." Cardinal Spellman, in an unprecedented move, denounced it from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Billy Graham, refusing to see it, said, "I don't like to see anything to blunt my spiritual life." Other religious groups added to the uproar, and the headlines were fanned by director Elia Kazan's sharp defense of his work. The critics, joining in the clamor, battled among themselves as to whether the film was art. A New England theatre chain, having made up its mind, announced that "Baby Doll" would not be permitted on its screens. Southerners were furious at its sordid picture of life in the South, and it was banned in Memphis (*Continued on page 98*)

# BIG NEWS IN SWIMSUITS!

MEMO: In Hollywood, where (more than in other parts of the country) girls really have a chance to get out and get under the sun, swim fashions make news—and this year's crop of swimsuits promises to make a big splash everywhere! Important newcomer is the knitted swimsuit in cotton or wool combined with elasticized yarn to better shape the figure. Knits are newest in vivid off-beat stripes and bold patterns. Still going strong—the elasticized swimsuit in faille or satin, newly floral printed or sparked with a raised jacquard pattern. All-time favorite, the cotton suit, you'll find in skirted or boy-short styles with 1957 favoring the soft, pastel, delicate look of this romantic fashion year. Look for the new high-in-front, low-in-back swimsuits with built-up halter necklines contrasting with back plunges dipping lower than ever. Slim lines continue to be important, happily achieved by use of figure-molding inner construction, a new side zipper. Here, and on the following pages, the stars make beach news.

Hermine Cantor, FASHION EDITOR

*continued*

*To buy swim fashions, see information and stores listed on page 116*



*Dashing stripes to light up the beach in Valerie Allen's sun-loving cotton knit with Lastex suit. It has a new high halter neckline, is molded over its own detachable nylon bra. By Jantzen. Sizes 10-16. $16.95*

SEE VALERIE SOON IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE JOKER IS WILD"



Now, an **INSTANT MAKE-UP**
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# BIG NEWS IN SWIMSUITS!

*continued*

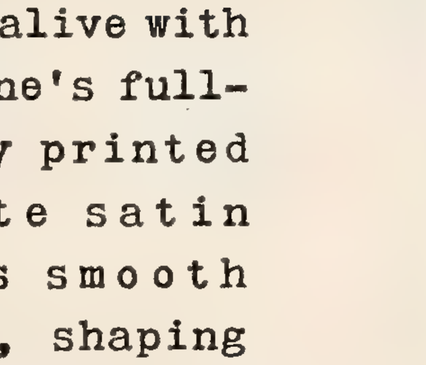


*Pink or turquoise print on white satin Lastex. Back zipper. Inner boned, foam bra. Sizes 10-18. About $23. Suit, beach hat by Cole of California*

SEE ROXANNE IN COLUMBIA'S "THE YOUNG DON'T CRY"

MEMO: Beaches and lakes are coming alive with blooming prints like lovely Roxanne's full-blown roses on gleaming Lastex. Star sheath swimsuit, shaping your figure magically with its artful draping at bosom and skirt. Assisting, an inner bra of light foam laminated with jersey. Point of interest: the squared neckline, a balanced square at the back. Swimmers or loungers note—the floral print takes fashion honors this season in the sun. More news for sun-worshippers, lower right: Roxanne's smooth figure-wrapping maillot in elasticized nylon and cotton, a clear definition of the long-bodied look. Note the sleek tapered maillot legs, a flattering fashion line, all ease.

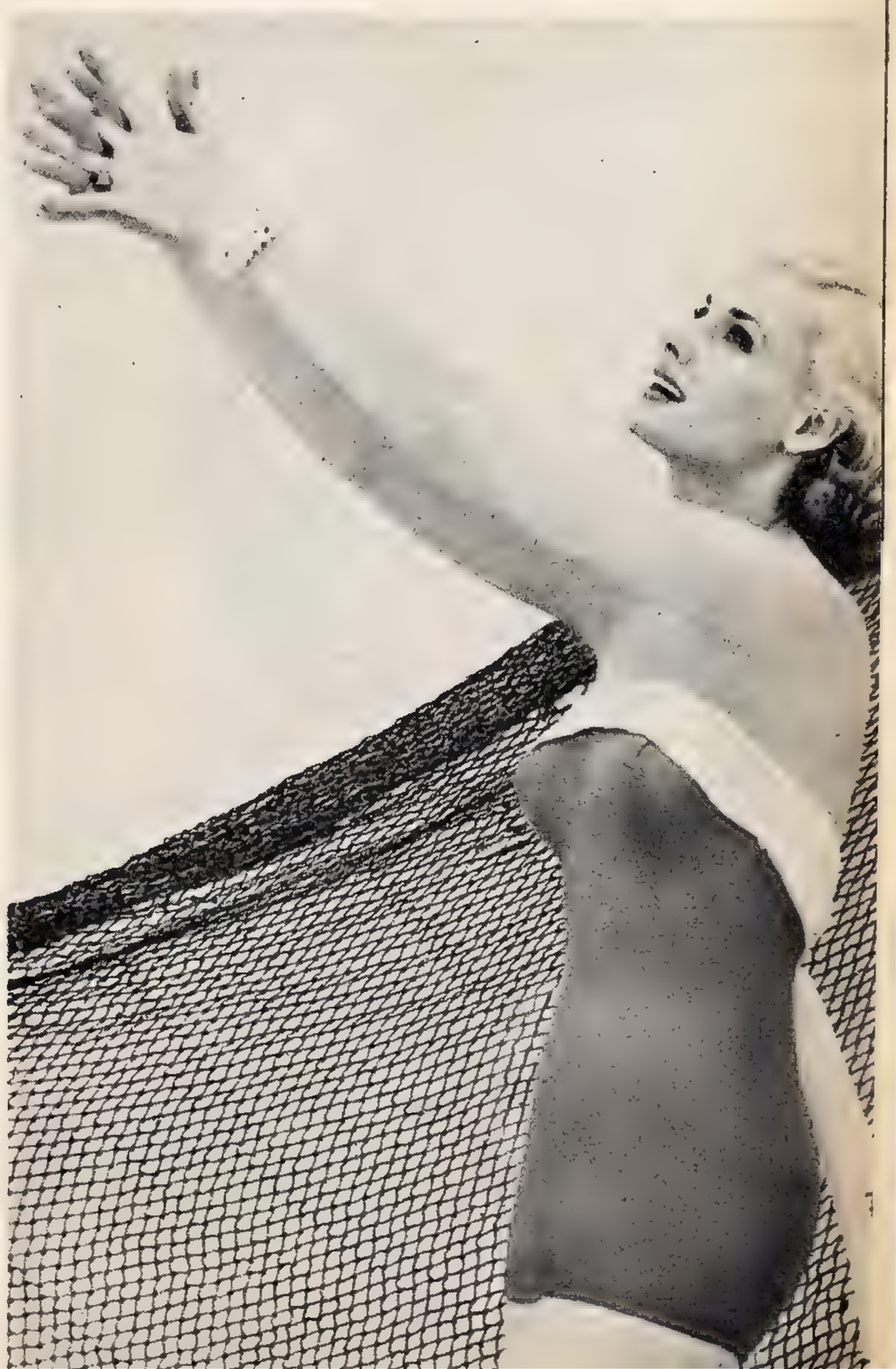






Contrasting with the high, unbroken front, a low dipping back, sparked here by a pleated nylon streamer insuring a sensational exit line. It detaches, then adds a separate white halter strap for swimming. High on the list for summer: the low, low back.

*continued*



*Red, black, turquoise. Detachable white nylon tricot streamer band, separate halter strap. Inner boned bra. Sizes 32-36. By Flexees. About $18*

*To buy swim fashions, see information and stores listed on page 116*



*Black or sun coral with white, turquoise with black. Inner bra. Sizes 10-14. Under $20. Suit, alphabet terry beach towel by Rose Marie Reid*

*Black, peacock, red, white faille Lastex. Detachable straps. Inner bra and "Phan-Tum" girdle. Misses' and talls' 34-40. By Surf Togs. About $16*



# BIG NEWS IN SWIMSUITS!

*continued*



*Embroidered Lastex in shrimp, blue or maize on white. Side zipper. Inner boned bra. Celanese jersey lined. Sizes 32-40. By Brilliant. About $13*



MEMO: Bright new star on the Hollywood scene, Pamela Curran, makes fashion news for you, top left, filling the knit bit in swimsuits. Here, elasticized cotton knitted into a polka-dotted maillot, generously scooped front and back, with straps built-up to make the torso more so. She turns beach siren, top right, in a sheath suit given the luxury treatment with glittery golden Lurex trimming the bow that streams from a flattering bosom cuff. The built-in curve control's accented by a streak of gilt down the sides. Make a quick-switch, left, in Pamela's stunning Lastex suit embroidered (for the first time) with a raised jacquard tapestry print. Strong on neckline, long on shape, it stars plunging halter straps that tie under the bosom for an Empire look, goes to tapered boy shorts below.





*Continued on page 81*



*To buy swim fashions, see information and stores listed on page 116*

# There are so many good reasons why



Simplicity Dress, #2068

**"I use Simplicity Patterns,"** says Gretchen Wyler, star of "Damn Yankees" now in its second year on Broadway, "because I love the styles, and between rehearsals, radio and TV, I have little time. But you don't need a lot of time with these easy Simplicity Patterns." Gretchen is wearing Simplicity 2068.

**"Sewing is my hobby,"** says pretty Betsy Palmer who stars in just about every medium. Frequently on leading TV shows, she has just finished Paramount's "The Tin Star" with Henry Fonda. Married to a leading New York physician, Betsy is also a talented homemaker. "With Simplicity I find exactly *my* kind of clothes!" Here in her library, she is wearing Simplicity 2031.

Simplicity Dress, #2031



**"Simplicity Patterns are my favorites,"** Melisande Congdon, a lovely singer from "My Fair Lady," told us. "I can find the fashions I like; I can sew them myself; I can look smart on a singer-with-aspirations income!" Melisande has the voice and personality to make her dreams come true! Photographed at home, she is wearing Simplicity suit 1954, blouse 1727.

Simplicity Suit, #1954 • Blouse, #1727



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Simplicity Printed Pattern No. 2126

patterned for you

BY

# PIER

Sew like a star and look like a star!

With Simplicity Printed Patterns, you

can make Pier Angeli's summer wardrobe,

photographed here by husband Vic Damone

Like Pier, you can write your own fashion ticket with your sewing machine. She entertains at home in a fresh-looking shirtwaist with huge unpressed-pleat skirt and little puffed sleeves, the bodice sparked with rows of white ruffled lace. In Bates Disciplined silver gray cotton. Coats & Clark's zipper. Pattern No. 2126. 50c



Simplicity Printed Pattern No. 2091

Looking heavenly for a night out with Vic, Pier chooses a delicately-hued floral print in Peter Pan's sheer cotton lawn. It shapes a full-blown dress with flattering high, round halter neckline. Adding a romantic note, the soft little capelet in Indian Head Everglaze cotton satin, lined in matching print. Pattern No. 2091. 50c

SEE PIER ANGELI STARRING IN M-G-M'S "THE VINTAGE"









**Simplicity Printed Pattern No. 2075**

Down for the mail and set for a morning romp, Pier loves these separates, the cowl-collared overblouse printed with clown dots and worn over tapered pedal pushers. The cropped, midriff-baring version is paired to little cuffed shorts. Both fabrics are Everglaze, crease-resistant cottons by Peter Pan. Pattern No. 2075. 50c



**Simplicity Printed Pattern No. 2073**

Almost a wardrobe-in-one, Pier's simple-to-sew pattern made here in Peter Pan's blue woven satin-striped cotton. The playsuit has a boat neckline, drawstring waist, and a come-what-may attitude as long as the swirling skirt is handy, tied-on with its attached waist-wrapping cummerbund in solid blue. Pattern No. 2073. 50c

*Simplicity Printed Patterns may be purchased at leading stores in your city*

• *For other pattern views, sizes and yardages, turn to page 94*

To look at her now you'd never know...but her face "broke out" an hour ago. The 2-step Medicare Set saved her then. Medicare Stick saves her now.




to be as lovely as you can be...

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*Set of Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion (Light or Medium Shade), $2. Medicare Stick, $1. All tax free. On Canadian counters, too.*

# BIG NEWS IN SWIMSUITS!

*continued from page 76*



*Black, coral, turquoise, red, brown, navy faille Lastex. Inner spiral-boned bra, front panel. Back zipper. Sizes 30-36. By Sea Nymph. About $13*



*Everglaze cotton satin. Pink to red, pale blue to navy striped with white. Inner boned bra. Tuck-away straps. Sizes 32-38. By Catalina. About $11*







Sunny favorite, the cotton swimsuit, seen this year in soft, romantic prints or bolder-the-better stripes like Pamela Curran's choice, above right. The fashion lesson here: how to have a smashing figure with rhythmic stripes, horizontally wavy, shaded from light to dark. Cotton satin is the fabric, elasticized at the back to better hug the figure. Imagination for the beach, left, in Roxanne's gored princess sheath, the back zooming to a new low. Fanciful part: a high-low neckline, accented with white satin, to wear whichever way suits the mood—high, halter style or folded down like a shutter to shape an Empire bodice. Newest beach fancy.

*To buy swim fashions, see information and stores listed on page 116*

# Look Where You're Going, Audrey!

(*Continued from page* 47)
and "Ondine," which settled her private life, she gained acclaim.

Her marriage, in spite of dire pronouncements that Mel Ferrer is at worst a Svengali and at best a "difficult" man, has apparently confused the critics and been a smashing success. Audrey and Mel appear to enjoy working together almost as well as being together. Right after her marriage, she said, "I've been restless, but that's over. I didn't know where or what I wanted to be. Now I do. Wherever Mel is I'm home."

But in spite of such success and happiness, some friends of Audrey's, who have known her since the days when she was a hoofer in London night clubs and who share in her thoughts, say that Audrey often seems wistful for the past. Certainly not the past of her rootless childhood, or the terror-filled days during the war as an adolescent living in Holland under Nazi occupation, but the past of her youth when she was planning the life she wanted to lead and the things she wanted to do. They claim that Audrey suddenly found her career moving so fast that there wasn't time to ask herself: "Is this what I really want? Is this what I should be doing?"

Once she wanted to be a ballet dancer. After the war she spent three years in Amsterdam attending a ballet school and then moved on to London to continue her studies. One ballet instructress said of her, "If she had wanted to persevere, she might have been a leading ballerina."

Audrey never became a ballerina. For practical reasons it was necessary for her to get a job in the chorus of the London production of "High Button Shoes." She got other jobs in night clubs, modeled, got bit parts in British films. The ballet became lost in the shuffle of other activities. In fact, when she had the time and money to study again it was the theatre she turned to.

Again there was the same intensity on the part of the ambitious Audrey to be an actress. Not just the enlargement of the role of a pretty girl (at the time Audrey's face was helping sell Lacto-Calomine, a popular beauty preparation) but to be a serious dramatic actress. She attended the theatre as often as she could and studied under British character actor Felix Aylmer, who praised her "poise and motion." At the time she gave friends the impression that she wanted to play nothing less than meaty Shakespearean roles, and they marveled at her "iron will." She wasn't trying to impress her friends. This wasn't a "great star" bit that she was playing. She had a sincere aspiration to be an actress and a good one.

As in the case of ballet, Audrey never played Shakespeare or the Old Vic and there are those critics of her acting who say she never will. That, in the sense of being able to project a part, she's not an actress at all, but instead a person of tremendous charm and presence who is capable, as one critic put it, "of placing blinders on an audience, so that when she is on stage, it becomes virtually impossible to look at anyone else." She also has a great ability to communicate her innermost feelings to the audience. This is a rare and unique thing, but it is more closely related to character and personality than to the specific art of acting. Audrey plays herself, and most people would be disappointed if she didn't. If you are a woman, for instance, this is how you would like to be. Particularly, if you are as physically imperfect as Audrey. By any beauty parlor or beauty contest standards she is hopelessly ill-proportioned and unsymmetrical. Her teeth are crooked, her frame is lank and yet somehow she comes off as a ravishingly beautiful girl. She is the living embodiment of that old adage about beauty being more than skin deep.

To realize the long and special process that went into creating this unique personality, it is important to thoroughly understand her bizarre background.

Audrey's mother, the Baroness Ella van Heemstra, belongs to a noble Dutch family. Her father, J. A. Hepburn-Ruston, was a dashing Irish adventurer and sometime businessman who preferred to make his home in Belgium. It was in Brussels that Audrey was born on May 4, 1929.

Audrey has very little recollection of her early years except that her father was away on business most of the time and there was nobody to play with except two half brothers (her mother had been divorced) and a variety of animals that roamed wild on her father's country estate. Audrey recalls that unlike most other little girls she didn't play with dolls. "They never seemed real to me." She was a quiet, reflective child given to daydreaming and dressing up in her mother's clothes. When she was older she went to school in England. She learned to speak Dutch, French and English fluently. Later, an unpleasant association with the Nazis paved the way for a familiarity with German.

When Audrey was seven or eight her father, who had taken up with a British Fascist organization, simply left his family, never to be heard from again. As one who knows the family later recalled, "He left no recollections to which Audrey or her mother wish to cling." Nobody knows where he is today or whether or not he is aware of his daughter's fame.

After war was declared in 1939, Audrey and her mother moved from England back to Holland, thinking the little nation would be spared from German occupation. A few weeks after they had settled in Arnhem, where the van Heemstras had a family home, the Nazis invaded the Netherlands. Audrey, the soft-eyed dreamy child, suddenly found herself confronted by a most frightening series of events. A beloved uncle was shot as an "example" to the Dutch underground fighters. A short time later, Audrey's cousin, a prominent figure in the royal court, was executed.

As a child under the occupation, Audrey lived a shadowy life. She had seen a performance of the Sadler's Wells ballet a few months before and then and there decided to be a ballet dancer. In spite of the danger involved her mother sent her to the local conservatory of music. Like every spirited child in Holland, Audrey did what she could to help the resistance movement. She helped raise money by appearing at clandestine "blackout" concerts at which she played the piano and danced. On her way to school—she was eleven at the time—she carried messages to the underground in her shoes.

Life became increasingly difficult for Audrey and her mother. Money and food became scarce. There were many meals in which the main course was endive, a vegetable that Audrey has since come to loathe. She spent most of her time scrounging for food and clothing. Finally, just before the close of the war, Audrey and her family suffered the terrible experience of having their home bombed to the ground. Audrey and her mother escaped with nothing but the clothes they wore.

After the war mother and daughter moved to Amsterdam. Though ruined financially, the Baroness was undaunted and took a job as a cook-housekeeper with a wealthy Dutch family. With money that was left over she sent Audrey to the conservatory for ballet lessons and three years later, when she was nineteen, her mother raised sufficient funds to send her daughter to England for further studies.

The Baroness always had great ambitions for Audrey to be a dancer or a musician or an actress. In her own youth she herself had had dreams of becoming an actress. It had always been her wish that Audrey fulfill them. Today, many of Audrey's critics maintain she is not as close to her mother as she once was, that she went against her mother's wishes in marrying Mel. This is false. The Baroness is keenly interested in her daughter's career but feels that Audrey's personal life is no business of hers. She sees her as often as possible and when she writes she always asks Audrey to send autographed pictures of celebrities for her "collection." She was particularly pleased recently when Maurice Chevalier, who plays Audrey's father in "Love in the Afternoon," sent her a photograph inscribed, "To Audrey's *real* mother from her *reel* father."

In England Audrey had friends and relatives who were delighted to harbor this charming girl of whom they had memories only as a child. England was heaven. After (*Continued on page* 84)



*Working with Maurice Chevalier, Audrey got autographed photo for her mother.*



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whatever form your special fun takes! And it's such a *comfortable* way to be beautiful on the beach, trim on the tennis court, sliver-slim when you bowl! Kleinert's pantie girdle is made of pure natural rubber. It's velvet-textured outside *and* skin-side...never feels sticky. It's perforated to let your skin "breathe"; has a non-roll top. It slims you the second you slip it on...yet gives you "no-girdle" freedom! Pink or white; small, medium and large. About $2.

four years of occupation Audrey gorged herself on all the things she had been deprived of—cakes, cookies and chocolates. For the first time in her life people warned her about becoming fat. "In all the wrong places," she said. When her hand wasn't in the cookie jar she was busy circulating in London—visiting agents, taking ballet and acting lessons, posing for photographers. Even then her off-beat beauty, combined with a pixie-like naiveté and innate dignity, beguiled everybody who met her.

It was obvious that sooner or later she would catch the eye of the movie companies. But when she did, it was not an actress they had in mind. She was merely asked to be decorative. She "decorated" an Alec Guinness comedy, "The Lavender Hill Mob," by appearing in one brief scene as a saucy cigarette girl—black stockings and all that—but it was enough for her to be considered for something better. When a frothy little comedy about high jinks on the Riviera was casting, the pretty girl with "legs" was suggested for a supporting role. As Audrey recalls, "The day the producer interviewed me, everything went wrong. I had a terrible time finding a stocking that didn't have a run in it. The zipper got caught in my dress and when I finally got to my agent's office the interview with the producer lasted exactly a minute and a half! I was sure I'd failed."

That may have been the most important minute and a half in Audrey's whole life. Of course, she got the part, which took her to the Riviera. While she was shooting a scene in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo, Colette, the celebrated French novelist whose play "Gigi" was being cast in New York—without success—spotted Audrey, went over to her and said, "Vous êtes ma Gigi."

A fairy godmother with a wand couldn't have proclaimed Audrey's stardom any more fittingly. She was a star the moment she spoke her opening line in "Gigi." The next morning the *New York Times*' critic commented: "Miss Hepburn is an actress. Spontaneous, lucid and captivating."

When her name went up in lights a couple of weeks later, she is said to have darted across the street to see and, looking up at it, sighed, "Oh dear, and I've still got to learn to act."

This was not prompted by girlish modesty. She felt it was a fact and that she would have to do something to correct the situation. But at the same time, she wasn't so dewy-eyed that she wasn't aware of her status as a star. From that moment on Audrey "was solely interested in consolidating her foothold in a heaven strewn with fallen stars," one writer said.

For Audrey this meant work, work, work while adhering to a Spartan and disciplined schedule that worried her friends and often annoyed her critics. "This training thing is a pose," one said after Audrey had been signed to make "Roman Holiday." "She's made it—why doesn't she relax and have fun?"

But her friends affirm that this is the only way Audrey *can* work. Audrey confessed recently, "Acting doesn't come easy to me. I put a tremendous amount of effort into every morsel that comes out. I don't yet feel that I have enough experience or store of knowledge to fall back upon."

She is aware of her peculiar problem as an actress—the need to submerge her own distinct personality into that of the role she is playing. For instance, her *Natasha* in "War and Peace" has been compared to Vivien Leigh's *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind." Many critics say that while Vivien Leigh *was Scarlett, Natasha* was mostly Audrey. As a result her role as the nun in "The Nun's Story" will offer a great challenge.

Any diversion, Audrey felt from the beginning and still feels, throws her off the track. She has always ruled out parties while she is working and has fought against interviews on the set. She finds it incredible that this is an accepted practice. "During the shooting of 'War and Peace'," she explained recently, "reporters were constantly on the set for interviews. They couldn't understand why I was unable to sit down with them and give them my life story and then walk back into a scene and give a performance. I'm incapable of turning my feelings off and on like an electric light."

This intense devotion to work and her aversion to ordinary social pursuits caused her fans and admirers at first to be doubly curious about her personal life and romances, if any. The only name that was linked with hers was that of a wealthy, socially acceptable young Englishman named James Hanson. For a long time they were engaged. At one point, as a matter of fact, invitations announcing her marriage to Hanson had been mailed and it was reported that her wedding gown was hanging in a closet in Rome while she was making "Roman Holiday." At the last minute the wedding was called off. "When I found out that I didn't even have time to attend to the furnishings of our London flat, I suddenly knew that I would make a pretty bad wife. I would forever have to be studying parts, fitting costumes and giving interviews. What a humiliating spot to put my husband in . . . making him stand by, holding my coat while I signed autographs."

It was pretty thoroughly agreed after that by Audrey's friends that when she did marry, it would have to be to somebody in the theatre.

After finishing "Sabrina" in Hollywood, Audrey went to New York to discuss a play with Mel Ferrer. She had met Mel once, in Gregory Peck's apartment in London after "Roman Holiday," and had been unimpressed. Mel and Greg were old friends. When she and Mel talked about "Ondine" she was sufficiently impressed with the play, at least. to agree to co-star with Mel in the fantasy.

Unlike the evenings spent alone after performances of "Gigi," Audrey, it was noted, left the theatre frequently on Mel's arm. They were spotted in the early hours of the morning "doing the town," Audrey acting as if this were all a new and exciting world that she hadn't known existed before. One night Audrey and Mel were discovered at a jazz emporium on Broadway called "The Metropole," "Lindying" between the tables.

On more sedate occasions when they were together people remarked that they seemed even closer than lovers. They seemed more like brother and sister—anticipating each other's thoughts and gestures. As a result nobody was more than mildly surprised when it was announced a few weeks after the closing of "Ondine" that Audrey and Mel would be married in Switzerland.

But there was speculation on what had been Mel's attraction for Audrey. After all he was thirteen years older than she, had been married four times (twice to the same wife) and had four children. But, as one who knows him well recently commented, he does have that rare quality in an American man, he makes a woman feel like a *woman*. He is also a stimulating and charming talker on a wide range of subjects and above all is sophisticated and cosmopolitan, qualities that appeal to Audrey.

While Audrey and Mel have traveled constantly since their marriage, they manage to live graciously and comfortably wherever they are. Audrey is by no means a domestic type but she does try, she says, "to make a home for my husband under whatever circumstances we have." Among the six trunks that travel with them wherever they go are two filled with just personal possessions, like a favorite set of silver candlesticks, records, books and pictures. Their constant attention to each other's needs belie the critics who refuse to believe they are happy together. That, instead, their relationship is a kind of master-to-slave one, with Mel directing her life, using her career as a stepping stone for his own.

Normally gracious and placid, Audrey explodes when she hears this analysis of their marriage, and she has heard it many times. It's the one personal question that she feels called upon to answer and refute. "Why do people keep on saying that Mel makes all my decisions, decides what I am going to play and with whom and where? I, of course, ask his opinions about such things. Any wife would. And I respect his judgment. But Mel is scrupulously correct about not giving an opinion unless it's asked for. This is because we *do* want to keep our careers separate. And the fact that we value them so much doesn't mean that we wouldn't give them up in a minute if our personal happiness was at stake."

As a couple Mel and Audrey have been lucky in being able to combine marriage and a career and be close to each other. While Audrey was in Paris making "Funny Face" and later "Love in the Afternoon" with Gary Cooper and Maurice Chevalier, Mel was working for Warners in "Paris Does Strange Things" and later, in the south of France, shooting "The Vintage" for M-G-M. Weekends Mel would pop into his Thunderbird and pick up his wife at the Nice airport and they would spend two lovely days together basking in the sun, playing tennis and finding little country inns in which to "hide out."

When Mel took off recently for Mexico to make "The Sun Also Rises," Audrey was right by his side. She had turned down all offers just to remain with her husband. "I don't plan to go to work until next November, when I'll do 'The Nun's Story,'" she said. "These six months I'll be able to spend with Mel and I feel that's very important. Acting is, of course, also important to me, and probably always will be. But marriage means more."

But friends who know them well are divided on how long this idyll can last. Some say forever. That this handsome, talented couple have such a grasp on reality and are so well-disciplined and analytical about themselves that it would be hard to think of them failing at anything. Their marriage and their careers are indestructible, according to this group.

But others wonder, particularly in the case of Audrey, whether or not she isn't *too* coolly intellectual, too calculating in her dealings with herself and the world about her. These friends say she will never really be able to fulfill herself as a woman or an actress until she *does* throw caution to the wind and lets herself be guided by her heart.

But that's all up to Audrey. In the past, there were her friends and critics to help her find her way. But now she stands alone on the threshold of what could be the turning point in her career. The chance to fulfill herself as a great actress. Only a few doubt that she can accomplish this. And everybody agrees that for the first time in her life, at last, she knows where she's going. THE END

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YOU'LL LOVE: Audrey Hepburn in Paramount's "Funny Face" and A.A.'s "Love in the Afternoon." Also Warner Brothers' "The Nun's Story."



# Must a woman live forever in the shadow of her mother-in-law?

You're married. You love your husband. He loves you—deeply. But you feel in his love for his mother an older, more powerful pull. Can you shake him free of his mother's grasp without destroying your own marriage? What does a wife do when the *other woman* is her own mother-in-law? Learn to know The Second Mrs. Burton. Let her share her struggles with you. You'll want to make a place for her in your life. You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Listen to **THE SECOND MRS. BURTON** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

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(*Continued from page 49*)

Preminger, Walter Wanger and other persuasive gentlemen with tempting propositions to offer have used their blandishments to no avail. Now along comes Blevins Davis, whose millions have sponsored many an artistic enterprise, including the Monte Carlo Ballet and the international tour of "Porgy and Bess." He is even more hopeful than all the others. His optimism is based on the fact that he owns the screen rights to the famous Max Reinhardt spectacle, "The Miracle," and he feels the role of the nun is so eminently suited to Garbo that she can't possibly refuse. Much as I would love to agree with Blevins, I'm afraid this is just wishful thinking on his part. Garbo's fear about resuming her career stems from a genuine pathological age complex, and she is determined to stay forever young in the memory of her legion of fans who worshipped her in those wonderful early years. Actually, Garbo's fear is groundless. Her classic beauty and indefinable glamour remain undimmed. I often see her striding down Fifth Avenue in her inevitable get-up, a black cloth coat and flat-heeled shoes, with her face half concealed by a wide-brimmed black hat, and I stop to stare at her unabashedly, as does everyone of my generation to whom she is still incomparable. Fortunately, her early films are now being revived on TV, so that you new generation of fans, to whom she is only a legend, can now see for yourselves why this "Swedish Sphinx" created such a furor back in the Roaring Twenties. Unfortunately, I don't think that Blevins Davis or anyone will ever accomplish the miracle of uprooting her from her self-imposed retirement.

**Towering Rock:** Before Rock Hudson planed out to Rome to co-star with Jennifer Jones in "A Farewell to Arms," he made a tour of several key cities to help publicize his film, "Battle Hymn." In Pittsburgh, where he made a personal appearance at one of the big department stores, the crowd had to be held back behind a roped-off area or he would have been killed in the stampede. But one intrepid youngster broke through the lines and sighed, "I think I'm going to faint!" And she did—right in Rock's arms! On his arrival in New York, I caught up with Rock over cocktails at Hampshire House and we reminisced about the time we met at the Venice Film Festival, four summers ago. None of Rock's big pictures had been released in Europe at that time, and so he was given poor seats at all the screenings and pretty much ignored at the Festival functions, while more important guests were given the red velvet carpet treatment. To top it all, when he checked out of the hotel, he was presented with a bill. But what a difference a few years make! Now that his "Magnificent Obsession," "Giant," "Written on the Wind" and "Battle Hymn" have skyrocketed Rock into an international star, his return visit to Italy has the impact of a conquering hero's triumphant homecoming, even though it's just a location picture-making trip.

**Jayne Hidden?:** In Jayne Mansfield's next picture, she plays the role of a bubble dancer, who finds herself trapped on a "Wayward Bus" with fellow passengers Dan Dailey, Rick Jason, Joan Collins and Betty Lou Keim. Jayne's entire wardrobe consists of a pink leather raincoat. The rest of the company, including the crew, are making bets among themselves that even Jayne can't find one scene in the picture where she has a legitimate excuse for removing this cover-up of the manifold Mansfield charms. Wanna bet?

**Quiz Party:** If I had my own quiz show, here are some of the questions I would ask: Why did that Los Angeles judge award Linda Christian custody of her two young daughters? When Linda returned from Europe recently to continue her search for a new millionaire husband in Mexico and Cuba, she left both children behind in Paris with their nurse, and refused to allow Tyrone Power to have them with him in London because she told him he would then forfeit his visiting rights to them this summer. . . . When Tyrone returns to Hollywood this summer to film "Witness for the Prosecution," following his location trip to Mexico where he is filming "The Sun Also Rises" opposite Ava Gardner, will he remember the year B.C. (Before Christian), when he and Lana Turner were Hollywood's most blazing romance? And now that he is an eligible bachelor again and Lana is Lexless, will the flame be rekindled? My prediction is no. . . . How does Edmund Purdom, Linda's former heart interest, whom she now claims owes her $5,000 for helping to finance his trip to Europe last year, have the effrontery to announce his engagement to Alicia Darr, when his ex-wife, Tita, and their two youngsters have been evicted from their home and are living on the charity of others because Edmund refuses to support them? . . . Isn't it true that Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are heiring the nursery in their new New York town house on Murray Hill, in preparation for a baby "dahl"? . . . Why do Hollywood studios send stars like Anita Ekberg on good will junkets to foreign countries when all they manage to do, it seems to some, is to create *bad* will? . . . How many of the new young faces in Hollywood today can you name who will still be stars twenty years hence, as are Clark Gable, Rita Hayworth, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, James Cagney, Spencer Tracy, Kate Hepburn, Loretta Young and Errol Flynn—just to name a few—all of whom are still working and still tops?

**Talent Scout:** Last summer, when I was attending the Berlin Film Festival, I saw at one of the many embassy parties an enchanting young girl who stood out in the crowded drawing room like a beautiful painting by a French master. I knew that if she weren't already in films she should be, so I went over and introduced myself. In halting English, she told me she had appeared in several French movies. When I suggested she would be a wonderful find for Hollywood, she laughed and said, "Mais, my Eenglish it ees not good enough!" But since all Europeans seem to be born linguists I knew she would learn quickly, and I wrote back a glowing report on my "discovery" to Hollywood. Immediately, every studio became interested. It was Warner Brothers who were lucky enough to win this French baby doll, and you will soon be seeing her American screen debut in "Lafayette Escadrille," in which she plays the love interest opposite Tab Hunter. Although her name sounds like a sneeze—Etchika Choureau—she would not let Warners change it, but I strongly suspect that she will register fewer objections when Tab, who makes no secret of his admiration for her, tries to persuade her that Hunter is much easier to pronounce!

**Love Birds:** When Yul Brynner's wife, Virginia Gilmore, accompanied him to the Uruguay Film Festival, everyone who thought they had separated seemed so surprised—that is, everyone except Yul and Virginia. "We've been married thirteen years," Yul told me. "And during those thirteen years, as regularly as a gong, there have been rumors of our splitting up. But we can afford to laugh them off. Here we are, still together, while those 'ideal couples' we are always reading about have taken off for Reno, Mexico and the other divorce mills!" . . . It will be exactly a year in June since Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, Greg Bautzer, went out of circulation. Everyone is wondering what Greg can possibly give beautiful Dana Wynter as a first anniversary present. He has already gifted her with two homes, one in Bel Air and the other in Palm Springs, a Jaguar car, a mink coat lined with lamé and a sable stole, to mention just a few things. Most important, he has given her the happiness that comes with the security of a deep love. As the lady Cupid to this alliance, I feel justified in taking a bow on the success of my aim!

**New Generations:** Metro bought the English stage success, "The Reluctant Debutante," especially for Debbie Reynolds, and methinks they had better rush it into production *soon*—before Debbie again becomes an unreluctant mother. More than anything else, she and Eddie want a baby brother for sister Carrie. . . . Ed Wynn, known throughout his stage career as "The Perfect Fool," is now in his late sixties carving a career for himself in serious drama, and no one is prouder of this new twist in Ed's veteran experience than his only son, Keenan. Keenan's grandfather on the maternal side, Frank Keenan, after whom he was named, was also a famous actor, and it will be interesting to see whether Keenan's two sons, Ned and Tracy, continue this theatrical heritage unto the fourth generation. As of now, there have been no signs of it.

**Talented People:** Ever since Bob Wagner did an impersonation of Jimmy Stewart on TV's "What's My Line?" he has been using his heretofore hidden talent for mimicry to fool his unsuspecting friends. The other day, he called Jane Russell and did such a perfect imitation of Clark Gable that Janie was completely taken in. . . . Eva Marie Saint and Don Murray struck up a close friendship while working together at 20th Century-Fox in "A Hatful of Rain." Now Eva Marie and her director husband, Jeff Hayden, and Don and his actress wife, Hope Lange, are an inseparable foursome. Observing them together you are seeing the kind of young, normal married couples you'd find in any home-loving community, instead of in a scandal magazine. Unfortunately, nice people are considered too dull to get into print very often. . . . When Ginger Rogers was in New York recently to help exploit her new film, "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!", she went on her usual shopping spree at Bergdorf-Goodman, where she ran into an old chum, Nancy Kelly. Nancy, eyeing Ginger's divine figure, sighed, "Here I am, trying to squeeze into a size 14 because I've put on weight since the baby was born, and *you* take a size 7!" Whereupon Ginger retorted, rather wistfully, "Don't complain, darling, I'd trade you any time. You have something that no figure can buy—your baby daughter!"

**Love Stuff:** Although Elvis Presley confesses that he considers Valerie Allen the most beautiful girl on the Paramount lot, he has never dated her. For one very good reason, Valerie's heart has already been claimed by Mack Gray, and perhaps not even Elvis wants to cut in on a guy whose nickname is "Killer"! THE END



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# Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?

(*Continued from page* 64)

the Stutz Bearcats, the Pierce-Arrows, resplendent in zebra linings and silver hubcaps, no longer glide along Hollywood Boulevard. One no longer glimpses the white-toothed smile of dark-complexioned Valentino or the jolly bulk of Fatty Arbuckle behind the wheels of their flashy roadsters. And of course one no longer hears the horn of Wally Reid blasting out "Yankee Doodle Dandy" at corner intersections.

Gone, too, are the liveried chauffeurs, the white, fur-robed Cadillac of Norma Talmadge, Billie Dove's baby-blue block-long Pierce-Arrow, lined with the softest of blue velvet with chauffeur's uniform to match. Gone, all of it, gone.

Hollywood was a world apart in those days, peopled with creatures born to adoration by a movie-struck public. Pictures were still new, unique and awesome and the people in them far beyond the mundane workaday world outside. The public, of course, knew nothing of Valentino's ulcers or Clara Bow's emotional problems and would have shied away from dry subjects that robbed their idols of glamour—subjects so freely discussed among present-day stars.

Francis X. Bushman was dethroned by the very public that elected him "King of the Movies" when knowledge of a wife and children came to light. Nothing so prosaic as babies and exchanged recipes for upside-down cakes ever appeared in print. Movie stars in the silent Twenties were America's royalty, and the public kept them securely and lovingly on their thrones.

The stars themselves worked at glamour. They knew its value. And movies grew and prospered. Of course, no one could foresee the advent of a tiny ogre called the microphone that would eventually shatter their world. But while it lasted the stars lived their glamourous lives to the fullest. And the world loved them.

They each played their part. The comics, the heroes, the heroines, the villains. And, of course, the cowboys. Never has there been a movie cowboy to equal the unbelievable Tom Mix, with his all-white cowboy suits and hats, his diamond belt buckles and gold fittings. His white Cadillac, upholstered in pony skin, bore the gold-encrusted initials TM that were to become his trademark. They appeared interlaced on the amazing wrought-iron gates that enclosed his hilltop mansion, and on its roof stood the huge letters TM blazing away in white lights. Neon had yet to be heard from.

Out in the San Fernando Valley, the great William S. Hart, the most famous of all cowboys, lived quietly on his ranch—with newcomers Buck Jones, Harry Carey and Hoot Gibson hot on the trail of Hart's sombrero and saddle fame.

On Whitley Avenue, in the heart of Hollywood itself, lived Valentino, the greatest of all screen idols. Then the most famous star in movies, he had married the exotic Natacha Rambova. She broke his heart, this Natacha, for Rudy loved the strange woman who cared nothing for Hollywood and its people, and very little for Rudy. With half the women in the world worshipping the dark-eyed Italian, it remains an ironic twist of fate that Valentino failed to win over the one woman he loved most.

The Whitley Avenue house became the mecca of artists, sculptors and the elite of Natacha's world, who gaped at Rudy's golden boat-shaped bed, the purple velvet draperies at the bedroom windows and the black patent-leather and scarlet-satin furniture that graced his huge living room.

Rudy's death in New York precipitated a riot that for sheer bedlam will go down in motion picture history. Natacha had left him. Pola Negri, then enamored of the star, paced the rooms of Falcon's Lair, newly purchased by Valentino but never lived in, like a caged tiger. Her cross-country train trip to attend Rudy's funeral, her emotional shenanigans at his bier, never, never have been equaled. Drama the public wanted—drama she gave them.

With little or no income tax to gobble up their wealth, with salaries high and living costs low, Hollywood glimmered and glowed in its wonderful prosperity. Gloria Swanson had turned down $20,000 a week to form her own production company. Mary Pickford was paid $1,050,000 for three pictures by First National. Money poured in. And money poured out.

Imported mosaic tiles lined the swimming pool of Pauline Frederick and a carved teakwood teahouse rested beside the enormous pool of Charlie Ray. Inside Charlie's bathroom, an embossed tree of life adorned one of the panels, with jewel-encrusted pockets projecting from the tree. In each of these pockets reposed a toilet article, imported soap, toilet water, dusting powder and makeup for the ladies.

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Whole palaces were leveled throughout Europe to supply Marion Davies' beach home with panels, mantels, doors and bric-a-brac. The walls were hung with priceless paintings from abroad, and solid gold knobs and fittings graced the innumerable bathrooms.

Observed a visitor from the East to this Babylon of the West, "It's beyond belief. In almost every home one sees old masters and fabulous antiques."

The Benedict Canyon estate of Harold Lloyd boasted a private golf course, waterfalls and swimming pools. Charlie Chaplin owned a block-long movie studio on the corner of La Brea and Sunset, maintaining his own crew, prop rooms, advertising and publicity staffs. A huge pipe organ in his home near Pickfair pealed forth its somber melodies late into the California night.

Behind Fatty Arbuckle's home stood a private gas pump, where friends could fill up their cars to their heart's content. A buffet of delectable foods was always ready for anyone who cared to drop in. Homes were overstaffed with servants and proud peacocks roamed the lawns—a mark of true opulence.

Parties were rowdy or elegant. Or both. Invitations to Mickey Neilan's gay fetes naturally included all-night swimming. Orchestras played as butlers nonchalantly handed liquid refreshments in crystal goblets to the bathers as they swam. Or sank. Or both. Uninhibited gaiety was in order.

But on the whole Hollywood strove for elegance in parties and achieved it. The Mayfair dances were the epitome of charm and beauty, with stars dressed to their teeth in their bespangled fripperies. Perky flapper Colleen Moore threw one of the prize parties of the era, in a large frame house that was in the actual process of being moved from one part of the city to another. As the house slowly rolled down Wilshire Boulevard, the guests within waxed merry.

A famous Charles Ray party lasted through dawn with the music going strong and the array of food constantly replenished till daybreak. When the sun rose over the hilltop, Charlie, holding his wife Clara by the hand, made an announcement: This was their farewell party. That day Charles went bankrupt. Taking leave of his friends, he was reduced to becoming an extra. He never rose above this, for the caste system then was rigid.

For sheer snobbery there has never been anything to equal Pickfair, with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford the acknowledged King and Queen of Hollywood. An invitation to Pickfair was a royal command and, until such an invitation was received, no one could count himself a social success. Visiting royalty, social lions, famous people such as Bernard Shaw, were feted at Pickfair where the service was elegant and the taste impeccable. The finest silver and china and food, liveried servants—one behind every chair—marked the mansion. And it was here at Pickfair that a plump young starlet was to meet defeat. Her name was Joan Crawford. But that comes later.

Gloria Swanson was the symbol of suavity and high-style elegance. Her Mack Sennett days and marriage to Wallace Beery far behind her, Gloria reached out for class. When huge aigrettes in complicated hairdos, beads and bangles and miles of chinchilla fur were the order of the day, Gloria outdid everybody. She outdid many of them in husbands, too. And not only in quantity, but quality.

The hysteria that shook Hollywood when Gloria snagged the handsome Marquis Henri de la Falaise as a husband was frightening. Met by a delegate of bigwigs from her studio upon her return from Europe, Gloria and her bewildered Marquis found themselves in a mile-long parade, waving frantically from the rose-bedecked limousine to the "peasants" that lined the boulevards. Bands played, streamers streamed and across Hollywood Boulevard huge banners read, "Welcome Home Gloria and Hank."

Later the glamourous Connie Bennett stole the still-bewildered Marquis and annexed him as her own. But as Queen of the Paramount lot, Gloria reigned supreme. That is, until the famous Pola Negri was ensconced in the dressing room next door. Then the feud was on. Learning of Pola's abhorrence of cats, Gloria had every alley cat within miles rounded up and secretly placed in Pola's dressing room. The howling and yowling, the swoonings and groanings and the beating of breasts that followed were fearful indeed. Finally, in despair, the studio deported Gloria to the Kingdom of Paramount in the East while Pola reigned in the West.

When scandals broke they were neither stingy in scope nor dingy in consequence. The murder of handsome director William Desmond Taylor inadvertently involved Mary Miles Minter, the latest threat to Pickford's crown, and overnight ended her career. The death of handsome Wally

Reid, victim of dope, stilled the gaiety for awhile.

Fatty Arbuckle, the rotund funny man, sank into obscurity after a feminine guest died under sensational circumstances following a rowdy party given by the comic. The trial made headlines for weeks, with fans agog over the wild and woolly doings of Hollywood. Defeated and dejected, Fatty, for a time, hung about the fringes of the bright world that had once been his and then was gone.

It was the era of clear-cut talent classification. The heroes were always heroes and never since has there been a more virile and handsome group of men. Thomas Meighan, Earl Williams, Dustin Farnum, Harold Lockwood, Conway Tearle, Richard Barthelmess, James Kirkwood, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Ronald Colman, Carlyle Blackwell, Ramon Novarro, Jack Gilbert, Ricardo Cortez and of course the Barrymores.

Lionel, tall and stalwart, survived from the earliest days of movies to take his place as a leading man. But it was John, with his marked handsomeness, that brought distinction and perfection of talent to the screen. Long before his disintegration—which certain producers made capital of—John Barrymore was the greatest of his day. Unhappy, hell-bent on self-destruction, John married his beautiful leading lady, Dolores Costello, and began the pitiful trek down hill. The long walk that joined his bedrooms with the daytime living quarters was at one time lined with cages of snarling wild animals that reduced the visitor, to say nothing of his wife, to shivering wrecks.

Makeup reached a peak never dreamed of with Lon Chaney's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." Sentiment oozed from the pores of Janet Gaynor's and Charlie Farrell's "Seventh Heaven," and the "spectacular" of the Twenties, DeMille's "King of Kings," made history. Comedy reached its peak with Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, Laurel and Hardy, Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the world's greatest pantomimist, Charles Chaplin.

The women of the silent Twenties were every inch and every pound real women. No one starved or dieted or fretted over figures. Norma Talmadge, dark-eyed and beautiful, was the reigning queen of romance, with sister Constance, Colleen Moore and Dorothy Gish the bright comediennes. Lillian Gish literally reduced the paying audiences—20¢ to 50¢ on an average—to blobs of anguish in "Broken Blossoms" while snappy, peppy Bebe Daniels went to jail for speeding. For fifteen days the Santa Ana jail was the mecca of all Hollywood as Bebe played the gay hostess in her flower-decked cell.

It was the era of slogans, with Barbara LaMarr the woman "Too Beautiful to Live" and Mae Murray "The Girl with the Bee-Stung Lips." Corinne Griffith became "The Orchid Lady," dainty Marguerite Clark "Little Queen" and Mary Pickford "America's Sweetheart." Lilyan Tashman, "The Lady of Taste," was the first to introduce an all white-and-red decor, and plump, fantastic Theda Bara was "The Vamp."

"Born under the shadow of the Sphinx and reared beside the Nile," according to her press agent, Miss Bara was a stout and gentle lady born Theodosia Goodman in Cleveland, Ohio, who dearly loved nothing better than a good dish of corned beef and cabbage—a secret well kept from her fans and even Hollywood itself. With the advent of the Twenties, Theda's bare-bosomed glory slowly faded away and the statuesque Betty Blythe became the bead-strung "Queen of Sheba" and Clara Bow the "It Girl."

In the late Twenties two events occurred





**CANDIDS**

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Ava Gardner
5. Alan Ladd
6. Tyrone Power
7. Gregory Peck
9. Esther Williams
**11. Elizabeth Taylor**
14. Cornel Wilde
15. Frank Sinatra
18. Rory Calhoun
19. Peter Lawford
21. Bob Mitchum
22. Burt Lancaster
23. Bing Crosby
25. Dale Evans
27. June Allyson
33. Gene Autry
34. Roy Rogers
35. Sunset Carson
50. Diana Lynn
51. Doris Day
52. Montgomery Clift
53. Richard Widmark
**56. Perry Como**
57. Bill Holden
66. Gordon MacRae
67. Ann Blyth
68. Jeanne Crain
69. Jane Russell
74. John Wayne
78. Audie Murphy
**84. Janet Leigh**
86. Farley Granger
91. John Derek
92. Guy Madison
94. Mario Lanza
103. Scott Brady
105. Vic Damone
106. Shelley Winters
107. Richard Todd
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
112. Susan Hayward
117. Terry Moore
**121. Tony Curtis**
124. Gail Davis
127. Piper Laurie
**128. Debbie Reynolds**
135. Jeff Chandler
**136. Rock Hudson**
137. Stewart Granger
**139. Debra Paget**
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
142. Leslie Caron
143. Pier Angeli
144. Mitzi Gaynor
145. Marlon Brando
146. Aldo Ray
**147. Tab Hunter**
**148. Robert Wagner**
149. Russ Tamblyn
150. Jeff Hunter
152. Marge and Gower Champion
174. Rita Gam
175. Charlton Heston
176. Steve Cochran
177. Richard Burton
179. Julius La Rosa
180. Lucille Ball
182. Jack Webb
185. Richard Egan
187. Jeff Richards
190. Pat Crowley
191. Robert Taylor
192. Jean Simmons
194. Audrey Hepburn
198. Gale Storm
**202. George Nader**
205. Ann Sothern
207. Eddie Fisher
209. Liberace
211. Bob Francis
212. Grace Kelly
**213. James Dean**
214. Sheree North
**215. Kim Novak**
216. Richard Davalos
218. Eva Marie Saint
**219. Natalie Wood**
220. Dewey Martin
221. Joan Collins
222. Jayne Mansfield
**223. Sal Mineo**
224. Shirley Jones
**225. Elvis Presley**
226. Victoria Shaw
**227. Tony Perkins**
**228. Clint Walker**
**229. Pat Boone**
230. Paul Newman
231. Don Murray
232. Don Cherry
233. Pat Wayne
234. Carroll Baker
235. Anita Ekberg
236. Corey Allen
237. Dana Wynter
238. Diana Dors
239. Judy Busch
240. Patti Page
**241. Lawrence Welk**
242. Alice Lon
243. Larry Dean
244. Buddy Merrill
**245. Hugh O'Brian**
246. Jim Arness
247. Sanford Clark
248. Vera Miles
249. John Saxon
**250. Dean Stockwell**
251. Diane Jergens
252. Warren Berlinger
253. James MacArthur
254. Nick Adams
**255. John Kerr**
256. Harry Belafonte
257. Jim Lowe
258. Luana Patten
259. Dennis Hopper
260. Tom Tryon
261. Tommy Sands
262. Will Hutchins

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that changed the entire course of motion-picture history: a tall, stocky Swede named Garbo slipped into town and Al Jolson sang aloud in "The Jazz Singer."

Talkies were on their way.

Hollywood had never seen the equal of the sizzling love scenes between the beautiful Garbo and the dashing Jack Gilbert, who was to die a few years later of a broken heart—the first real fatality of the talkies; an idol whose soft and timbreless voice cost him his title of "King of Lovers."

PHOTOPLAY said at this time: "In the history of the world there is no race of demi-gods whose fame is so zealously and jealously guarded as motion-picture actors." Just about that moment a wildcat from across the border, one Lupe Velez, leaped into the long arms of a lanky cowboy named Gary Cooper, and the "jealously guarded fame" did a nosedive into low comedy.

To friends in her Mexican home or to friends anywhere, Lupe would scream, "Look at heem. He is bee-ootiful," and wrap herself around the gangling Cooper. It was a front-page three-ring circus from first to last, and the "last" came when Coop, gradually stepping from Westerns to drawing rooms, trekked off on a big game safari in Africa with the Countess di Frasso and came back a gentleman in taste and clothes. And saw Lupe no more.

And then the status of the movie star gradually changed, during the Thirties. Fans now began to regard their idols as less than god-like. Rather they were men and women who talked and blabbed and gabbed like everybody else. With this awareness, much of the old glamour slipped away. Possibly forever.

The stars themselves willingly stepped down from their pedestals to gossip, by way of the fan magazines. Hidden families were disclosed, romances were discussed and aprons were donned for housewifely photographs.

Out M-G-M way, a curious thing was happening. From the 145-pound bouncing cut-up, a new Joan Crawford emerged in the most amazing metamorphosis of the times. Gone was the poundage, the wild red hair, the thousands of freckles that literally covered her big-eyed face, and in their place stood a beautiful woman. Dubbed by her studio "Empress of Emotion," the new Joan was chic personified.

Of all the queens from the Twenties, Joan has survived the longest and strongest. Her clothes, her moods that vary and confound, plus a kind and generous heart, are the epitome of glamour.

She had found her own true love in no less a lad than Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., scion to the royalty of Hollywood. Together they prattled in a new language of love, understood by no one but Joan and Doug. Between bites of mustard on crackers—Joan's favorite slimming diet at the time—they wooed and married while Doug's stepmother frowned disapproval.

Mary Pickford never accepted Joan. At one point, "America's Sweetheart" is said to have snapped at her new daughter-in-law, "Don't you dare make me a grandmother!"

For her first formal reception at Pickfair, Joan chose a handsome gown with a sweeping train. But even before the drawing room was reached, a rending sound revealed the worst. The train had been ripped by prodding feet. In horror and embarrassment, Joan fled, later to flee the marriage itself.

With the onrush of talkies, desperate movie moguls sought experienced "speaking" people from the Broadway stage. Unsure of their stars, they took no chances, and soon Hollywood sound stages were crowded with the imports. With the advent of the New Yorkers, Hollywood took on a new air of sophistication. Voices toned down, homes grew less ornate, hairdos became sleeker and Adrian of M-G-M became the designer of the age. The chi-chi and doo-dads were rapidly becoming passé. Accents were added to intrigue and amuse as the long line of foreign actors poured in. Garbo had already won acclaim as the greatest actress of all time and now came Dietrich.

Paramount Studios arranged a studio party for the press, eager to glimpse the startling and naughty creature of Germany's "Blue Angel." The day finally arrived, the press arrived and Dietrich arrived, arrayed in a long baby-blue organdy gown, accentuating her plump figure, topped by an atrocious fluffy pink hat and carrying a pink parasol over one shoulder. The press gaped, Paramount gulped while her mentor and guide, her mustachioed director, Josef von Sternberg, stood defiantly by.

She caught on fast, this Dietrich. The organdy along with the pounds disappeared, the hair grew lighter, the eyebrows grew higher and a beauty, a rarely beautiful woman emerged. Freely she talked of her little Maria in Germany, and the ever obscure husband, Rudolph Sieber, who today operates a chicken ranch somewhere out in the San Fernando Valley. She was chatty, friendly, easy. Until a new day dawned not only for Marlene but the entire feminine world.

She took to pants. In mannish trousers, coats and hats she strutted her stuff and startled the natives. The birth of slacks for women had dawned and a new Dietrich was born. Aloof, strange and never again the warm and friendly Marlene of old.

The bearskin rugs upon which the silent vamps writhed and wiggled had been sent off to storage, and the beaded beauties had folded their tents—borrowed from Valentino's "Sheik"—and silently stolen away. In their places strutted a swivel-hipped, bold-eyed, buxom blonde ogling invitation at a tall dark lad from England, who had cast aside his stilt-walking act for movies.

"Come up and see me some time," Mae West urged Cary Grant, and the nation, to a man, went West. The world accepted Mae's risqué invitation, including even our present-day Navy, who wouldn't be without their Mae Wests. Cary himself progressed from history-making comedies with Irene Dunne, Katharine Hepburn and Rosalind Russell to be the smoothest and suavest of heroes.

In the years ahead, the crown once worn by Francis X. Bushman as King of the Movies came to rest on the brow of Clark Gable, the most virile and rugged he-man ever to grace the screen. But unknown to Gable at that time, the girl who was to make tragic history as his future Queen, Carole Lombard, sailed away for a honeymoon with Bill Powell. Tragic Carole. Tragic Bill Powell. And heartbroken Clark Gable. What a hand of sorrow Fate was destined to deal them. With a girl called Jean Harlow as a fourth.

She had appeared on the scene all of a sudden, it seemed, this Snow White beauty called Jean Harlow. Actually Jean began as an extra in Clara Bow's "Saturday Night Kid," but from the beginning she was marked for notice, stardom and death. And she knew it.

"I'll die young," she confided. "There is something I must learn in this space of time and then I'll go." Less than a year later the Platinum Blonde was dead. And in the years ahead not one of her many imitators was ever able to take her place.

With Gable, Jean created a sensation in "Red Dust." The girl with the beautiful body, who gave little thought or time to it, let alone applying a tape measure, was the sex queen of the era. On-screen, that is. Off-screen Jean was a warm, friendly, impulsive girl, who wanted only a home, husband, children and peace. In producer Paul Bern, a charming man, she saw her dreams come true. Or thought she did.

Two months after their wedding Paul Bern killed himself in the bedroom of their home and the aftermath of rumors all but destroyed her. In despair Jean later married cinematographer Hal Rossen, a marriage that ended in divorce.

The second act of this tragic drama begins to unfold with Carole Lombard's divorce from William Powell. A short time later Carole met Jean's friend and co-star Clark Gable. With Carole—a woman among women, a man's woman, a beauty, a forthright dame beloved by everyone—it was love at first sight. She worshipped Gable, adored him, married him and, in a way, died for him. In her anxiety to get back to her husband from a 1942 bond tour, Carole took a night flight home and found death on a lonely mountainside.

Fate now closes ranks for the last act of this four-star drama. Harlow, still searching for love and happiness, found it in Carole's former husband, Bill Powell. Jean loved Bill Powell with an ache that could


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almost be felt by those around her. Nothing meant anything to Jean now but Bill. Gladly she would have renounced career, fame, everything for marriage with Bill Powell, the suave and brilliant actor who returned her love but was not ready for a second marriage. He wanted to be sure. To take time.

"If I could cut out the pain of this love with a knife, I'd do it myself," she once told a friend. But nature did it for her. Jean's sudden death from uremic poisoning left Hollywood shocked and saddened. In his agony of despair, sympathy went out to Bill Powell. A few months later, he quietly married Diana Lewis, an unknown starlet, and retired to Palm Springs. Critical illness had overtaken him at one point in his life and nobody knows what toll heartache exacted. Gable alone, of the tragic four, remained. With the wife he loved so deeply gone, Clark was destined to search many years before he found happiness again in marriage.

The Thirties' villains no longer whirled clipped mustaches á la Lowell Sherman and Lew Cody of the Twenties. Instead, they roared in with a burst of violence upon the screen. James Cagney thrust a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face, Edward G. Robinson *Little Caesar*-ed his way to fame, Humphrey Bogart played it cool and easy, while a dark and deadly menace named George Raft flipped a coin to the top. It was the era of gangsterism.

The sparkling talents and personalities of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers gave musicals a glamour they rarely attained after the team split up. Others made their own contributions to the Hollywood glamour story. Ann Sheridan added "oomph" to the language, and Veronica Lake's peek-a-boo bob started a national fad. In "The Hurricane," a limpid-eyed, sarong-clad Dorothy Lamour made native love beneath tropic palms seem like everyone's idea of paradise. Though Dotty was later to do a variety of other things—and even publicly burned her sarong on behalf of the war effort—memories of those early island epics make "sarong" and "Lamour" inseparable.

Hollywood thought it would never again see anything like the Valentino craze, but when the Nelson Eddy rage reached its frenzied peak, it seemed like the good old days all over again. Worshipping women threw themselves prostrate on his lawn, and letters of proposals poured in by the thousands. But history began its deadly repetition. Even as the team of those early lovers, Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne, were forced by fervent fans to marry or suffer extinction, demands were made on Nelson and Jeanette MacDonald, his co-star. When Jeanette chose to marry Gene Raymond, and Nelson to wed Mrs. Sydney Franklin, interest in the pair began to wane. They had let down the world and the world returned the compliment.

The glamour procession continued as a young Viennese starlet floated nude before a camera and made film history. Though husband Fritz Mandl made futile attempts to buy up all prints of "Ecstasy," and later divorced her, ravishingly beautiful Hedy Lamarr was already on her way to fame and fortune in Hollywood. So was a well-proportioned brunette who strolled suggestively down a street in a minor item titled "They Won't Forget." They didn't.

Dark tresses turned blonde, Lana Turner worked her way up through films like "Johnny Eager" and "Ziegfeld Girl" to become one of the top all-time glamour queens.

Plump little Margarita Cansino was getting nowhere as a hoofing extra. But renamed Rita Hayworth, with hair tinted a glorious titian, there was no stopping her. And Betty Grable of the legs turned glamour into one of the great box-office attractions of all times.

A pretty, pleasing starlet of the twenties, Sue Carol, gave up acting, became an agent and married her client, Alan Ladd. As a new-type killer in "This Gun for Hire," the blond, slight Alan became the rage. It was mainly due to Alan's appeal and Sue's help that the last bar between fan and star was forever lowered. The love, marriage, home and children stories given out by the Ladds brought on a whole new standard of relationship between Hollywood and the public. Glamour gave way to coziness, and mystery to intimacy. Then came Pearl Harbor, and Hollywood took to uniforms. With stars of the motion-picture screen joining the common cause of freedom, the last shreds of glamour began to fall away.

The de Havilland-Fontaine sister feud, the Rita Hayworth-Aly Khan nuptials, MM wiggling across the screen with that gleam in her eye, helped recoup some of the lost glamour. Then Marlon rode into town on his motorcycle and threw those last bright shreds to the wind. Today only Jayne with her leopard skins and Debra Paget, with her jewel-studded limousine, can hold a candle to the queens of yesteryear.

Summing it up for PHOTOPLAY, Gloria Swanson, looking back on the glorious and glamorous past of Hollywood, says, "The glamour associated with Hollywood in the Twenties and Thirties merely reflected the glamour of the world at that time. There was a freedom and abandon everywhere. Added to this, Hollywood had all the excitement and thrills of a new industry. In a sense we were pioneers. We were working and playing in the last frontier of what had been the wild and very wonderful West." THE END


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(*Continued from page* 45)

else." But if Pat didn't think much of himself as a singer in those days, the folks in Nashville never had any doubts about his talent. One of his relatives says, "Pat had hardly a free moment to himself. Church groups around town were always asking him to sing at a social. And then of course he sang in the choir of his own church, the Church of Christ, at the Sunday services and at the Wednesday evening prayer meetings. Pat, you know, has been going to church since he was six weeks old. His mother used to carry him in her arms.

"And whenever he went to parties the first thing his friends would ask him would be, 'Pat, did you bring your guitar?' Everybody in Nashville knew about Pat's singing and playing and they thought he ought to be on radio. Every time they spied the head of the local station they'd grab his arm and say, 'When are you going to give Pat a chance?' Well, he finally broke down and Pat at seventeen landed his own show. A year later he won the East Nashville Talent Contest and got a bid from Ted Mack in New York to appear on his 'Amateur Hour.'"

That was, of course, the turning point in Pat's career. Everybody in Nashville predicted Pat would make good and when they saw him on their TV sets and heard the applause they knew he had.

If the audiences loved Pat so did the people on the program, who thought he had what it takes to be a great performer. Sure, there were a few rough edges to his singing and his stage presence but this made Pat only that much more appealing. They liked his personal charm and warmth and were inspired by his deep religious convictions.

As a three-time winner on the "Amateur Hour," Pat was qualified to be in the Madison Square Garden finals. Of course, he would have gone back to be in the finals but something even bigger than his career stood in the way.

Pat and Shirley Foley had just eloped and moved to Texas.

Looking back on those wonderful days of love and courtship and marriage, Shirley says, "We were both nineteen and it seemed sort of crazy at the time. But Pat and I had known each other for four years —had seen each other every day—and we felt deep in our hearts that it was the right thing to do."

After they were married Pat and Shirley stayed on in Nashville for several months but it wasn't the same as before, somehow. While the families had forgiven the young couple, a feeling of disappointment that they had married so young still remained. Pat and Shirley felt that they had to fight for their marriage, that it would be best if they went away for awhile to think things out for themselves.

Pat and Shirley packed up their few belongings and drove to Denton, Texas, where there was a Church of Christ college, North Texas State.

"We'd made up our minds," Shirley says, "that come what may Pat was going to finish his education. Pat and I had talked this over many times. Sometimes when he'd feel blue and disgusted he'd say, 'Oh, Shirl, it's such a struggle.' And it was. But Pat really wanted to amount to something more than just being a little old country singer. If he could be a real success as an entertainer and through his singing in some way help others, this would be fine. But if this didn't work out Pat wanted to feel that he could teach or enter the ministry."

Pat and Shirley were probably happier in their little home in Denton than they had ever been in their lives. Pat, after he had enrolled at college, went down to Fort Worth the same day and eventually landed a job singing hillbilly songs on a local TV "barn dance" program. He raced home that night and said, "Honey, we're going to be all right. I just signed up for a big TV program." And added with a sheepish grin, "For fifty dollars a week."

"Fifty dollars," shouted Shirley, who was then several months pregnant. "Pat, it sounds fantastic!"

All he could say was, "Shirl, baby, I'm just so happy."

After little Cherry arrived, Pat and Shirley didn't think there could be any greater happiness for them. "We were every bit as content then as we are now," Pat says of those days. "We possessed few worldly possessions, we only had ourselves, but we felt this was everything. Of course, we didn't eat quite so well as we do now," he says with a chuckle. "For breakfast we had hash, for lunch hamburgers and for supper spaghetti and meat balls."

But at that very moment, though Pat didn't know it, fame was nearly in the palm of his hand.

A few weeks before, he had received a letter from "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts" program suggesting that he send in a couple of recordings. Pat had them made and then forgot about them. It was Shirley who had prodded him into doing something about it in the first place.

Pat's records along with hundreds of others piled up in Arthur Godfrey's study at home. Whenever he got a chance Arthur would listen to a batch of them. One day his daughter, Patricia Ann, who had been sampling her father's audition record collection, rushed up to him with a record in her hand and said, "Daddy, I've just heard the most wonderful singer. He's a boy from Texas named Pat Boone."

While Godfrey had never heard Pat sing, he had heard about him—from Shirley's father, who is nearly as famous in the entertainment world as the great Godfrey himself. He's Red Foley of "Grand Ole Opry" fame, now with his own TV show, "Ozark Jubilee." Red's an old friend of Arthur's and he had once casually mentioned his son-in-law in a letter to Godfrey. But Red and Pat both deny that any special favors were requested for the young singer. In fact, Pat says, "There was no doubt in anybody's mind that whether or not I made the show would depend on my talent and my talent alone."

As soon as Godfrey heard Pat and met him in person, he predicted that he would be a great star. He confirmed what Ted Mack had said of Pat after his first amateur hour appearance. "I've watched them come and go in this business," Mack said, "and I've learned that it's the person with the stamina, the one who will work to develop his talent who will survive. I know that Pat is one of these. The public isn't always right and wise, but in this instance it is."

Pat got the same kind of response from Godfrey's program that he had had on Mack's "Amateur Hour." The audience liked him because he was personable and sincere. They liked him even more when they discovered that he was a family man and an honor student at Columbia. And he was just as popular with everybody connected with the show. Mel Spiegel, Arthur Godfrey's right hand man, recalls that if Pat was a couple of minutes late for a photo sitting he'd phone to apologize. "That kind of punctuality and thoughtfulness is unusual in a big star."

One of Godfrey's family recalls that Shirley and the children would often show up for TV rehearsals. "Little Cherry would put the cast in just the right mood by waving to Godfrey and saying, 'Hello, Mr. Apter Goppie.'"

Arthur didn't have to teach Pat very much. He'd already appeared on TV, but Pat was grateful for any advice he could get.

Godfrey was sincerely sorry to lose Pat. But for his young protégé's sake he was glad that Boone had landed his own program, to start this fall over ABC-TV, and could understand why any young man would be reluctant to turn down a contract that guaranteed him a minimum of a million dollars for five years.

What has Pat got as a singer that he has been named "Most Promising Male Vocalist," by both Billboard and Cash Box magazines and has sold over six million records for Dot?

For one thing Pat is vocally a split personality. On the one hand, he belts out rock 'n' roll numbers in a husky baritone, but on the other, when he does ballads, he sings sort of soft and whispery. Pat says of his two voices, "It's not something I deliberately do. I just naturally sing that way. I approach ballads differently than rock 'n' roll or up-tempo songs but no matter what I sing you can recognize both voices as me."

Pat Boone doesn't want to be tagged as a rock 'n' roller, however, and this he feels takes him out of competition with Elvis Presley for the rock 'n' roll crown. "I'll stay with it but I definitely do not want to be known as strictly a rhythm singer. I want to be known as a fellow who can sing *songs.*"

For most any other person this modest ambition would be enough to keep a fellow busy and happy. But not Pat. In spite of his record as a singer, his tremendous popularity, he has doubts about himself as an entertainer. He feels that his fans might grow tired of him, that he might lose his spark. It's this honest self-appraisal that prompted Pat to follow Shirley's advice and keep on with his education. "If I fail as a singer I'll turn to teaching. In a classroom, or as a producer of educational programs on TV."

Right at the moment Pat is on a leave of absence from Columbia University where he is a senior, majoring in speech, with additional courses in English, broadcasting and fine arts. He plans to go back to college in September and finish his final semester. Not only has Pat kept on with his education but he very well may grad-



**PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS**

Color candids of Pat Boone by *Gunther;* Audrey Hepburn from Paramount; Eva Marie Saint, Jeff Hayden, Dana Wynter, Greg Bautzer, Etchika Choureau, Tab Hunter, Keenan Wynn, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Russell and Bob Wagner from Globe; Tony Perkins by Fraker; Carroll Baker from Warners; Valerie Allen by *Fraker.*

uate Phi Beta Kappa. This is a fact that bothers Pat a little and he wishes that there wasn't so much publicity about it. "Now, I'm under pressure to make it. If I don't it will make me look foolish."

But if he doesn't it won't be because he hasn't tried. Until he left for Hollywood, Pat would get up at six in the morning and study before breakfast and carry his textbooks everywhere he went. He'd study sitting in his agent's office, before a personal appearance, between recording sessions.

When he was with Godfrey, Pat, along with the rest of the "little Godfreys," went up to Lake Placid last winter to put on a show. One morning after rehearsals the whole gang went skating and looked for Pat to join them. They finally located him in the basement of the lodge they were staying at, seated under a bare light bulb, boning up on an exam he had to take the following day.

Pat is well-liked both by his classmates and the faculty at Columbia. One of the latter said of him recently, "Pat has a fine mind. If I had as many commitments as he does, I would never be able to achieve the grades he has."

As a famous person there, Pat has problems that other students don't have to face. He has tried very hard to be like everybody else, but this is sometimes difficult. One evening recently, Pat was preparing to do a scene from a play in his TV class. One of the coeds, when she heard that she was going to appear opposite Pat, pretended to swoon. "You mean I'm going to do this with Pat Boone?" and she flung her hand against her forehead in a gesture of ecstasy. Pat, who has a sense of humor about a lot of things, is deadly serious about his studies. He calmly said, "That will be enough of that." The chastened girl cut out the clowning and the class got back to work, impressed by his professional approach. Impressed too is his teacher who says of Pat's talent: "He has a direct wholesome honesty that comes across both as a person and in any scene that he's doing. I don't think he will be a brief sensation and then fade. I think he'll be a working artist for a long time."

Pat is perfectly sincere about completing his education and everybody is rooting for him to finish with a bang. For instance, Kirk Douglas walked up to him at a party recently and said jokingly, "If you slip up on your degree, I'm going to punch you right in the nose." Pat smiled and replied, "Don't worry, I'll get it."

Pat had wanted to graduate with his class in June. But he has a tremendous respect for the opinions of the people who have guided his career. They said the time to make a movie was *now*. And "Bernardine" was the kind of picture he wanted to play in.

Pat admits to a terrible doubt after he had signed the contract. "I'm essentially a singer. I did a little acting in high school and college, but it was plain awful. The acting part had me worried."

But Pat is not a real worrier. Neither is his wife. They have great faith in a Supreme Being who charts our lives. If it hadn't been time for Pat to be making a movie—then he wouldn't have been on his way to Hollywood. Obviously then, since he *was* on his way, everything would turn out all right.

Pat Boone's reputation preceded his arrival in Hollywood. Preparations were made to greet him as a great new motion picture personality. A star was about to blaze forth—and be emblazoned.

There was much speculation about Pat. Already one teenager idol—a rock 'n' roll singer—had made his mark upon the town. Elvis had the Hollywood touch—the numerous high-powered cars, the bodyguard, the lavish gifts. This was all in the true Hollywood tradition.

But Pat Boone gave the reporters and columnists pause, for here was not only a top singer worth a potential million but also a top student at one of the world's great universities. This seemed like a puzzling inconsistency. They were perplexed. They didn't know just how they'd take to Pat. Not to mention his wife and three small children!

They were in for a startling surprise. Pat and Shirley proved to be sublimely unaware that they were celebrities.

The Boones were billeted in a plush apartment hotel in two three-room suites. Shirley got a kick out of the neat little kitchenette concealed behind a bar.

"I hope the management won't mind when they discover that we've only used the bar to prepare baby foods and formulas on," she observed with a giggle.

One of her biggest thrills was the swimming pool outside their window. "Oh, Pat," she exclaimed, "We'll be able to swim even though it's February. And right outside our own front door."

Alice in Wonderland had nothing on Shirley Boone in Hollywood.

But then life had been different and exciting for Shirley ever since she met Pat at David Lipscomb High School in Nashville, Tennessee, when they were both juniors. Pat and Shirley started going steady from the very beginning. The two of them would do homework together and Pat would call at the Foley house in the morning to escort Shirley to school.

Shirley's father, Red Foley, says, "I didn't for a moment believe they had marriage on their minds. When my wife Eva became sick, I cared for the girls in the family, and I guess I spent more time with the younger ones than I did with Shirley




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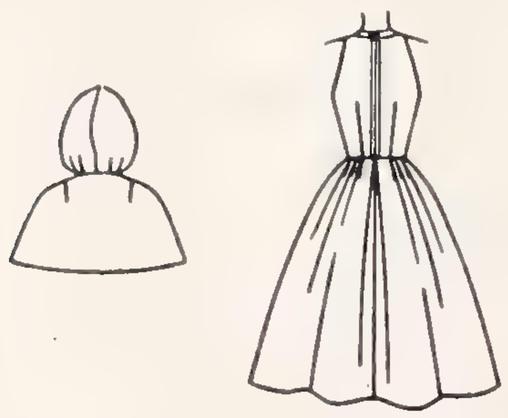
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# PHOTOPLAY'S SIMPLICITY PRINTED PATTERNS

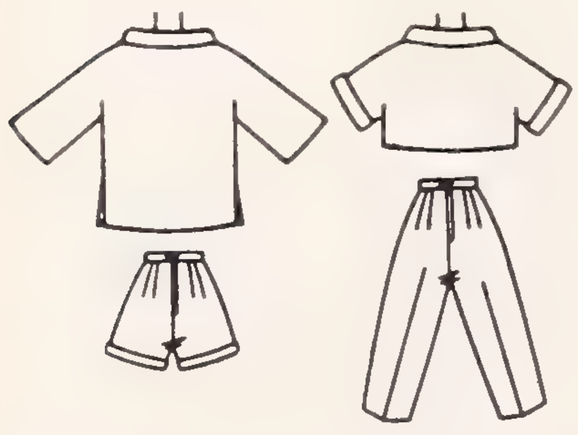
BACK VIEWS OF PATTERNS SHOWN ON PAGES 78-79



No. 2126. Dress. Misses' sizes 12-18; juniors' 11-15. Size 14 takes 4⅝ yards of 36-inch fabric. Use 3⅛ yards of ¾-inch lace for bodice trim



No. 2091. Dress, cape. Misses' sizes 12-18; juniors' 11-15. Size 14: 5⅞ yards of 37-inch fabric for dress, lining of cape, hood. Hooded cape: 1¼ yards, 36-inch. Dress alone: 5 yards, 37-inch



No. 2075. Shirts, pants. Junior sizes 11-17; teens' 10-16. To make in junior 13, use 2⅜ yards for shorts; 2¾ yards each for pants, long shirt; 1⅞ yards for short shirt. All 36-inch fabric



No. 2073. Playsuit, skirt. Misses' sizes 12-18; juniors' 11-15. To make size 14, use 5⅞ yards, 39-inch fabric. Cummerbund, tie ends take ⅝ yard of 36-inch

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and didn't notice what was going on."

Both families were so worried that they would just up and get married that they prevented their dating for a while, hoping that everything would simmer down.

About this time Red Foley moved to Springfield, Missouri, for his own program and wanted Shirley to join him. That's when Pat and Shirley decided to elope. They were both nineteen and very much in love. Pat says, "It came as a kind of shock to our parents at first, but now they're very happy about the whole thing."

Pat's parents and, of course, Shirley's dad are terribly proud of Pat. And of Shirley, too, for being such a good wife and mother, for always being by Pat's side when he needs her the most.

The day they arrived in Hollywood they found a letter from Red waiting for them. "I'm proud of you, Pat, and I couldn't be happier about the kind of husband you've been to Shirley. But doggone it, boy, when are you going to provide me with a grandson?"

Shirley re-read her father's letter the next morning after Pat had been whisked off to the studio and got a chuckle out of his remarks. (Red has four daughters to Pat's three.) Shirley and Eva, the nurse, found there was plenty to keep them busy the rest of the morning.

There was the marketing, getting the children back on a routine schedule, unpacking, planning the meals.

But somewhere during the afternoon, while the children were having their naps, Shirley walked outside and sat down beside the pool. She leaned back and closed her eyes. The sun felt good. It was almost like summer.

"I thought of my friends back home, of our house and our next door neighbors. All of a sudden I got a terrible spell of homesickness. I knew it was foolish of me. After all, home is where your husband and children are. I felt sort of blue. Everything was strange. I didn't know anybody. I was scared.

"Everything had happened so fast! Yesterday, I had been in my own house in Leonia, today I was in Hollywood. This is what I'd dreamed about! To come here and see all the sights. Pat and I had talked about actually going to a movie premiere instead of just watching it on television.

"But that first day, I thought, maybe it won't happen. Maybe Pat will be so busy he'll go off to work every single day, and I'll just sit here by myself, waiting for him to get home at night. And Eva and I wouldn't have another living soul to talk to!

"I really don't understand what came over me. It was a silly way to feel. Maybe it was the change of climate. Well, a little while later, the phone rang. It was Pat's agent.

"He said, 'Shirley, do you know a girl named Nancy Hickman?'

"I nearly fainted. 'Nancy Hickman! Of course, I know her! We grew up together. What about Nancy?'"

It developed that Nancy Hickman had read about the Boones' arrival in Hollywood. She managed to locate them through the studio and a reunion between the two girls was immediately arranged. Suddenly, Hollywood looked wonderful to Shirley. She telephoned her old friend and learned that Nancy was married and that her husband, Robert Knudsen, worked for the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*.

The two young couples met and immediately became great friends. As Knudsen puts it, "You can't help liking Pat and Shirley. They're so down to earth. They realize what has happened to them, but they also realize that it might *not* have happened. They keep saying how lucky they consider themselves."

A few evenings after their arrival in Hollywood, Pat and Shirley attended their first big Hollywood party. This was the PHOTOPLAY Awards dinner—one of the town's most glamorous affairs. To all outward appearances, they were poised and calm.

But if only people knew how they had fretted and worried beforehand. Particularly Shirley. She has an innate sense of good taste about what to wear on most occasions. Back home she was always considered to be the prettiest dressed girl in town. And that didn't mean going out and spending a lot of money, either. But Shirley asked herself, "What do I wear to a big Hollywood party? Should I go out and buy myself something glamorous and chic?" Pat told her to dress like she always did at a party. "You wear what you usually do and you'll be the prettiest girl there."

"And," Pat said later, "I was never so scared in all my life. I couldn't get over the fact that we were in the same room with so many big, important people. Everybody we had ever seen in a movie was right there, in person. I thought: What are *we* doing here? Then I heard Ernest Borgnine introducing me. It was a very flattering introduction and suddenly I was on, facing that wonderful audience. Here were the greatest entertainers in the world—and I was supposed to entertain *them!* I was so nervous I thought they'd see my knees knocking together. I must have seemed dazed. I remember telling myself to get with it. Well, the music started and I began to sing. Everybody was very kind, and applauded and wanted more. So I sang 'Rock Around the Clock.' That really did it! They started clapping and stomping and you'd never think they were big movie stars. They acted just like a bunch of kids."

Except for an occasional fancy party the Boones live in Hollywood just as they do in plain old Leonia, New Jersey. They visit with friends, go for a drive, take in a movie. They are here to see the sights, have a holiday, but all strictly according to their own lights, strictly in keeping with their own simple standards.

They are certainly not grist for the gossip columnists' mills. They don't hit the night spots for the sake of being seen. They have gone to a few openings at some of the plush supper clubs in Hollywood—but mainly to see the celebrities.

They are caught up in the world of Hollywood glamour, to be sure, but they are taking it all in with level-headed objectivity.

Few people here understand this simple philosophy. Most feel that the grassroots sincerity by which the Boones live, simply cannot go hand in glove with glamour, Hollywood style. Show business is *show* business after all, isn't it?

Not to Pat and Shirley Boone it isn't!

As for example, the Sunday afternoon that the Knudsens, another couple and the Boones decided they'd like to see "Around the World in Eighty Days."

It was being shown at the Carthay Circle Theatre and all the seats were reserved. Pat phoned his agent who got six seats for them. It was one of those impulsive, impromptu arrangements as far as the kids were concerned.

Their afternoon had been casual. They were all wearing comfortable sports clothes. Nobody bothered to think about changing into anything dressier. Besides, there wasn't time. Knudsen recalls that "Everybody in the place was all dressed up. A real mink turnout. There we were, right in the best seats in the house,

dressed for a picnic! It didn't bother us any. And Pat and Shirley were not at all embarrassed. They got a kick out of it, in fact."

As Pat sees it, his work is a kind of calling. He always wanted to teach. In a sense, acting and singing are also a part of teaching. He is communicating with other human beings, and that, says Pat, is the basis for all human relationships.

Perhaps the full meaning of the Boone way of life can be found in Pat's approach to singing on TV or acting in the movies. Over lunch at the studio commissary ("I like to eat here—because every day I get to see some more famous people!") Pat said, "I know there are millions of people out there, watching me, listening to me sing.

"I concentrate and think of only one person. If it's a love song, I look into the camera and see Shirl. I sing right to her. If it's a happy, light-hearted song, a bright little thing, I imagine one of my kids in the camera, making funny faces at me. That makes me smile. And then I'm singing right to her and she's laughing back at me. It's important to reach *one*, and that way, maybe you reach all."

Thinking in terms of millions is not thinking in terms of the direct human equation, he adds. Whether they are people—or dollars!

Which goes a long way to explain why the Boones can look at the big Hollywood mansions with wonderment and even awe and never picture themselves in such surroundings.

About their own three-bedroom house in Leonia, Pat says, "We hunted all over to find a place that would have some rural country to it. This is it. It's only twenty-five minutes from New York City, yet we don't live a city life.

"We fixed up the basement with a playroom for the children and a study for me. Cherry tries to get in, but we worked out something very tricky. We put a doorknob on my study that's too high for her to reach. She bangs for a few minutes, then she goes upstairs to Shirl. That's where Shirley's job comes in. She keeps the children quiet, keeps the whole place quiet, so I can concentrate on my studies.

"Shirl's very understanding about things like that. She knows that lots of times I can't get home in time for dinner. Maybe she cooked something very special, too. Well, I'm sorry about times like that—but she doesn't mind. She understands it's my work.

"Then, if it isn't too late, sometimes we have a snack with the people next door. They're good neighbors."

"Would you like to make your home in California?" he was asked.

"Shirl and I love it here—but we'll have to be back by September so I can finish school."

"What about your neighbors—your friends? Wouldn't you miss them if you came here to live?"

"Yes," he said, "but you can have nice neighbors no matter where you are. If you just show you want to be nice to them —and friendly—people understand. We've always found it that way."

But they aren't thinking in terms of living here permanently, as yet. To them, California is a grand holiday, a tourist dream, an exciting excursion. They came to see the sights, and they are seeing them. Pat rented a station wagon when they got here because wherever they go—the whole family, including Eva—goes along also.

One of their big side trips was visiting Palm Springs. Pat told his manager they'd like to go "because Shirl and I want to see some of the celebrities. Maybe we might be lucky enough to see Bing Crosby."

The wiseacres say: "They've got to gradually learn that *they* are part of the glamorous picture of Hollywood now, not just tourists on a sightseeing trip. Shirley's got to go out and dig up the right kind of clothes for Hollywood. She's no longer just another housewife in Leonia. And it's about time they traded in that beat-up station wagon for a Jaguar or at least a Thunderbird. And what about their own swimming pool? They certainly can afford all those things."

But there is an overtone of hopelessness in their tired voices. For no matter what they do, they can't seem to drum it into those kids' heads that they are part of the Big Parade! No matter what they say, Pat and Shirley Boone continue to be awe-struck, bright-eyed and open-mouthed by such average sights as a brilliant sunset, a cactus plant in bloom, or a glimpse of Bing Crosby.

The Boones did indulge in a new Jaguar —but this they definitely regard as splurging on a rare, longed-for luxury.

Two evenings a week, they attend worship service at the non-denominational Church of Christ. Pat is a song leader. The service lasts from 7:30 to 8:30. This for the Boones is fairly immutable. Therefore, it could conceivably revolutionize the dining habits of many of Hollywood's most important hostesses who are already vying to entertain "the charming Boones."

The Boones are most disarming about it. They'll come—but after 8:30.

So, if you've been wondering what Hollywood will do to the Boones—don't!

Because sophisticated Hollywood is now wondering just what Pat and Shirley Boone are going to do to *it!* THE END

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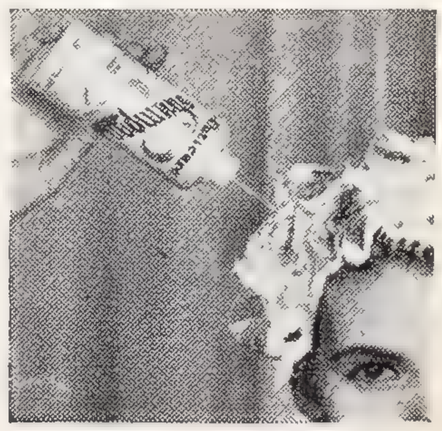
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(*Continued from page* 55)

The experience has had a powerful and lasting impact on her. "Kim disappeared during the filming," Mac Krim says. "She became Jeanne. Now it's nice to have Kim back as Kim—if it's true, of course. It's not proven yet . . ."

According to co-star Jeff Chandler: "As a person she's unpredictable—warm and effusive one day, cold and withdrawn the next. It's a difficult part she's been playing—violent, beautiful, tragic. Before I worked with her, I thought it called for the most experienced actress available."

For an actress as comparatively new as Kim, the performance became an ordeal, thrusting beyond the confines of her professional life to touch her deeply as a person. The signals were all against her to begin with. George Sidney, director of "Jeanne Eagels," says, "The press has always been counter to her roles—*before* she does them. They were sure she couldn't play a society girl in 'The Eddy Duchin Story,' or a bar girl in 'The Man with the Golden Arm,' or a small-town girl in 'Picnic.' Then they were sure she shouldn't attempt 'Jeanne Eagels.' I believed she could. I stuck my neck out."

So did Kim. Meeting the challenge, she threw herself into the part with whole-hearted concentration. "On Jeanne Eagels," Kim explains, "I had more notes—filed and cross-filed—than I could hold. The notes folder was bigger than the script! I learned my lines early, so that each morning I could pore over my notes to get the feeling for the scene ahead, not just the words of the dialogue. Jeanne's favorite songs were 'Elegy' and 'The Prisoner's Song.' Every morning on the set, we'd play a Caruso recording of Elegy.' I learned to sing it in English. Before the death scene, I read and reread a poem written about Jeanne, tender and sad. 'God made thee with broken wings . . .'"

For Kim, preparations began six weeks before shooting, with daily and nightly dancing and drama lessons. When the movie went into production, she found herself on demand for all but three scenes in the entire script. She would be called each morning never later than five, to be at the studio by six. After hairdressing, wardrobe and makeup sessions and her breakfast, she'd step before the cameras at eight-thirty. At six or seven in the evening, her working day supposedly over, she had her hair washed and set, ate dinner, studied lines and notes for the next day's shooting. She never got to bed before one A.M. Saturdays, she worked with her secretary, Norma Kasell, taking care of the mail, personal and household shopping, all the invitations for appearances and endorsements. Sundays, she rehearsed with the script girl.

Just once, nature staged a rebellion. Kim was staying that night at the Malibu beach house she rents from her singing teacher, Harriet Lee—a lovely cottage with wide windows, furnished in Early American style, with a huge fireplace. The sound of ocean waves soothing her, Kim went to bed after midnight. Her telephone service called at four-thirty A.M. to give her a brusque reveille. Kim answered—and slipped easily off to sleep again, leaving the phone dangling from the hook. Her next awakening was more urgent. Outside her window were two big men, tapping on the pane and shining a flashlight on the sleepy star. The sheriff's sub-station in Malibu had been contacted; the law was on hand to get Kim to the studio on time.

When a girl has been working under such pressure, is it at all surprising that she should give way to flare-ups of temperament? What *is* surprising is the fact that Kim could frankly admit the lapse. Temperament, after all, is emotion unleashed. For weeks, Kim had been living with her emotions, letting torrents of feeling pour out before the cameras. To quote Mac Krim, "The emotional and physical strains were murderous."

But the part had a strange effect on Kim. "I got upset and nervous," she confesses, "yet basically I was calmer than I'd ever been. I was more in control of myself. Mac came on the set quietly one day and watched me do a dramatic scene. He was amazed at the change in me," she adds proudly, like a young child.

"I was," Mac admitted. "During the filming of 'Picnic' Kim had been a frightened little girl. Suddenly, in 'Eagels,' she was handling herself like a Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck—with authority and confidence."

"Mac watched me walk out of the scene and smile and talk to people. I never could do that before. I couldn't shake off a deep emotion I'd just played. He says it was progress for me."

Mac with his comparisons, Kim with her confidences are describing the same person: a young actress who had attained the stature of a star. For a while she seemed to Mac a stranger. And needing someone to understand the actress, Kim, she began seeing John Ireland, who was separated from Joanne Dru. In spite of rumors, this was no romance. If it hadn't been actor Ireland, it might have been any other sympathetic and attractive actor that Kim happened to meet. At this time in her life, she was thoroughly involved in her work. She needed someone who had shared and could understand her professional problems. Perhaps, too, she was a little glamour-struck. The Number One dressing room on the Columbia lot was now hers. Convinced for the first time that she was an important part of this magical world of acting, she may have wanted to be with someone who was also a part of it. But the phase passed.

As shooting neared its close, the momentum picked up, and the stresses began to show. "I remember," Jeff Chandler says, "Kim was unhappy one whole day because she wanted to wear a certain dress to the PHOTOPLAY award dinner and the studio wanted her to wear another. I don't know who won—but the next day she was happy as a lark."

The Gold Medal actually had an even stronger impact on Kim. "It meant more to me than anything else has. It was my first big award, and my father was there to see me receive it. It meant so much because I was chosen by the people who read PHOTOPLAY and see the movies. *They* are the critics I want to please. Of course, with my free-floating anxiety, the minute I knew of the Gold Medal, I thought 'Where do I go from here?'"

The week after the Gold Medal banquet, Kim's birthday came around, and the cast tossed a gay on-the-set party for her. There was a huge cake. There were flowers, all lavender or purple, naturally: violets, lilacs, tulips, iris, gladiolas. Just for fun, director Sidney gave Kim's dad an extra's role in a crowd scene. The next day, Kim's parents celebrated their wedding anniversary, and this time Kim ordered the cake, with an inscription reading: "Happy Anniversary to the new star, Joe Novak."

It was too much. It came all at once: the absorbing, exacting role; the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal; her birthday; her parents' anniversary; the award from Hollywood's foreign correspondents, telling Kim that she was famous and beloved from North to South America, from Europe to far-off Asia.

Suddenly, the picture was finished. For the last time on the set of "Jeanne Eagels," the voices echoed "Cut! Cut! Cu-u-ut!" And the last take was over. Kim had learned to work as a star, living in utter concentration with the Jeanne Eagels role. Now, she felt, a new test confronted her: learning how to live with herself, the star. Facing the fact that she was no longer little Marilyn Novak, shy, unsure, groping to find herself, she began to glow. She became Kim Novak.

In the middle of that last morning—a working day!—Mac Krim heard a familiar voice on the phone. It was Kim. For a moment he couldn't believe this. "Let's put on blue jeans and go bicycling or horseback riding," she suggested happily. "You'll have to leave Jeanne Eagels home," Mac warned. She promised. "While she

## ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 30

**Across**

1. Gunfight
7. Farrell (Charles)
13. R T (Robert Taylor)
14. R N (Royal Navy)
15. Errol (Flynn)
17. I See
18. Aaron
19. "Laura"
20. N H (Nora Haymes)
21. Me
22. Lie
23. drama
26. Carson (Jack)
27. K D (Kirk Douglas)
28. act
30. Stan
32. Earth
34. R G (Richard Greene)
35. Artie (Shaw)
36. Linda (Darnell)
39. Ho
40. ocean
41. Gang
43. Sky
44. Bobby
47. Rhonda (Fleming)
53. Charles (A. Lindbergh)
55. sarong
56. Ekberg (Anita)
58. G G (Greer Garson)
59. Angry
61. Leigh (Janet)
63. bear
65. Europe
67. A A (Anna [Maria] Alberghetti)
69. Anns
70. S N (Sheree North)
71. L N (Lloyd Nolan)
72. Man

**Down**

1. Grants
2. Utah
3. Froman (Jane)
4. *Inner*
5. Hello
6. train
7. for
8. a Ladd
9. Rita (Hayworth)
10. Es (Esther Williams)
11. le
12. Lex (Barker)
16. Rue
24. Martha (Hyer)
25. Action!
26. Cagney (James)
29. the
31. trick
32. E A (Eve Arden)
33. A R (Aldo Ray)
36. losers
37. D A (Dana Andrews)
38. and Edna
41. Georgia
42. Guys
44. bare
45. B L (Burt Lancaster)
46. *Beth*
48. Hagen (Jean)
49. organ
50. No
51. Agnes (Moorehead)
52. Kerr (Deborah)
53. C. B. (DeMille)
54. Helen (of Troy)
57. Kyo (Machiko)
60. Gun
62. Gam
63. B A (Bud Abbott)
64. R S (Randolph Scott)
66. P L (Piper Laurie)
68. on

was doing 'Jeanne Eagels' there was no fun in Kim," Mac explained later. "She was exhausted all the time. When I met her that evening, though, she'd already gotten Jeanne Eagels off her shoulders and was ready to be herself again."

But is it that easy? If you have been working with such intensity, if you have been swept up in new honors, new experiences, can you go back, just like that, and be your old self? Kim herself was wise enough to realize that she couldn't. "First," she said, "I'm going into a hospital for a complete rest." And so she did, checking in at Cedars of Lebanon, though she postponed the step until a few weeks after shooting ended. "I've been having headaches. I can't sleep. For the first time in my life, I'm aware of my health. When the doctor suggested the hospital, he got no argument from me. Columbia has put off 'Pal Joey' long enough for me to get good and rested again. After the hospital, I want to go to my beach house and walk beside the ocean, take long walks along the beach, picking up driftwood, watching the surf. It fascinates me. I can stare for hours, always expecting something to come up on the beach with it. The sound of the ocean will take care of my nerves."

Beyond this time of rest, Kim has more definite plans for her life. Mostly, she plans to enjoy it! "I haven't had much time to do anything but work, but I certainly intend to be a little more social now. I don't mean running out to big parties, not that sort of 'social.' I like small dinners, riding, movies. I intend to learn to relax. I've taken my health so for granted. I've always presumed I'd be able to snap back after working the way I have. Now I'd like not to *have* to snap back, but to learn to take it a little easier as I go along.

"Tonight I have a date with Mac. We'll probably go to see a double feature and have a late dinner. Tomorrow night, I have a date with the doctor who gave me this ring. Isn't it beautiful? It's pure purple at night, but during the day it looks like an emerald."

Around her delicate wrist, there's a charm bracelet that bears a record of her Hollywood life. "This tiny little Oscar is my first picture. This one is from Norma Kasell, for being one of the Top Ten in Boxoffice awards. These two little dancers are from Josh Logan for 'Picnic.' This gold medal is from George Sidney, for 'Jeanne Eagels.' The one with the calendar on it is for my birthday. This is the world with pearls in it—the-world-is-my-oyster sort of thing. Who gave me that? . . . Uh, yes . . . This little gold book I gave myself. It has my favorite quotation in it: 'To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.'"

Honesty, self-awareness, enthusiasm—qualities like these sometimes lead Kim to speak too revealingly of herself. But the same qualities have led her to stardom. "Where do I go from here?" With all her sensible plans, Kim can't answer her own question. She goes next into "Pal Joey," in a role that has been especially built up for star Novak, to put her on an equal footing with star Rita Hayworth. Opposite both actresses is Frank Sinatra. In the past, he has aroused Kim's personal interest, and this sidelight suggests fascinating developments.

George Sidney, who worked with Kim so closely on the Jeanne Eagels film, can't make any precise forecast of her future, either. "How far she will go, no one knows." And he adds, with a director's appreciation of the suspense angle, "Who can tell how Kim will end up?" THE END

YOU'LL ENJOY: Kim Novak in Columbia's "Jeanne Eagels" and "Pal Joey."




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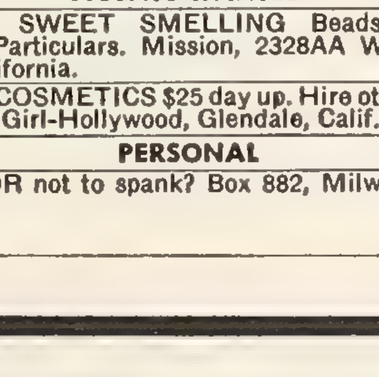
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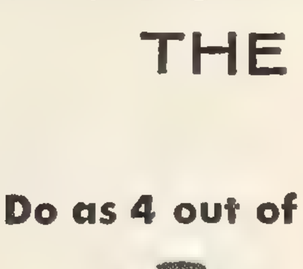
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BEN FRANKLIN STORES

# I Feel Bad About Baby Doll

(*Continued from page* 71)

and Atlanta. On the other hand, many critical voices acclaimed its artistry, in direction and acting and photography.

By the time "Baby Doll" was released generally to the public it was notorious, and the theatres where it was shown did a roaring business. The reaction of the moviegoers was mixed. Some said, "What was all the fuss about?" Others denounced it as "trash." Those who were excited by its artistic values, and they were many, were as furious in its defense as others were in denunciation, and the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences considered Carroll Baker's portrayal of the Mississippi farm girl called *Baby Doll* worthy of an Oscar nomination.

"I never expected all that to happen," Carroll Baker says now. Talking of *Baby Doll* as though she were a real person, she adds, "I feel very bad about the fuss she caused. I feel that she was a very innocent child, very sweet, very pure. It hurts my feelings when I hear people say she's a moron."

Which is very interesting when you consider that Carroll herself is likely to strike people as very much like *Baby Doll*—as more girl than woman, perhaps, and perhaps even more child than girl. There is a certain innocent sweetness about her, almost a colorlessness, which is evident in the way she sits down, folds her hands and prepares to carry on a conversation. And there is a kind of serenity.

While the commotion over "Baby Doll" was going on, Carroll Baker was going quietly about her daily life with her husband, preparing to have a baby of her own. *Baby Doll,* too, went on being her own sweet, serene self while angers and passions boiled about her. And three months after Carroll's baby was born, seated in the sparsely furnished living room of her new apartment in uptown Manhattan, she still gave a distinct impression of similarity between herself and the girl she had portrayed—although it was also clear that she would be the first to deny it.

"I haven't really been much affected by *Baby Doll,*" she said, looking fragile and serene. Nor is her claim of detachment unreasonable. Carroll is a product of the Actors Studio, a meeting place for young people who follow the "method" school of acting. They practice an almost complete immersion of self in the role while it is being played and an equally complete detachment afterward. Karl Malden and Eli Wallach, the male principals in "Baby Doll," also follow the "method." They believe, and Carroll does too, that they can think about their parts, after they have played them, with some objectivity, as though the roles actually had nothing to do with their own personalities.

Yet there was a significant warmth in the way Carroll spoke about the young girl who was the subject of so much hot discussion. "I don't think that sex always had the upper hand in *Baby Doll's* life, as some people insisted. I didn't feel that she was a moron, I felt she had native intelligence. And I didn't feel she was primarily sexual, but that she wanted love and affection, the way any person does. And I felt she was frightened. I really felt very bad when I heard people talking about her—"

On the other hand, to prove her detachment from the character, Carroll described her feelings the first time she walked down Broadway and saw the tremendous block-long sign with her picture on it, above the theatre in which "Baby Doll" was playing. "I didn't feel at all that it was me," she said. "My *legs* looked so big! It was hard to believe that they would put up such a big picture. I couldn't quite think of it as a picture of me."

There, too, was similarity to *Baby Doll,* who, in the film, could not quite believe in herself. Yet today, more than a year and a half after the picture was completed, Carroll feels even more removed from it. She declares that she has not permitted the controversy to impinge upon her personal emotions. "I played that part as well as I could," she said. "I tried to put what I thought of the girl, her pureness and innocence, into the role.

"If some people interpreted it some other way—well, I just don't understand how their minds work," she went on, the intensity of her words strangely contradicting her claim to detachment. "They must have been looking for something to disapprove. After all, there were many, many people who saw nothing whatever wrong with the picture."

There have been some other irritations, Carroll stated. She finds herself getting furious when well-meaning friends lean over her baby, Blanche Joy, and say, "Hello, Baby Doll." But she controls her anger; she is a most self-contained young woman. Also, she gets livid when she hears people say that for weeks and months after she made the picture, she continued to suck her thumb, as *Baby Doll* did. "I can't think what idiot could have circulated that report," she said. "At the screening in New York, during one scene I did put my hand to my face as I was watching the action on the screen. Then, as I did it, I realized that *Baby Doll* was sucking her thumb—and I quickly pulled my hand away from my own face. I was self-conscious, afraid that people would think I had identified myself with her."

At the time of the interview Carroll was reading a screen dramatization of a novel which, last autumn, caused almost as much scandalized sensation in its own way as "Baby Doll" did. She picked up the script, glanced at it and let it drop on the coffee table in front of her, grimacing. "It's a good job of adaptation," she said, "but I'm not sure I want to do anything so sensational again." Then she smiled and said, "Besides, Warners have something else for me to do—Diana Barrymore's 'Too Much Too Soon'—and I'll be going out there in a few weeks to do that." Her present contract with Warners, she explained, calls for one picture a year. It also gives her the right to do one for an outside studio—she will make "The Devil's Disciple" for United Artists this summer—and to do as much stage and television work as she has time for and wishes. Since "Baby Doll"—in fact, since before her appearance in a small part in "Giant"—she has been beleagured by offers of roles. She is what in Hollywood is called "a hot property," perhaps the hottest young female star in the business.

She enjoys this situation, naturally. But again, she keeps herself a bit detached from it. She appears to be more interested in her husband, director Jack Garfein, whose first film was "The Strange One," and her baby, unquestionably a tiny Carroll Baker in looks, as well as her home, a modest five-room apartment in a new building on upper York Avenue in Manhattan.

The apartment is simply and inexpensively furnished. Most Hollywood stars of Carroll Baker's stature would throw up their hands at sight of it. The living room, which includes a dining area at one end, is furnished with a studio couch, a couple of occasional chairs, an old-fashioned rocking chair (in which she rocks the baby), a dining table and chairs, and a television set flanked by a number of philodendrons and other large house plants. There is a coffee table in front of the couch and there are a few prints of paintings on the walls. The carpeting is a black-and-white fabric.

"We've been collecting things little by little," Carroll said, "trying to buy only



*Carroll went unnoticed in brief role in "Easy to Love" with Esther Williams*

things we reallly love. It's a little bare, right now, but we're getting there." The place looks like hundreds of thousands of others occupied by young couples living on modest incomes.

That is just what the young Garfeins are. Neither has yet really begun to cash in, in a big way. During this past theatrical season, Jack directed Shelley Winters on Broadway in the N. Richard Nash play, "Girls of Summer," but it closed after a few weeks. Carroll was well paid for her work in "Giant" and "Baby Doll," but her price per picture has not yet begun to approach that of a major star. Today the two are comfortable, but they are by no means rich. The baby has a full-time nurse who lives in. "She might as well get used to a nurse," said Carroll, "because there probably will be times in the future when my work will keep me away from her a good deal of the time." There is also a cleaning woman who comes in to do heavy work a couple of times a week. For the most part, Carroll does the housework herself—the cleaning and dusting, all the cooking, and the dishwashing after meals.

Her daily routine neatly combines her three careers. She manages to be housewife, mother and actress simultaneously. She gets up around ten each morning, goes directly to the nursery to spend a few minutes with the baby, makes breakfast for herself and Jack, then reads the newspapers. Shortly after the baby was born, she was getting up on schedule to nurse her. "But then," she said, "I got an infection and had to stop. I cried for days when I had to give it up."

After getting Jack off to his work and doing the breakfast dishes Carroll plays with the baby a little more. Presently a secretary comes in to help her answer mail. "The mail has been so terrific I could never answer it all by myself," she said. "I've heard from all kinds of people who apparently read things into the movie. Actually, people didn't seem to realize that nothing obscene was intended. In the scene that was most criticized, it was meant to be a lyrical scene, a matter of spiritual growth and discovery on the part of *Baby Doll*. Yet I've had letters that indicate that people didn't understand that at all. Some girls from a parochial school wrote to me the other day and said they felt they didn't want me to act in parts like that. On the other hand, I've had hundreds of letters of praise from foreign countries. There, those in positions of authority in such matters aren't nearly as severely censorious. People can go to see a film and make up their own minds. And most of them seem to have grasped the real point of the picture—the lost, hopeless life those people down in that Southern town have.

"But the best part of the mail," Carroll continued, "was that I had letters from all sorts of people I knew years ago—teachers, old friends, kids I went to school with in Pennsylvania and Florida, names I'd long since forgotten. It's wonderful to know that people remember you, and I try to answer every letter."

I asked Carroll how much of her mail seemed to favor "Baby Doll" and how much was against it. "I thought I would get many protesting letters, at first," she said, "because of what I read that some people were saying. But only about ten per cent of my personal mail has criticized me or condemned the movie."

Two mornings each week, Carroll goes across town to work with a group in the Actors Studio. This is typical of her conscientiousness. Far from feeling that she is a finished, experienced actress, she insists that she still has much to learn. And she believes that the best way to learn





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P

is by acting with others and by observing her colleagues going through exercises of their own. Lee Strasberg, the guiding genius behind the Studio, describes Carroll as "a sensitive, remarkable talent." Elia Kazan, another Actors Studio stalwart, has said that she is "a wonderful young actress with a vast potential."

Carroll spends most of her afternoons reading scripts, both those that have been sent for her scrutiny and those submitted as possibilities for Jack to direct. Recently, Jack was out of town for the tryouts of his second play of the season, "The Sin of Pat Muldoon," starring the veteran James Barton, and was keeping irregular hours. The play had opened to good notices in New Haven and Boston. "Jack?" Carroll laughed when asked about him. "Who's he?"

When Jack is in town, she is the model of the devoted wife. She waits up for him every night, no matter how late his hours may be, and has a hot dinner ready when he gets home. By the time they finish dinner it usually is very late, but they stay up another hour or two, watching old movies on TV or talking, which accounts for her late rising at ten in the morning.

"It certainly isn't a glamourous life," Carroll says, but there is no regret in her voice. Rather, there is the strong suggestion that she prefers it that way. The two of them never go to night clubs, and when they have a free evening, they prefer to spend it with close friends. They like Eva Marie Saint and her husband, director Jeffrey Hayden; designer Peter Larkin and his wife, Mary Ann; playwright Arnold Schulman and his wife, actress Jean Alexander; and what Carroll calls "a whole lot of wonderful doctors and dentists."

"We've been trying to cultivate friends outside the theatre," she said. "We feel it's better for children if their parents know a variety of people . . . and we plan to have several children. Half of our opening night seats, now, go to our doctor-dentist friends. We just seem to get along with people whose work is very different from ours."

The more I sat watching her, the more I was impressed by how completely she has managed to keep her personal life separate from her professional one. She appears glad to be privileged to work in jobs that she likes—but she also appears to feel that it is only right that she should, since she held out for so long. She could have been a success much sooner, but she refused to do anything she believed was not right for her. Her story is an unusual study in human integrity.

When this is in print, Carroll will have just turned twenty-six. She was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, previously celebrated only for its flood, on May 28, 1931. Her full name is Mary Carroll Olive Baker. Her father, William Baker, was first a salesman and then later became a farmer near Carpentertown, Pennsylvania. Her mother, Virginia, also worked as a secretary and bookkeeper. When Carroll was born the family was not too well off, but later when William Baker began farming, he discovered a vein of coal on his land and became more prosperous. However, he was never able to keep his family in more than fairly comfortable circumstances.

"I took my first dancing lesson when I was seven," Carroll told me. "In small towns you either take piano lessons or singing lessons or go to dancing class. Those classes are big social things for the mothers. They help the mothers get out of the house and get together with each other for an hour or so while the kids are in class. But even though I started early, I never learned as much ballet as I wanted to. They didn't offer toe-dancing in that little dancing school. There was a time when I wanted to be a ballerina, but I gave that up in junior high."

Carroll attended rural schools and finally matriculated at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, High School. She was only an average student, she said, but she was far above average in extra-curricular activities. "My parents were separated the first year I was in high school," she said, "and the effect it had on me was to make me more interested in things outside the home. It wasn't exactly a shock to me. I'd known that my parents might separate some time. But it made me devote more energy to outside interests. I was a drum majorette for three years, and in my senior year I led the school band. Then I was secretary for this and that club, and queen of this and that." It never occurred to her in those days, she said, that she might some day be a movie star, but she did decide that she would be a dancer if she got the chance.

In 1949, after Carroll graduated from high school, her mother decided to move to Florida. Carroll's younger sister, Virginia, was not in good health, and Mrs. Baker believed that the Florida climate would be better for her. "I had thought I might go to drama school at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh," Carroll says, "but neither of my parents had money enough to send me there. So I thought I would go along to Florida with my mother and sister." It was a lucky move. Mrs. Baker had chosen St. Petersburg, and soon after arriving Carroll went to study with a dancing teacher. That led her to various jobs tap-dancing at conventions, banquets and parties in and around the St. Petersburg area, and before long she was earning a living from her dancing.

After a year she was beginning to think of herself as a professional, and ready to strike out on her own. "I worked nearly every night and finally saved enough to go to New York. My teacher encouraged me, and up I came."

Carroll landed a job in the chorus of a night club, where she drew the attention of a wealthy furrier named Lou Ritter, who fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. She accepted, and for the next eight months she did nothing all day except wander about her nine-room Park Avenue apartment and shop for expensive clothes. In the evening she and her husband would go night-clubbing. It was too much for Carroll and she sued for divorce

Carroll moved into a basement room, the cheapest she could find, in Elmhurst, Long Island. Then began a long period in which she made the rounds of every TV studio and stage casting director's office in New York. "I worked on the theory that if you show up often enough, they'll begin to remember you," she said One stroke of luck took her out to Hollywood for a few months, where she did a bit part in an Esther Williams picture, "Easy to Love." Then she came back to New York. Presently she got some jobs in television commercials, and after months she finally landed a "regular" job on one of the local stations, giving the nightly weather report.

The following season she got her first Broadway break, a walk-on role in a Broadway show called "Escapade." Across the street, "End as a Man," directed by Jack Garfein, was enjoying a long run, having been brought up from an off-Broadway theatre. The fates already were beginning to work. The actors in "Escapade," mostly English, talked a good deal about the Actors Studio, usually in disparaging terms. And Garfein, who was going every evening to performances of his own show, became curious about the show opposite On its closing night he stopped in to see it. Later, after he and Carroll began going around together, he described her performance minutely, thereby astonishing her. "He remembered how bad I was," Carroll said recently.

"Oh, you made a few faces," Jack said. "I got the impression you were trying to build up your part."

"Oh, shut up," Carroll said.

The two did not actually meet until nearly a year later. The talk about the Studio had intrigued Carroll, and she resolved to attempt to get into the group She tried out once, and was turned down. But during her audition Garfein, who was on the Studio board, heard her, waited for her afterward, and asked her out to dinner. This, as it turned out, was a bad move. Although they dined in an inexpensive Greenwich Village place, Garfein did not have cash enough to pay. He finally settled by writing a five-dollar check, and Carroll handed over her share.

From then on they were inseparable. Carroll eventually was accepted at the Studio, and the two of them took flats in the same block on West 85th Street. "We *kind of* ate that year," Jack says. Carroll was working occasionally in television, but Garfein was not doing much of anything. The two of them were going to classes at the Studio and hoping for the breaks they were certain would come eventually. Each was offered several scripts to work on and in, and each firmly turned down everything that was not ex-


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actly what he had in mind. Once Jack was called in by CBS and offered a 42-week contract at $500 a week. He refused it because he did not feel it would be artistically satisfying. Downstairs in the CBS lobby, he used his last dime to call Carroll and ask her to come and get him with subway fare enough to go home.

In the early spring of 1955 they finally decided to get married. They broke the news to Lee Strasberg, who immediately insisted that the wedding be held at his house. They were married on April 3. Previously, Carroll had begun to make a name for herself in television. She had been offered the starring role in "Rebel Without a Cause," the part that first brought Natalie Wood into prominence as a young actress, but she had turned that down. Then, soon after her marriage, she was given the opportunity to do a small part in "Giant." She accepted because it meant working with George Stevens, the director, whom she and Jack both admire. Three weeks after the two were man and wife, Carroll was on a plane for Hollywood. Her performance won unanimous acclaim, except from Garfein's relatives.

"They read in the papers that Carroll was going to Hollywood," Jack recalls, "and a group of them called me out to their house. They were very solemn. They said, 'Don't worry,' and they said, 'We understand.' It finally dawned on me that they thought Carroll had left me. I straightened them out."

In New York, Carroll was known around the Actors Studio as Jack Garfein's wife. And one day Elia Kazan said to Garfein, "Say, is your wife a good actress?"

"What am I going to say to that?" Jack said. "Of course she is."

Actually, Kazan had seen Carroll in "All Summer Long," a short-lived play she had done between television engagements. That brief glimpse had been enough to impress him with her talent, and he had resolved to use her at the first possible chance. When he decided to make "Baby Doll," he did not even audition her. He simply asked her to come and see him.

Carroll, although eager to work at her best for Kazan, felt no trepidations about taking on the part. "She was a young girl, and I felt that I understood her," she said. In order to make sure she would be fully prepared, she went to Benoit, Mississippi, where the picture was photographed, to acquaint herself with the residents. By the time the cameramen and crew arrived, she was thoroughly prepared. "But don't forget," she told me, "I'd lived in the South before. I already had done some work on a Southern accent, just by listening to the people I knew in Florida."

The picture was shot in three months, plus a dismal week and a half in a New York studio. By the time it was in the can, all concerned knew they had done something outstanding. But no one expected that it would cause the sensation it did.

Today, Carroll and Jack both feel that the long period of poverty, uncertainty, and unfulfilled ambition was more than worth it. "Of course I would go through it again," Carroll said that day I interviewed her. "It wasn't so bad. And besides, I had my husband."

I asked her about her future plans. "Why," she said, "to go on living here, to work every once in a while in a movie, and—I hope—to do a play next season in New York, if the right script comes along." She gave a little sigh. "Who could want more out of life?" THE END

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# To You From Tony: Sa-Wad-Dee

(*Continued from page* 66)

things generally started at 100 degrees in the morning, shot up to about 120 by mid-afternoon and gave us "relief" at night at about ninety. And it is very wet. Bangkok is called "the Venice of the East" because it is crisscrossed by dozens of canals, called "klongs," on which about half the population lives in boats, or in houses on stilts. But it's not just the land that's wet—the air is, too, and everything else.

Half the time we spent in a Las Vegas-type hotel in Bangkok, complete with swimming pool, air conditioning, two restaurants, thick carpets and scorpions in your shoes in the morning. Then, all of a sudden, we found ourselves 175 miles away in a little place where there was not only no swimming pool, but no water. And, needless to say, no air conditioning, no carpets and, worst of all, no milk, not even the evaporated kind. This was a seaside village consisting of a few bleak rows of crazy-built teakwood shanties, with charcoal stoves in front of the doorways, packs of dogs rummaging for food everywhere, and water buffalo wandering up and down the main street. We lived in what we could, with kindness, call a hotel outside of the village. It had no telephone or telegraph, no English-language newspapers or radio and no mail delivery. The beds were made of solid boarding with nothing but a three-inch-thick cotton mattress to soften the boards. Springs are not to be had, for the very good reason that the humidity soon rusts them through and you're likely to find yourself on the floor when they snap off.

What saved the day for me in Petchburi, as it is called, was the nice bunch of people I was working with, Jo Van Fleet, Silvana Mangano, Richard Conte and the others. We told jokes and cooked food on hot plates in our rooms, when the electricity was on, which wasn't very often, and wrote letters. We also played poker. At least, I tried to, but it's so hard to figure out the Thai money that I spent most of my time trying to decide what I was betting, rather than what cards I was betting on.

The people were wonderful, too. While we were down in Petchburi, which is south of Bangkok, "Friendly Persuasion" was being shown in the city. I was told that Petchburi folks usually wouldn't think of going all the way up to Bangkok just to see a Hollywood movie, especially since they don't understand the English dialogue anyway. The trip takes them two days, one day going and one day back. But because they had run across our movie company in their own town, many of the Petchburi people paid me the very nice compliment of making the long bus trip into Bangkok to see me on the screen. And every one of them, when they came back, came around especially to tell me how much they had enjoyed the picture. They did not speak English, of course, and I don't understand Siamese, but we got on very well. They used sign language and gestures to describe what they saw. "Bang! Bang!" I was the soldier shooting. They seemed to like that part quite a lot.

Naturally, the Siamese working with us spoke only Siamese, the Italians spoke only Italian, we had a Chinese actor who speaks only Chinese and two assistant directors who speak only Spanish. This was somewhat confusing to the Thais, and to me too. I guess the hardest thing we did was shooting some scenes in the streets of Bangkok, which during the day are all as packed as Times Square at a quarter of twelve on New Year's Eve. And since Siamese movies are rarely shot on the street and we were the first foreign troupe to work there, we created a stir. Some of the people didn't seem to have much to do, because they just gathered in groups of about a thousand or more and sort of watched, but they were very friendly. I mean they give you things out of their pockets and stuff like that. You know how a makeup man will come out when you're working in the sun and pat off the perspiration on your forehead with a piece of tissue? You think nothing of it, of course; it's his job. But in Bangkok, a couple of times, it was a young Siamese girl who sort of took it upon herself to do it for me. She didn't think it was strange, she was just being helpful.

The girls there are all very pretty. The girls and young women do a lot of hard work in the fields and factories and, it seems, the more they work and the more strenuous the work the prettier they are. Why that is I don't know.

I got to learn quite a few words in Thai, at least necessary ones like *kai-dao* for "fried egg," *nam* for "water," *nom* for "milk," *ron* for "hot," *yen* for "cold," *sappa-rote* for "pineapple" and so on. Especially important was *sa-wad-dee*, which is the greeting word, which you use for "How do you do?," "Good morning," "Good evening," and all the other greetings. One word which I remembered pretty easily was the one for "singing": *rong pleng*. It stuck in my mind because it sounded like the person was saying, "long playing."

But even knowing the word for "milk" couldn't always get it for me in Bangkok, except in canned powdered form. Fresh milk and American ice cream are practically non-existent there, and since I like both, I was in trouble. I bought the canned milk by the armful, anyway, and loved asking for it in Siamese, when I went shopping. To keep cool in the steaming heat I drank a lot of a bottled orange juice called "Green Spot."

Not having milk is more of a hardship for the Siamese, I guess, than it was for me. They are a very hardworking, very poor people, yet they were always cheerful. Down in Petchburi the farmers were so poor it was unbelievable, and they worked hard from dawn to dusk. Yet they always had a cheerful wave and a greeting for you as you went by. And the kids were fabulous. Once I got caught on a strange street just as a movie house let out after the show. Someone recognized me, and before I knew it I was backed up against a wall, signing autographs madly, surrounded by hundreds of squealing youngsters.

Along with the poor people, the royal family and the officials and everyone else we met were just as friendly. I had brought with me a small portable radio, working on a battery, and my heart sank when I was told that I needed a license to bring it into the country. But the customs people were so very nice, they let me keep it anyway. Everyone in Thailand is very polite. It's impolite to say "No," so everybody says "Yes." Which is a little confusing when you order something in a restaurant, fried eggs, for instance. They may be out of fried eggs, but the waiter says "Yes" anyway, and then brings you a plate of roast ham.

With the help of the radio I became familiar with Siamese music, which is a little repetitious but very charming. The orchestra seems very much like one of ours, and they like to tackle Western tunes, too. It's really wonderful to hear the Thailand version of "The Rains in Spain" or a rock 'n' roll number, which they call "lock 'n' loll."

One of the nicest Thais I met was a publisher friend of PHOTOPLAY's, Udom Yenrudi. We went sightseeing one day and he took a bunch of pictures which I'm bringing back home with me. He told me that I started a fad among the boys in Bangkok that I didn't even know about. Seems a day or so after I arrived I saw some beautiful hand-dyed batik cloth in a loud Siamese pattern—it's used a lot over there. I had some shirts made up (for one dollar each), something like a Bing Crosby Hawaiian type. Only thing—my tastes being a little more subdued—I told the man to make the shirts with the pattern on the inside. They turned out very well. I wore them all the time, except when in costume, since they were comfortable and cool and I hadn't brought much clothing with me. Udom writes me that they've made quite a stir, and many of the young fellows in Bangkok are now wearing their shirts with the pattern inside out, too.

Udom's picture of me out in a boat and gaping at the temples may make me seem like a tourist. Actually, I was anything but. Our seven weeks were crowded with work, and hard work, almost every day. But I did get around to see quite a few of the intriguing sights of that fabulous country. My favorite method of seeing Bangkok and its people was by riding the streetcars, or tramcars, as they are called there. The cars are high, so I got a good view of everything. I was probably the first American the Siamese had ever met riding on their streetcars, and they treated me wonderfully. I didn't know how much the fare was, so I kept offering a *tical*—or nickel, worth just about five cents in American money. But none of the conductors would ever take it. I guess they figured that since I was sightseeing I was entitled to free rides, as a matter of na-

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**20th Century-Fox,** 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

**United Artists,** 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

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**Warner Brothers Pictures,** 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

tional hospitality. A nice custom, that.

The Siamese and the many Chinese who live and work in Thailand take their Buddhist religion very seriously, of course. In fact, we couldn't quite finish the picture there because of that. We returned to Rome with one more scene to be done, that of a Chinese funeral. The Chinese actors in Thailand felt it was disrespectful to the spirits of their ancestors to stage a mock funeral.

Here in Rome I had more adventures, seeing this wonderful city with its ancient ruins and catacombs. I tossed a coin in the Trevi fountain, where the "Three Coins" picture wound up, and saw the Coliseum and the ruins along the Appian Way. I also filled up on ice cream and fresh milk. But perhaps you'd be more interested in some of the personal things that happened.

For instance, a very curious thing was when Jo Van Fleet and I put on a make-believe Oscar ceremony, for the cameras. As you probably remember, Jo won "Best Supporting Actress" honors last year, and so she was scheduled to give out the Oscar to the "Best Supporting Actor" this year. Since I was lucky enough to get a nomination for that award, and we were both in Rome, the Academy people thought it would be smart to make a film of Jo presenting the wonderful little statuette to me—just in case. They figured that if I didn't win, I'd at least have the film to comfort myself with!

And that reminds me, while I was in Bangkok I heard the wonderful news about my winning the Foreign Press Correspondents award. Since I couldn't very well commute back to Hollywood to pick it up, much as I'd have liked to, I sent a cable to my friend Vera Miles, asking her to accept it for me—in "Friendly Persuasion" language. "It will pleasure me if thee will accept my award," I cabled her, and then added, "And send those hamburger buns you promised!" She never did!

Another thing I did in Rome was to have lunch with the writer Ben Hecht. I was anxious to meet him because my dad made his big hit in Mr. Hecht's famous play "The Front Page." Dad died when I was only five, and I don't remember much about him, so I enjoyed listening to Mr. Hecht reminisce. He told me that when producer Jed Harris suggested my dad for the leading role of the editor, he'd objected strongly. He says he was very glad he was overruled! Another thing I discussed with Mr. Hecht is the possibility of my doing his picture "Aphrodite," along with maybe Ava Gardner and Elsa Martinelli. It would be a challenge.

Another thing I did in Rome was go shopping for clothes. You know how all the girls who arrive here head straight for the renowned fashion shops? Well, I didn't exactly do that but I did buy a dinner jacket—my first. Up to then I'd been renting them.

It's been marvelous traveling in strange places, not just as a sightseer, but as a working actor. And it's been especially nice to be able to write to you PHOTOPLAY readers about it. I should have written sooner but I'm a lousy letter writer, I'm afraid. I've seen new places, met wonderful people, in Italy and in Thailand and en route in between them and America—and I've loved every bit of it. In fact, I told Irwin Franklin that I intend to go back to Bangkok on my honeymoon. And I will too—provided I find the right girl, of course! But for now, I'm kind of looking forward to getting home—and finding an apartment for myself. THE END

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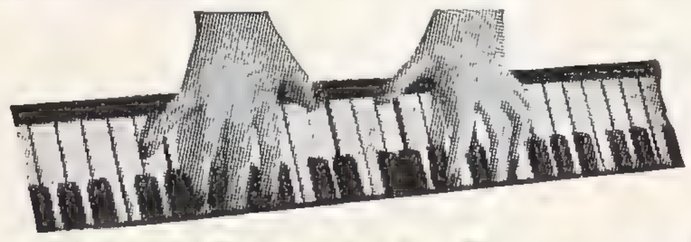
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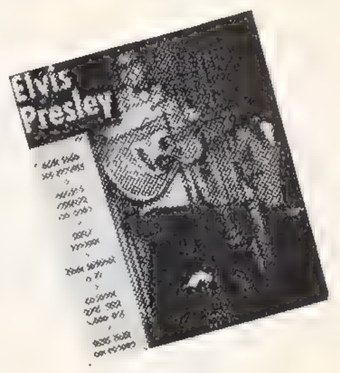


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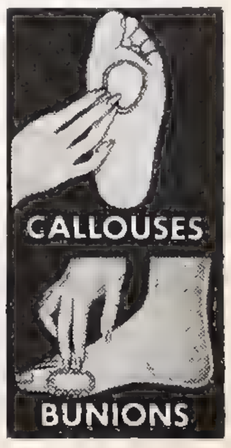
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(*Continued from page* 53)

Queen. In her hand was a small bunch of violets which she had bought just outside the building, on her way up. Somehow they made her feel better.

She was early. Awfully early. "You're the first," the watchman had smiled sympathetically when he let her in. She guessed that he'd seen a lot of girls come in for screen tests.

She'd been so afraid she might be late. But now she was glad she would have some time to herself, before the others came. In a few hours the room would be busy and she'd be in front of the camera. First she would give her name, her age, her hometown, her ambition. Easy enough, if she could keep her voice steady. "My name is Jean Seberg. I'm seventeen years old. I come from Marshalltown, Iowa, and I want to be a very good actress." Just the facts, none of the dreams.

Then she would do the scene from "Saint Joan." Not so easy.

She leaned back in the chair and tried to relax, but her mind wouldn't stay still. What time would it be in Iowa? Dad. Mother. Grandma. Mary. Kurt. David. Were they thinking about her? Of course they were. They were waiting and wondering, too. "I go do it by my lone . . ." It was the first sentence she'd ever spoken and her mother said it was prophetic. She was the one who was always off on some tangent or other—by her lone. But she'd never before been quite so far away.

She'd always wondered how her parents managed to survive her childhood, through the tomboy stage, when she must have been a terror. They hadn't cracked a smile when she'd decided to become a brain surgeon and save the world. They'd watched her study the anatomy books she borrowed from the doctor, and listened while she recited the sections of the brain. And they'd gotten pretty good at dodging when she took up bullfighting and practiced with the dishtowel in the kitchen.

She was well on her way to setting a record for borrowing books from the public library, so they hadn't been surprised when she'd come home with the two volumes on the Stanislavsky method of acting. She was thirteen and had seen Marlon Brando in "The Men" and she'd gone straight to the library from the movie. She couldn't get through the books and took them back the next day. But after that she'd never doubted that she'd be an actress. It was a phase she hadn't grown out of. And it puzzled her family.

Sometimes she wished she could be more like Mary. Mary was twenty and gentle and sweet and domestic, the nicest sister in the world. Smart, too. She'd made Phi Beta Kappa at Iowa State. There was probably only one girl in Marshalltown who had had the chance to go to college and didn't want to go. Jean Seberg wanted to go to New York and try for Broadway, even if she had to starve in the process.

Well, here she was. She'd been nervous at the reading in Chicago, but it hadn't been quite like this. She hadn't expected anything to come of the reading. Her mother had met the plane when she came home from summer stock and brought along a letter from the Otto Preminger office. The letter said that if she liked she could come to Chicago and audition for Mr. Preminger.

The search for "Saint Joan" was a publicity stunt, of course. She couldn't imagine why her elocution teacher had bothered to send in her name. Still, the audition would be good experience; she might learn something.

Later, someone told her there were two hundred and fifty girls in the auditorium. She just knew that they all seemed to look like Ingrid Bergman or Audrey Hepburn. One by one they had stepped up to begin the "perpetual imprisonment" scene. "Perpetual imprisonment! Am I not then—"

"Thank you very much," said Otto Preminger.

And Jean Seberg sat with her mother and thought, "Please make him listen to me—"

Her turn came. The director asked her name, her age, and then, "What are you doing now?"

"Trying to get out of going to college," she'd blurted.

She'd kicked off her high heels and started the scene. He'd listened. He'd given her a screen-test contract. She was flown to New York to read the whole play, flown home again. Two weeks later, she'd returned to New York. There were two other finalists, a girl from Stockholm and a girl from New York City, and they'd studied for the tests together.

And here it was. This was the day they'd been working for. . . .

"Let me get a picture before you strangle those violets!" The girl in the waiting room off Broadway looked up and saw photographer Bob Willoughby grinning at her. She grinned back, sheepishly. She hadn't realized she was holding the flowers so tightly.

Bob Willoughby had been assigned to photograph "Saint Joan" from beginning to end. He'd met Jean Seberg in Otto's office one day and hadn't been especially impressed. She was a small girl, with a mop of hair that came to her shoulders and made her look a little mousy. At the moment she looked lonely, too, and it was getting close to noon, so he asked her if she'd like to have lunch with him.

He asked her if she'd ever been to Greenwich Village. She shook her head. "Ever been to Paris?" he smiled.

"I've never been *anywhere.*"

In the Village, he bought her a little silver cross, for luck, and she came alive, glowing with pleasure, as though it were a Winston diamond.

So went the day "Saint Joan" was chosen. It was a tense, tiring day, and it wasn't very glamourous. But the undercurrent of excitement that ran through it made it memorable, one Jean would never forget. One of Preminger's staff says, "The other two girls were very talented. Their work had gloss. They knew acting tricks that Jean would have to learn. The little mouse was less professional. But when she started to act it was as if a switch had been turned on. Something electric came through. Tony Perkins has that kind of quality. Jimmy Dean had it. When we watched Jean, we realized what Otto Preminger had seen, back in Chicago—"

The day dragged on into the afternoon. Then Otto announced that he would look at the rushes, and if he wanted any more footage he would call the girls in on Friday. Jean prepared herself to wait. She supposed things had gone all right. She couldn't seem to tell anymore. "I was in my dressing room when Mr. Preminger came down," she remembers. "He saw the violets and asked who had given me the flowers. 'Nobody,' I told him. 'I like flowers and I bought them.'

" 'I'll send you flowers the day you start the picture,' he said.

"I knew I had the part. I felt wonderful and frightened and terrible. Terrible about the way I'd spoken to him at rehearsal. I'd never hated anyone before in my life, but I had hated him that day. And when I talked back to him the way I had, I'd been proud of myself. I'm ashamed now. I know now that it was important for him to find out if the person he chose could take criticism."

Jean Seberg began her new life. They cut her hair and it seemed to give her face new strength and amazing new beauty. They told her how to wear makeup. Then they let her go home to see her family for four days.

She'd never imagined such a homecoming. The governor of Iowa himself met her at the airport and presented her with a golden ear of corn. The city of Marshalltown gave her a watch. Flashbulbs flashed, TV cameras ground away. There was a parade through the main street, with "Welcome Home," and "We're Proud of You" signs in windows. There was an eight-foot painting of her head on a building front, and the head on her shoulders began to spin. Friends called and stopped by the house, the press came in from Des Moines. There were television appearances, magazine layouts. And in the midst of it all, she realized she'd hardly had a chance to see her family. She hadn't reckoned with this side of fame.

Then there were goodbyes. She was the baby girl and it was hard for her family to let her go. But at the airport her mother smiled, "I guess all along you've been getting ready for something special to happen to you."

Back in New York, she began to wonder if she *was* ready. The studio had set up a press brunch, she learned. She'd read interviews given by actors and actresses, but it was one thing to read about them, another to give them. What would they ask? What would she say? On the way to the brunch, Otto Preminger saw that she was nervous.

"There's something I'd better tell you now," he said. "Your parents will be there." He'd flown them to New York to surprise her. But he was afraid the surprise would be too much for her.

While members of the press watched her screen test, Jean stayed in another room. "Suddenly," she says, "a hand reached out and grabbed my arm and led me into the room where the reporters were. There were about a hundred and fifty of them. Flashbulbs were popping, my parents were shoved up beside me. Mother's eyes were still a little damp. She told me she'd cried through the test.

"Richard Widmark was there. It was the first time I'd met him, and he told me he was shy about press conferences, too. I was terrified. There were so many people and so many questions, all at once. 'Shall I tell the truth?' I whispered to Mr. Preminger.

" 'Always tell the truth,' he said. Then he looked out over the crowd and smiled. 'They're very nice people—individually,' he said. And everyone laughed."

After a short time in New York, the girl who had never been anywhere left for London. She was given a suite at the famed Dorchester Hotel, which was to be her home for the next four months. Once her clothes were in the closet, she reached into her suitcase and took out the other things she'd brought from home, the gifts from people she'd never met. A medal which had been blessed by the Pope from a Catholic girl. And a Jewish medal, given to her by the Irish maid in the New York hotel.

There was the tiny figure of a knight, which had come with one of her first fan letters. "Dear Jean," the little girl had written. "This little night [spelled just that way] I found in my breakfast food. I hope it brings you good luck." And then there was the scrapbook of her life, a gift from

the first graders in Marshalltown. They'd drawn the pictures. Jean as a baby was the first one. The last was Jean as Saint Joan, on her horse. They'd all signed their names and she hoped they could decipher her thank-you note. She'd printed it because she knew they couldn't read longhand.

She put the scrapbook on the desk and sank down into a soft, deep chair, and fingered the silver cross around her neck—

The next two weeks were full ones. She took riding lessons and French lessons. There was a London press conference, and this time there were five hundred guests. And then Otto Preminger called for a reading of the script. It would be the first and perhaps the only time that the complete cast of principals would be together. They sat at a board-meeting type of table, with Preminger at the head, Jean at his right, Dick Widmark at his left.

The schoolgirl from Marshalltown, Iowa, faced the cast of veterans, the cream of the English stage and movies. Sir John Gielgud, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook, Finlay Currie, Barry Jones, Margot Grahame, Felix Aylmer. "I felt that they wouldn't have taken the risk of putting an unknown into such a big picture unless they were confident she would do well," Gielgud remembers. "But what a terrible ordeal for that girl, reading in front of all of us.

"It was a small room and it was crowded. They were doing a documentary on the filming and there were lights and cameras. In addition, there were a lot of publicity people around. It was enough to make an experienced actor terribly nervous. It must have been a deathly ordeal for Jean."

Jean had a script in front of her, but she didn't use it a great deal. Both she and Dick Widmark knew their lines. "It was obvious," Gielgud says, "that she had a very good natural emotional quality—"

Rehearsals followed. Dick Widmark would come by the hotel and they would rehearse for the rehearsals of their scenes together. As a crew member put it, "Otto just pounded Jean on the head day after day and she responded to what he wanted."

With Christmas coming, Preminger knew that his new star would be a homesick star. He thought it would help if he announced his gift early in the season. "I can't put it under the tree," he told her.

The gift was a trip to France. Two days before Christmas, they clipped her hair to a length even shorter than a crew cut, after which Jean, Preminger, American newspaperman Tom Ryan and Bob Willoughby flew to Paris. Preminger arranged a meeting with Ingrid Bergman, who laughed and said, "Saint Joan's hair seems to grow shorter every generation." And then, growing serious, Ingrid told Jean that the role of Saint Joan was "the greatest, finest woman's part in the world."

Another highlight was a visit to Dior's, where Preminger bought her an evening gown. If she felt less glamourous than she'd dreamed she might feel, it may have been due to the personnel's parting request. "They asked if I'd please promise to wear a wig when I wore their dress," Jean grins.

On Christmas Day, Jean stood in the house where Joan was born, in Domrémy. She saw the market place at Rouen, where Joan was burned, and the river into which Joan's ashes were thrown. The things she felt then were hard to put into words. "She was pretty quiet and reserved that day," says Bob Willoughby. "She seemed reverent about the trip. She felt it."

In London again, there were more rehearsals. And finally the initial day of shooting. There are two different versions about that day. Both correct. "Even on a minor production there's nervousness the first day," says a publicist who was there. "People have to shake down and get to know each other, preferably without outside interference. But this was a big new film and a new girl. It was news, and Mr. Preminger gave permission for a press call.

"They all came, forty or fifty reporters and cameramen adding to the pressure of the first day of shooting Jean had ever had in her life. But she was amazing. In between shots she came off the set and talked to the newsmen and gave them her absolute attention. When they wanted a shot of her thrusting her sword, she answered, 'It's not typical. Joan doesn't fight, you know.' She was thinking. And she was in absolute control of the situation."

Jean has another memory. "The first scene was the courtroom scene with the Dauphin. It was the first time I'd ever seen a movie set in action and it was terrifying. The lights didn't bother me so much, but those cameras! They looked like big cannons, aimed right at me.

"And the press. It seemed as if they all came at once. I barely remember what I said to them. But finally I said, 'I have to go,' and ran away. I just couldn't take it."

Bob Willoughby confirms both accounts. "One of the actors, Patrick Barr, took her by the hand and led her over to the press. She sat down in a chair and I was surprised at how calm and assured she seemed. Then I happened to walk around behind her. Calm, my foot. She had one hand in back of her and was hanging onto Patrick's hand for dear life!"

It might be said that Jean Seberg led a double life during the production. She was the girl who bumped into Sir John Gielgud in Otto Preminger's office soon after she arrived in London and found herself momentarily speechless. What should she say? What should she call him? Mr. Gielgud, Sir John, John? Finally she settled for, "How do you do, Sir John Gielgud," and retreated into the nearest corner.

She was also the girl of whom Gielgud said, "She has beautiful manners and she's very modest. But she isn't too deferential. She doesn't appear to be afraid, and that makes her much easier to talk to. She's interested in a great many things and she doesn't talk about herself, which is nice. I like her for that. Then, too, I like her for the fact that she doesn't try and pick anyone's brains. She watches and listens."

Each time Sir John did a scene, Jean was on the sidelines, watching and listening. He brought her candy bars and asked her about Elvis Presley and taught her to work English crossword puzzles. He asked her to his home for dinner one evening so that she could meet Dame Peggy Ashcroft, another English theatre great.

Everyone went out of their way to make her feel at ease. Another evening, production designer Roger Furse invited Jean and Preminger to his home to dine with Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier. Even before they were introduced, Sir Laurence spoke to Jean. "I don't need to ask you how it's going," he smiled. "I've asked everyone else and they say it's just wonderful."

They all knew what she was going through. "She's a gifted little actress," said Richard Todd on the set one day. "But she's under a tremendous strain. It's not easy to jump into one of the all-time classic roles."

The kidding on the set helped. Todd told her about the union that the "youngsters" had formed. Finlay Currie was president, since at seventy-nine he was the "youngest." "We always work according to union rules," explained Richard. "Anyone who does a scene in one take is dunned out of the union. Anyone who comes in knowing his lines gets a black mark."

It was doubtful that she was eligible for membership. In the first place, she was too young. And in the second place, she knew





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Then there was the day the picture's scripter, Grahame Greene, visited the set. Jean pulled up a chair to listen to a discussion between Greene and Felix Aylmer. "One of the things that comes out in the records is that Joan was a very attractive girl," Greene was saying.

Aylmer shot Jean a fond glance. "Obviously a case of miscasting," he grinned.

The jokes did help, but there was still the strain. Jean was up at five-thirty each morning. The hotel packed a lunch basket for her and filled a thermos with coffee. At six-thirty, she climbed into the back seat of the studio car and stretched out. The driver covered her with a blanket and she'd sleep until they reached the studio an hour later. She was on the set at eight-thirty. Nights she'd return to the hotel, sometimes as late as eight P.M., a tired figure, wearing slacks, a duffle coat and a corduroy cap, carrying her empty lunch basket and thermos. The manager was there to greet her, "Did our movie star work hard today?" The elevator boy: "How do you feel?" And the maid who opened the door to her suite: "You look tired, dear."

She'd head for her desk and find her mail. Her family wrote three times a week. Every two weeks she called home and sent clippings. Grandma was the keeper of the scrapbooks, was starting on the seventh volume. Preminger had given her a record player and she'd turn it on first thing. He'd taken her to some small art shops and she'd bought a Picasso print, "Child with Dove." He'd had it framed for her and some nights she'd come in and play soft music and sit and look at the picture. "The expression on the child's face is so peaceful," she says. "Just looking at it makes me feel peaceful, too."

Tired? She was beat. "The first three weeks I had a terrible time," she says. "I'd get so tense and the tension would go to my neck and my neck would get stiff. And I couldn't seem to breathe except in gasps.

"I cut out social life completely when we started filming. I was usually in bed at nine. It wasn't a sacrifice. I was so exhausted I couldn't go out. I guess every scene was difficult for me because I was nervous. But the trial scenes, especially. They were so depressing. I couldn't shake off the mood. It wasn't as if I'd done a hard day's work and could forget it. I just couldn't shake it off—"

There were scenes that went well on the first try. But the others were the ones that haunted her. Off the set, Otto Preminger was a friend, someone she could confide in. On the set, he was the perfectionist. "You were as cold as a cucumber. The whole scene stank. There was no freshness, nothing. It was the most mechanical reading of lines I've ever heard. You aren't thinking. You aren't thinking. *You aren't thinking the part—*"

A publicist who was late in starting to work on the picture had heard stories from the set. "When I met Jean," she says, "one of the first things I told her was my reaction to Mr. Preminger. 'Why, he's very civilized,' I said.

"I guess I sounded surprised, because right away Jean began to talk, to convince me that the methods he used on the set were all in a good cause. She's an adult child. She understands what it's all about. Even when he made her cry she bore him no malice because it was what was needed."

In addition to everything else, there was the fire accident. The day Saint Joan was to be burned at the stake a press call was sent out. There were to be twelve hundred extras, the largest number ever gathered on an English soundstage. Jean was chained to the stake from the neck down. Wood was piled beneath her feet and under the wood were gas jets. She felt no danger, as there had been two days of testing the arrangement. They turned on the gas.

Preminger called for action. The fire was lit. Later they found that too much gas had gathered in the jet directly in front of Jean. The flames roared up around her. Her hair caught fire. She managed to drop the cross she was holding and work her arms free from the chains and cover her face with her hands. The shirt began to burn around her waist. She'd read about what flashed through people's minds when they thought they were going to die, and she thought, "Am I going to die now? I don't want to die."

The two executioners were the only ones on the set who knew how to unfasten the chains. They were the first to realize what was happening and the first to reach her. Studio firemen turned the fire extinguishers on her. An assistant director jumped up and put his hands in front of her face.

Everyone else was helpless. Preminger was up on the camera crane; jumping down would have meant jumping directly into the fire. Tom Ryan was on a tower. Bob Willoughby was on a ladder. He had his camera, but he took no pictures. The movie cameraman let go of the action camera. By itself, the camera panned over into the crowd of extras. Their expressions had turned from make-believe horror to real horror. Some of them became sick; others hysterical.

When the executioners released her, Jean was led to her dressing room. A doctor was called and dressed the burns on her hands and knees and stomach. "For being so unlucky I guess I was lucky," Jean said.

"Lucky?" someone echoed.

"It would have been worse if I hadn't been chained," she said. "I would have fallen directly into the fire."

And there was more to come. The next morning, she climbed into the car to drive to the studio with Preminger, Ryan and Willoughby. "The doctor had told me to stay in bed at the hotel, but I couldn't. I just couldn't stay there alone."

They all tried to joke. Someone referred to the previous day's "barbecue" and Willoughby admitted he was ashamed of himself for not having been able to take pictures; it was very unprofessional. It was a cold morning and there was ice on the road. Halfway to the studio the car began to skid. The driver became frightened and started to let go of the wheel. Preminger grabbed his arm and made him hold on.

The car spun around, making two complete turns. Tom Ryan grabbed Jean so that she wouldn't be thrown down. Then the car hit a lamp and they were both thrown to the floor. Preminger jumped out of the front seat, came around and scooped Jean up. He had no remark appropriate for the occasion.

Other studio cars came along and picked them up. Willoughby climbed into one that promptly had another crash. He decided to go home and go to bed. With burns, bruises, cuts and a nosebleed, Jean went to the studio.

That evening, she went to watch the rushes of the burning at the stake. And the events of the past two days caught up with her. "I heard the fire extinguisher," she says. "Evidently that was the only thing I heard when it happened. I went to pieces."

She had a weekend to rest. On Monday she was back on the set. "I've never seen women as tough as American women," said publicist Susan Storer. "I don't mean a horrid toughness. I mean—well, courage, for one thing."

Now things were becoming a little less frightening for the schoolgirl from Marshalltown. She could kid, and she was getting pretty good at comebacks. When Otto Preminger appeared in an exploitation trailer and fluffed his lines, Jean remarked, "You weren't thinking. You weren't thinking the part!"

"Hmmm," said Preminger. "This girl's been pretty fresh ever since she got burned. She thinks nothing else can happen to her."

"I don't know," grinned Jean. "I guess I could fall into the pond with my thirty-five pounds of armor."

When the press visited the set, she knew what to say to them, the kind of material they would want. And she could start right in: "I was born November 13, 1938. I'm the second of four children. I have an older sister and two younger brothers, and my grandmother lives with us. My father's a druggist and we live in a big two-story stucco house.

"I always had animals around rather than dolls and things when I was growing up. When I was in the fourth grade, I wrote a play for Be-Kind-to-Animals week and won first prize. The prize was a puppy, but I never collected it. I had a dog at the time—he's still living—and I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

"I wrote several plays when I was in grade school and directed them myself. I took speech work in high school and appeared in plays and won several prizes. In senior high, I played *Sabrina* in 'Sabrina Fair.' It was our big production. We played to a thousand people.

"I did student government work and was a lieutenant-governor at Girls' State,


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then went to Girls' Nation in Washington, D. C. We didn't get much accomplished though. There was a lot of dissension between the North and the South!

"I graduated from high school last spring and my elocution teacher recommended me for summer stock at the playhouse in Cape May, New Jersey. I played *Claudia* in 'Claudia' and *Mrs. Carroll* in 'The Two Mrs. Carrolls' and *Madge* in 'Picnic.' But I didn't look like Kim Novak, darn it."

Still, there were some things she couldn't talk about, things that worried her. She'd heard that when people became movie stars their old friends were hesitant about keeping up the friendships. She didn't want that to be true. She found herself being careful about the letters she wrote. When she said in a letter that she'd had dinner with Sir John Gielgud, it sounded as if she were name-dropping. She never mailed the letter. She'd wait until she got back. Telling them in person would be different.

They'd been behind her all the way when she was testing for "Saint Joan." They were more confident than she was that she was going to get the part. Some of them were talented kids, waiting for their break. She happened to get hers first and she didn't want it to make a difference.

And what about love? She'd thought she was in love twice, but she knew she was young and fickle and spoiled. Would an intelligent, respectable young man have too much pride to get involved with an actress who loved her work? She thought of actresses who had happy marriages, and she could only hope that someday she'd be as lucky. Then, too, she thought of the letter she'd received from an older fan. "Someday," he'd written, "you may have the fortunate difficulty of deciding whether to become a great actress or a great woman. I hope you decide to become a great woman."

But what about her acting future? And what would happen to her in Hollywood? On the screen, she knew, some stars were "sold" on the basis of glamour. Others on the basis of a great performance, the result of years of training. "I don't have any technique or training yet," she found herself thinking. "All I have to 'sell' is myself. People say that Hollywood is superficial. If I lose myself by being around superficial things, I'll have nothing—"

She talked to Otto Preminger about her fears and he told her that for every phony in Hollywood, there are any number of very fine and very real people. But would she ever get to Hollywood? Newspapermen were asking Mr. Preminger about her next role, and he was saying that he had no immediate plans for her. The papers were wondering out loud about who would play the young girl in his production of "Bonjour, Tristesse." Deborah Kerr and David Niven had been signed for the other leads.

She wanted the part because it was a great part. But she wanted it, too, because it would mean that she'd done a good job in "Saint Joan" and that Mr. Preminger had confidence in her.

It was on a Friday night that Jean and some of the production people climbed into the car to drive into London. A few minutes later, Otto Preminger came out of the office building and got into the front seat beside the driver. As the car rolled past the studio gatehouse, he turned to Jean. "I've given Ed Sullivan permission to announce your next role," he said.

It meant she would play the part in "Bonjour, Tristesse." There were congratulations and there were jokes. "You've lost so much weight, I thought you'd be playing Gandhi," somebody said.

As the car neared London, the talk died out. Preminger glanced back at Jean. She was sitting in her corner, with the lunchbox and thermos on her lap. It had been a hard day. But, then, most of the days had been difficult for her. With more experience, he knew, she'd learn to relax—then things would be easier for her.

The car stopped for a traffic signal and the light from a street lamp shone through the window. It shone on her face. The face of a future star. THE END

PLAN TO SEE: Jean Seberg in United Artists' "Saint Joan" and Columbia's "Bonjour, Tristesse."

## The Reluctant Traveler

(*Continued from page 57*)

looked at each other in dismay, then out the window at the bleak, unfriendly countryside. "What," Alan mused, glancing at the official speculatively, "would Errol Flynn do now, I wonder?"

But it was not really a laughing matter. Not for Alan. This reluctant traveler, on his way to Greece to make "Boy on a Dolphin" with Sophia Loren and Clifton Webb, might well have asked himself, "What in the world are Sue and I doing here?"

Faraway places hold no attraction for Alan Ladd. Adventure is his meat professionally, on the screen; but off it there is adventure aplenty for him in just following the sun from the studio at the end of a day to the Ladd home in Palm Springs. An exciting script, a strong role, an excellent cast—they are alluring enough to get him moving, to take him far from California and into strange climes. But even they would not be enough if Sue weren't able to be with him, if he couldn't take along the heartbeat of his home and family.

"I'm not too adaptable that way," Alan admits. "Once my roots are planted, I don't want to move."

Sue, too. "Greece?" she had said uncertainly, when 20th Century-Fox announced that the whole picture would be shot abroad. That meant a long stay.

"Greece!" Alan had replied, and had begun getting homesick immediately. "I always want to come home before we even start," he admits. "I just don't like to go anywhere I've never been before."

Nor had it helped, this trip, to know that they would be gone three and a half months—during school months, when the family couldn't go along. That they would be on location in the Aegean Sea off a rocky little island called Hydra, on which there were no housing facilities available. That they would be living aboard a 112-foot yacht rented for them by the studio. For one thing, Sue has a sad way of getting seasick on boats.

And now, as they sat in the stalled train for four long hours while the Yugoslavian officials debated whether it was really necessary to put them off, even their temporary yacht home seemed hopelessly far away. At last a friendly Greek fellow passenger managed to impress the Yugoslavs with the fact that Alan Ladd is a famous American cinema star. That taking him off the train would be a mistake. "It would create quite an international incident," the passenger pointed out. That was enough, and the train finally rolled across the border and on to Athens.

There, it seemed, half the population of the country was waiting for them. "It was








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so different!" Sue recalls. "They are a happy people, and they knew Alan. They met us at the train with Greek dictionaries and all sorts of gifts. The crowd practically carried us to our car."

Their floating home was called "The Daphne," a former patrol boat, and was anchored off Hydra, which is a quaint island community built on rock, with cobblestoned streets and houses stacked in pastel-colored tiers, one straight up above the other. It is four hours by boat from Athens, completely isolated, with no telephones.

Sue was to discover that she was a better sailor than she had suspected. "For some reason she couldn't take the little motion of a big boat," Alan explains. But in a rough sea there was nothing little about the way the "Daphne" moved. "When we were in heavy water this boat would rock and roll, furniture would dance around and tables would go smashing from one side to the other—yet it didn't bother Sue at all." As for Alan, he could even do his calisthenics aboard her. "I'd go out in front of the masthead and do handstands, with the boat jumping under me like a bucking bronco."

An aquatic home has its novelties. Alan, a former free-style swimming and diving champion, could dive the twenty feet over the side in the morning and swim to work; the camera barge was usually about 200 yards away. Alan and Sue had a charming suite, including a big bedroom with full-sized bed, a den and a gray marble bathroom. Above that there was a dining room, card room and galley. Below deck were six double-bunk rooms and an extra bedroom for any guests who might drop in.

"Sue makes any room our home," Alan says. She put flowers and magazines around, they tacked up pictures of the children, and one evening Alan, too, contributed to the decor. "About half the company went to a benefit art exhibit on the island. We climbed 400 steps to get there, and when we got to the top the fuse blew. No lights. Everybody was running around with candles trying to see the exhibit." But it was a benefit, so Alan bought a picture by candlelight.

Social activities were, of necessity, limited. There was no theatre, no restaurant. "We would go from one boat to another for dinner, for a change." The boats included a summer cruiser used as a floating hotel for most of the company, and the "S. S. Neraida," formerly owned by Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, on which Clifton Webb and his mother lived. Once they went up to the monastery at the top of the hill. "The car was about forty years old, and the driver kept turning the gas off and on to save gasoline."

One gala evening Alan and Sue entertained with a musical clambake at the local tavern. "Alan collected some musicians who played the bazooki, an instrument like a mandolin," Sue relates. "We walked down the cobblestoned street, and by the time we got to the tavern we'd picked up fourteen people from the company." They bought wine for the whole party, had a festive evening, and the tab was only $1.27. "Real sports," says Sue.

Only one man spoke English in their international crew of nine, which included Italians, Greeks and a Chinese cook named Mike. Mike had been lost at sea off the coast of Greece forty years before. He'd married a Greek woman "and he speaks nothing well now—not even Chinese."

But Mike could make himself understood when anyone invaded his domain, the galley. One day Alan decided he wanted to make a salad. He chipped up tomatoes, onions, garlic, lettuce. "Just the usual salad, but I wanted to season it the way I like it." Mike stood watching over Alan's shoulder while he threw in the spices. Tension was obviously mounting. Suddenly, without a word, Mike wheeled away.

"What's the matter with Mike?" Alan asked, adding more garlic.

"He's upset," the crew member who could speak English explained.

Mike was so upset that he was hanging over the side of the boat, violently ill. In the excitement his false teeth fell into the water and Alan, feeling responsible, gave him the money to replace them. As he adds, "That was the most expensive salad I've ever made."

Mike's idea of a perfect dinner was fried mashed potatoes for an appetizer, then soup, meat and potatoes. There were no kitchen appliances, no toaster or broiler or even an oven aboard. They made toast by frying it in a pan. When Alan and Sue got too hungry for American food they'd order by radio from the American Air Force base in Athens. "They would send us chicken and steaks. And when we went to Athens we'd stop at the PX at the base and get hamburgers, Cokes, Tabasco sauce, relishes—all those things you miss," says Sue. Out of experience, Alan and Sue had taken along some portables like pancake mix, which proved a real luxury.



*For Alan and Sue, the real fun is staying home and working on family needs together*

Occasionally Alan and Sue would go quietly into the galley late at night, when Mike was asleep, and prepare Alan's informal snacks. "Alan likes to eat late, and he's used to getting it himself—or me getting it," Sue says. "He won't ask anybody else. I think that's one reason he doesn't like to travel. He likes to be home—where he can raid the ice box."

But take Alan's word for it, this location trip was tougher on Sue. "No telephone. Sue went out of her mind," he grins.

"Alan's the worrier," Sue retorts. "When we were where they had phones, if I'd called home every time Alan said, 'Don't you think you ought to talk to the kids?' we'd still be over there, working to pay off the phone company!"

Actually, that was the tough one—being separated from their family. Otherwise, as Alan says, "We've traveled enough so that we can adjust to about anything. I don't want to go, but nothing really bothers me after I get there. Sue and I've bunked in a trailer on movie locations. The two of us used to sleep in an upper berth on hospital tours."

As in some measure a substitute for the family, Alan and Sue would talk to little Piero Giagnoni, nine-year-old Italian actor in "Boy on a Dolphin." They would talk about America, about the kids, about baseball. "We missed David so," Alan says. "And Piero was a doll. Big brown eyes, sensitive face, such a smart kid. If he needed it, I'd step on Piero, just as I'd step on David. I taught him English, and he learned as rapidly as anybody I've ever known. He really wanted to learn."

One day they had Piero over for lunch, and Sue made pancakes for him. Another night when the company worked late "we put Piero to bed on our boat," Sue relates. "And I made him say his prayers, not a word of which I understood." On a night like this, thinking of their own nine-year-old at home, Alan and Sue were about ready to give up the ship.

It was hard not being together with the family on Thanksgiving, for instance. Alan and Sue sat in a hotel room in Athens, looking at each other over an untouched turkey and a bowl of fresh fruit. Saying nothing, lest they say too much. They called home, "and when I heard the kids' voices I started to cry," Sue says. When she cried, she triggered them all off. Carol Lee put David on the phone, and when Alan heard his gravel sniffle he choked up and handed the phone back to Sue. Expensive silence, with nobody saying a word.

Missing chapters in the family scrapbook, important family firsts, that can never be relived. Such as not being with David when he saw his first picture, Jaguar Productions' "The Big Land," in a Warners projection room. "I don't think I was very good," he wrote. "I rode the horse all right. That part was okay. But I don't think the rest of it's good."

Riding the horse had been a big victory for David. He was supposed to ride like the wind, and he had felt hurt when they talked of getting a double for him. Then he was plain humiliated when he found out the double would be a girl.

"Daddy, I can do it. Please let me," he'd begged.

"David, I can't take the chance. You might get hurt—"

"No, I wouldn't. I'll show you," he said. With which David had immediately taken off across the pasture, riding like the very wind. He had won his point. And now he thought the riding was "okay."

Another family first: Carol Lee had sent her parents some new photographs of her thirteen-year-old sister, Lonnie, and the 20th representative in Greece had flipped, saying, "Get a set of these out to the studio in Hollywood. They're looking for kids like her." When Carol Lee took Lonnie out to be interviewed, the studio wanted to sign both of them. In no time they were both studying drama with Ben Bard, who'd coached their dad many years before.

An active family, these Ladds, with events happening fast. Too fast when you're thousands of miles apart. But Alan and Sue have never believed in marital separations, and as long as the children are adequately provided for, Alan wants Sue with him.

"Carol Lee was with the children. She's even more strict than her mother," Alan says. "She's more like I am. Laddie was with them, too, and Johnny Betz, who's like my own brother, always stays at the house when we're away. If anything ever happened to those kids Johnny would kill nine people. Friends of ours like the Bendixes, the Demarests and the Eddie O'Briens all had them over for dinner. And we kept in constant touch—"

They heard from Carol Lee almost every day, and all the children wrote fairly often. Sue would write a "family letter" every day and a personal letter

to each of them twice a week. Report cards were sent over faithfully and carefully scrutinized out there in the boat in the Aegean Sea. "If their grades weren't good enough, we'd clamp down. Cancel all leaves—"

Once a week Alan and Sue made the four-hour boat trip to Athens and called home. Confused phone calls, usually, fading out at about every third word, with the children talking in their sleep. The telephone exchange in Athens did not open until three P.M. With the ten hours difference in time, "we'd just barely hear voices really—sleepy voices. It was especially hard to wake Lonnie in the small hours of the morning," her mother recalls.

They'd usually call at six P.M., Athens time. As Alan says, "We figured that about four in the morning was the best time to catch them all. David gets up and leaves for school around 7:30. Laddie would be at his fraternity house in the afternoons. Lonnie and Carol Lee would be in and out. At noon, nobody's there at all. And it's a bad gamble at five in the afternoon or at eight in the evening. But if we called at four A.M. we knew darn well they'd *all* be there."

"Go wake up everybody," Sue would say. And finally, "Get Lonnie on the phone." Silence, then, "We're trying, Mommy," Carol Lee would say. "She's coming—I think."

Sometimes there would be a small crisis to be solved, like the time their walk-in deep freeze had gone off while the kids were at the house in Palm Springs. Three hundred chickens in storage from the ranch had rotted "and melted into the wood." They were using gas masks and scrubbing with lye, but this wasn't working. The help was threatening to quit, for their quarters were right over the basement.

"They're fumigating," said Carol Lee. But the deep freeze might have to come out.

"How?" her dad said anxiously. "We had to knock down the basement wall to put it in."

"That's how it has to come out," she said.

"Oh, no!" Alan gasped, thousands of miles away. "Don't do that! Think of something else!"

Six days of waiting brought an airmail letter to explain how it was straightened out, but by then another small crisis had occurred. "My brother Laddie's car seat had caught fire on the Hollywood Freeway," Carol Lee recalls. Her brother and a frat friend were driving along the freeway in his convertible, when a passing motorist flipped a cigarette into the back seat. It burst into flame, and they'd had to pull off the freeway and put bushels of dirt on it—

Half a world apart, and there were important little personal decisions to be made, too.

Like Lonnie, belle of the ninth grade, explaining to a good-looking high-school junior that she still can't go out alone in the car with him. Yes, she knows he takes out older girls who can. "But that's one of the few things my mother has asked me not to do. And I can't do it—"

And there was the matter of David being all fired up about taking drumming lessons. "You'll have to ask Dad next time he calls," Carol Lee told him. When their parents called that week, she alerted them.

"David, when I was a boy I wanted to play the clarinet," Alan told him. "But I couldn't afford it. I've always wanted to play one. If you want to study clarinet, now, I'll see that you get one—"

David, who worships his dad, took up the offer. He was really dedicated to doing Alan proud on the clarinet. As Carol Lee wrote, "David's teacher says he's never seen a kid learn so much so soon." David was determined to learn to play "Onward, Christian Soldiers" for his dad and "Sweet Sue" for his mother by the time they came home. But as that day neared it was all too apparent that "Onward, Christian Soldiers" would be about all he could manage.

For Sue and Alan, remembering the Yugoslav incident, it was almost as tough getting home as it had been getting over there. And their new Jaguar Production, "The Deep Six," was scheduled to roll—or else.

The sun shines brightly over the Aegean, but all around it there were dark clouds of political crisis. Cyprus was one hour away. Four hours away, the Suez Canal had been seized and Egypt bombed. Travel was tight. Americans and Britons were evacuating the Middle East. Boats and planes and trains were jammed and it was almost impossible to get reservations. The final scene for "Boy on a Dolphin" rolled to an end only just in time for Alan and Sue to keep their reservations aboard the Mauretania.

For once they made a boat—but the boat didn't make them. At Le Havre there was a big storm and the liner couldn't get into the harbor. For seven hours Alan and Sue sat in the boat station waiting.

Out in the Atlantic, fog shrouded them in. Alan went up on the bridge and talked to the navigators, passing the time. "Why don't you move this thing?" he said, looking out at the blanket of pure fog. "You *do* want to get home, don't you?" they said. Then they told him. A freighter had just missed them by a coat of paint, right where the Andrea Doria went down—

New York and, true to pattern, pandemonium. They were twenty-four hours late and all train and plane reservations were gone. There was a train at six they might make if they could be whisked through customs. It was four-thirty then. They were whisked—leaving a whole army of bags on the other side of the counter.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Ladd. It will catch up with you in Chicago," the porter said.

A rush to Pennsylvania Station, to make the train just in the nick of time. Then, a feeling of relief as they settled down for the long ride. As the speeding train hurtled through the plains and mountains, their spirits soared. The long journey would soon be at an end.

At last, they were home. The house was shining and waiting. Every window carefully washed, every floor lovingly waxed, by their family's own hot little hands. Wonderfully, the basement wall was still there. The deep freeze was purring away, just as though it hadn't almost been an international incident. New teen-aged faces, boy friends of Lonnie's, were flooding the house. And a very proud David brought out a shiny clarinet and played "Onward, Christian Soldiers" straight through, not more than a little off-key.

The phone rings. A well-known producer has been holding a great script for Alan. Great part. Great director. Great budget. In short, great.

"Africa?" repeats Sue weakly.

Four pairs of eyes turn as one. "*Africa!*"

"Forget it," says Alan into the phone, in a tone that means "Forget it." Alan and Sue are home. Home with the heartwarming memory of all those friendly faraway faces. But home. God and the future willing, this is just where they will remain.

But the phone keeps on chattering. "Africa, huh?" says Alan. "Tell me some more about that script—" THE END

GO SEE: Alan Ladd in 20th Century-Fox's "Boy on a Dolphin," and Warners' "The Deep Six."





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(*Continued from page* 61)

piggyback and then, after the last of the candy had disappeared, sang to them in a quavering tenor.

This was a strangely different Brando than anybody had seen before. Happy and relaxed, there was a kind of tenderness about him that made the bongo-playing, T-shirt, motorcycle-riding days seem as remote from his new personality as the tiny orphanage was from Hollywood.

Perhaps it is because for the first time in a long time Marlon finds himself in an environment where he can be himself, and be accepted. Marlon makes it clear that he likes and respects the Japanese people —and they, in turn, like and respect him.

Some of the stories coming back from Japan are tender and moving. M-G-M called a party for the Japanese press, and Marlon, who used to feel so uncomfortable and unacceptable that he felt he had to prove he didn't care at all by being rebellious and offensive, was content to sit quietly in a corner the entire evening. "He's even shyer than Japanese," said one of the Japanese newspapermen in wonder, and they liked him for it.

He's a little bit in wonder about Asians too. "They stand at a distance . . . they don't bother you," he says, almost in awe. "I went into a Hong Kong store to buy something, and a lot of people started peering through the window. By the time I came out there was a big crowd, but no one pushed at me, or asked for autographs. They quietly parted and made a path for me to walk through."

There are heart-warming episodes. But there are others too, both confusing and disturbing. There is the report that Marlon has lost his fervor for acting, that he has turned writer, he's hard at work on, and has almost completed, the psychological Western he's been writing called "Burst of Vermilion," which he intends to produce and direct, as well as act in, for his own Pennebaker Productions. And then there were other reports. That Marlon has become interested in Buddhism, Marlon has re-discovered religion. Recently, newspapers carried a story that Marlon was going to give up acting. Another alluded that he wanted to go into the ministry.

And there, far away from where the gentleman in question can answer these reports himself, he's stirred up a tempest of claims and counterclaims. His fans worry. "Doesn't he care about movies any more? Why has he been away so long?" "I know he said he wanted to do 'Teahouse of the August Moon' " wrote one fan, "to promote a better understanding —but now he's doing 'Sayonara' abroad too, and there's talk he'll make still another picture in Japan. That's being away from home too long! People forget. As it is, even now Marlon's appeal seems to be fading. He isn't on the popularity polls anymore (he used to be close to the top) and the magazines don't write about him anywhere near as often as they used to. What's happened to the guy? Where is the old Marlon Brando of 'Waterfront'?"

Frankly, these questions worried many people, for despite the fact that he's achieved stardom and almost achieved marriage, Marlon's never managed to find any real joy or happiness or contentment.

When he was in his early twenties, he tried his luck on the Broadway stage—where actors have been known to starve for years between odd jobs and walk-on parts before they got a big break—yet Marlon made stardom with his second play, the electric "Streetcar Named Desire." To oldtimers, it seemed like a short cut to heaven, but it left him restless, and when a chance to make movies came along, he grabbed at it.

But a movie career gave him little joy, either. He fought with everyone, and time and again threatened to leave Hollywood. "Movies aren't an art," he shouted to all who would listen. "They're big business. And if an actor regards it as anything else, he's a dreamer."

Misunderstood, almost ostracized by Hollywood socially, he fought for roles that would give him a chance to be an actor of variety and depth, and stories that were strong, real and honest.

The vigor of his *Mark Antony* in "Julius Caesar" surprised the critics, and when "The Egyptian" was on the studio schedule, he shocked the studio—and everyone else—by walking off the set. "Who," he muttered, "could compete with 50,000 camels?" Elia Kazan, and a good script, got him on the screen in "On the Waterfront," and his judgment seemed vindicated. He kissed and made up with 20th Century-Fox, and made "Desirée" for them.

And then he softened, and that was the year of The Big Change—the year after his mother's tragic death. He traded in his blue jeans, trotted out a tuxedo for formal occasions and a homburg for informal ones, dressed the way people expected him to and acted the way they wanted him to. He'd even gotten himself engaged to Josanne Berenger and won himself an Oscar for "Waterfront." It looked as though Marlon had found fame and respectability and love—and that he liked it.

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He treated his role in "Guys and Dolls" lightly, talked about "not having to be perfection, just doing a good day's work," and started his own Pennebaker Productions with intentions of producing a Western, "To Tame a Land." It looked as though money was what he wanted, and money was what he intended to get.

And yet, just a little while later, he went off in still another direction. His thoughts crystallized, his plans emerged, and he asked to do "Teahouse of the August Moon" "to help bring East and West together," then made a trip through Asia in preparation for doing his own "Tiger on a Kite," a story for the United Nations, before he started work.

Then, last summer, he put his closest feelings into words when he told a reporter, "By now I've made enough money to live comfortably the rest of my life, so my main concern is not with making money," he said. And then he sobered, and said the words as though he were taking an oath, "I would like to make a cultural contribution and help some of the big social problems of our day."

Later, he told another reporter, "The Asians are looking to us for signs of friendship. You have no idea of the harm an unsympathetic picture can do." Then he added, "Only by international brotherhood of man will the world survive." It was the kind of statement that might have sounded pedantic, yet when Marlon said it, it emerged as a personal philosophy.

To those who were watching and observing him closely, it was an electrifying statement. Here was a man who could fight for the underdog, who could do good things when he was acting (as *Mark Antony* in "Julius Caesar," as *Terry Malloy* in "On the Waterfront") but who'd never had the courage before this to say that he wanted to reach out directly to people. Now he was ready to do it.

From Japan, the reports of his kindnesses, his sympathies, his wanting to do good, generous things came as something of a shock. Yet they needn't have. Basically, he's been that sort of person underneath, yet he seems to have worked overtime to hide it from the world.

A close friend of his relates that when Marlon came home from Shattuck Military Academy he told his father that he wanted to be a minister, because he felt that some day he would have something to say.

His father studied him closely and said, "You can reach out to people in an audience too—and you can teach them something." That's when Marlon decided he wanted to be an actor.

And, if you were looking for the signs, you could have seen them in his childhood, when he begged a friend not to step on some ants in his presence "because they have a right to live too," and in his early days in Hollywood, when he shocked a few people by showing disdain for a top-notch producer because he had animal trophies in his office. "All those slaughtered animals!" he's supposed to have said with a shudder, when someone asked Marlon how he liked the producer.

There were other signs too: He paid for a year's worth of visits to a psychiatrist when a friend's wife was having her emotional troubles, and he agreed to do Ed Murrow's "Person to Person" because, as he put it, "Mr. Murrow is making a contribution."

There were signs then that Marlon was coming out of his shell, but only now is it clear that he isn't afraid of being the kind, gentle person he always was, potentially. Instead of hiding behind the face and voice of the character he's portraying, he isn't ashamed to show himself as the kind of person he'd like to be. Screen writer Louis L'Amour, a friend, says, "Marlon is still growing. He still has his best work to do. He hasn't come more than half way as far as he can go, and will go."

This was partly responsible for his break with Josanne Berenger. "Josanne," he once said succinctly, "still has some growing up to do." He might have added that he himself did too—and that they were growing in different directions. He might have said it, but he didn't need to. It was something he *felt*.

A career, love, peace of mind—these are the things that Marlon is fighting for. Today at times he acts like a man who is fighting for his soul and his conscience. All his life he's acted as if to be shy and gentle were something to be ashamed of. Now he's less afraid to reveal this side of his nature. The steps toward maturity have been slow and painful for Marlon, but he has come a long way. As one of his friends put it, "Marlon has recently discovered that living is more important than anything else. I think that if acting ever became an obsession instead of an occupation or a means of expression, if it ever became more important than love or friendship, he'd give it all up. His search for faith goes on. Some day, he'll find it, and himself—and I think he'll find happiness when that day comes, too." THE END

DON'T FAIL TO SEE: Marlon Brando in Warner Brothers' "Sayonara."

(*Continued from page* 69)

if they were actors whom she remembered from her movie-going days in Cincinnati, she was more apt to gaze at them in wide-eyed wonder than bounce her scene off them and take the camera for her own.

Curtiz, who has been known to get excited, was the epitome of patience with Doris. When retakes were in order, he blamed himself, the cameraman and stagehands, or some vague airplane that had put a buzz in the sound track. He never blamed Doris. And Doris responded by working so hard that Curtiz was moved to remark, "Such application! No complaints. Always cheerful. With her around, the whole set is happy and hard-working."

Every director who has worked with her has said much the same thing since, but Doris had a special reason for working hard on her first picture, and making good was only part of it. Actually, she did not think she was making good, nor did she see any point in raising false hopes that she would ever make a second picture. Every day that she went to the set she was surprised to find herself still a member of the cast. She was hard-working because only by losing herself in her role, by driving herself to exhaustion, could she return to her lonely hotel room—living in their trailer home had become unthinkable after husband George Weidler's departure—and find any peace in sleep.

The girl who appeared in the finished production of "Romance on the High Seas," was a gay, vivacious blonde without a care in her happy, slightly-addled head. And that was the girl the movie reviewers and Hollywood writers believed she was. But that was not the girl who dragged herself home alone each night. At twenty-three Doris saw herself as a mother who rarely saw her child, as a wife who had miserably failed not once but twice in holding her husbands. Work was not merely the road to success, but an antidote to misery.

The sensitive Curtiz felt some of this conflict that was seething within his star. From the start he discouraged her seeing any of the rushes on her day's shooting. Once she expressed doubt about a scene, and asked to see how it turned out. "I liked it," he said firmly, "and that's good enough for you." He was afraid that if Doris saw the frivolous blonde on the screen, she would try to redeem her in the next take by making her a solid, serious-minded citizen.

Thus began an odd policy that Doris has continued to this day. She will not see her rushes, and only when forced to attend the premiere of one of her pictures will she endure the agony of seeing herself as others see her. Today she has a good reason. It is in conflict with the accepted theory that an actor should study himself on the screen to better improve himself for his next roles, but it works for her.

She explains it this way: "When I study a script I develop a mental picture of the woman I am playing. I study that woman. By the time we are ready to start filming, that woman is very real to me, and I know just what she will do."

"You actually become that woman?"

"To the best of my ability, yes." She crinkled her brows, hunting for words. "Mind you, the woman I am playing isn't like *me* at all. She's what I think *she* is. Now, suppose I see the rushes of a day's shooting. Sitting in the projection room, I'm not that woman, I'm me again. I look at that woman up there on the screen, and I don't like her. Like in 'The Man Who Knew Too Much,' for instance. In some of the terror scenes I looked just awful. My mouth was crooked, my hair was all mussed, my eyes were swollen, my dress was like a sack. If I had seen the rushes of that—well, I'll tell you one thing. I'd have marched in to Hitchcock and told him he was ruining me."

"But I thought you did a marvelous job."

"That woman did, not *me*," Doris said emphatically. "In that situation, she was supposed to look awful, and as long as I was her, I knew it. Tears, moans, ugly mouth, everything. But me, personally, I don't like to see *myself* looking like that. As I say, if I had seen the rushes, the next time we played such a scene I'd have settled my dress, combed my hair and kept my mouth straight. Consciously or subconsciously, I'd be trying to make me, Doris Day, look pretty instead of making that woman look real. So I don't look at the rushes. As long as it's a picture about that woman, I keep myself out of it."

But Doris did not encounter this dual-personality conflict in her first pictures. "Romance on the High Seas," with Jack Carson carrying the laughs in his inimitable style, was just light enough and fast enough to carry Doris to success without putting too much strain on her limited acting ability. At once Warner Brothers starred her in another picture, and then another, warning her meantime to avoid acting lessons like the plague.

"You're a natural without lessons," she was told. "They can't improve you, but they might give you some wrong ideas. Just leave good enough alone."

The odd thing about it is that, unsuspected by herself or anyone else, she was doing a superb acting job all the time. She was type-cast as the wholesome, bouncy, all-American girl-next-door, and no one was less that girl than Doris Day.

At ten she had started her professional dancing lessons. At an age when most girls are giggling over their first dates, she was in bed with a shattered leg, her dancing career over. When other girls were going to the high school prom, she was singing for college proms with Bob Crosby's orchestra. When they were off to college, she was on the road with Les Brown's band, and when they were beginning their first serious romances, she was already a divorced wife and mother. And where other girls saw their own lives filled with humdrum reality and envied Doris her gay and romantic life in big-time show business, she saw the harsh reality of her world and envied them their special teen-age life filled with a sparkling magic of its own. She did not play the girl next door. She acted out her dream of that girl, and it was her glowing, envy-touched dream that added the extra lift to her films.

If her first films were repetitious they had their rewards. With her first paycheck she was able to bring her mother and Terry out to California, and for the first time in years she was with her son. One of the big moments in her life was when she moved with her family into a small, to her enchanted, cottage in Hidden Valley.

Movie fame also brought her big radio assignments, among them the Bob Hope show, and big recording contracts. Within two years of her first movie assignment, Doris was earning $500,000 a year in movies, radio and in recording royalties. In 1948 she recorded "It's Magic," still one of her favorite songs, and watched it soar over the million mark in a matter of weeks. "It's Magic" seemed to be the theme song of her career, but it had anything but a magic influence on her private life, unfortunately.


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Having twice failed in marriage, she became convinced that love was not for her. More and more she spent every free moment at Hidden Valley, shunning society with the fanaticism of a recluse. Once, on a tour of Army camps and hospitals with Bob Hope, the plane bringing them to a landing in Pittsburgh so narrowly missed a collision that even Hope turned green. As their plane zoomed skyward, shooting over the other plane by inches, Doris decided that if she ever got safely back to earth, her days of constant travel would be over. Today she will travel only if Marty and Terry can be with her, and even then, as on her trip to Marakesh, Paris, and London with "The Man Who Knew Too Much," she is uneasy until she gets back home. "Marty and Terry are the tourists in the family," she admits. "They love to haggle in weird Arab bazaars, or find strange shops in Paris or London, but me, if I can't find what I want on Wilshire Boulevard, I don't need it. I guess I got in too much traveling while I was still too young."

Another by-product of her young days that matches her unwillingness to travel is her reluctance to appear in public as an entertainer. Where once she would sing into the small hours seven nights a week for twenty-five dollars, she now flatly refuses $25,000 a week to make a couple of nightly appearances at some lavish Las Vegas casino. Except in the cause of charity, she limits her work to recording sessions and movie assignments where her audience is made up exclusively of professionals.

This reluctance can be traced back to "Young Man with a Horn," in which she co-starred with Kirk Douglas. It was a strong dramatic part. Here the studio felt safe, because Doris knew all about music, about jazz and jam sessions, about one-night stands and about young men who played horns, having been married to two of them. But it was her toughest assignment. The movie sets of night clubs and theatres were too real. The situations and dialogue were too real. They carried too many overwhelmingly painful memories. Every day Doris had to force herself to belt out a few songs she had once sung for kicks, and what the director thought was a girl coasting through a natural role was really a girl in torment. Her withdrawal from public entertainment dates from that time.

Out of the eighteen pictures Doris made for Warner Brothers, only one other revealed her true dramatic ability, but this time with happier results. That was "Storm Warning," in which she made her first venture into terror. As things turned out, it was a good break. If the studio had any doubts about Doris Day as a dramatic actress, it felt comfortably covered by having Ginger Rogers, a proven actress whose name alone could sell the picture, play the main lead while Doris supported her in the secondary role of her sister.

A few days after its premiere Doris was dragged, almost forcibly, out of her seclusion at Hidden Valley to attend a party of the kind that makes Hollywood glamourous to all but Doris Day. "You have to come," she was informed. "There'll be some people there you simply have to meet."

Doris dutifully went to the party, was caught up by the social whirl and passed unobtrusively from one group to the next. In time, and to her immense relief, she found herself in a quiet corner where she could see without being seen. She began to relax a little. A few more minutes went by before she was aware of a silent bulk besides her that was not, as she had previously thought, a protrusion of the woodwork. With an inward gasp she realized it was Alfred Hitchcock, a man so notoriously shy that he has been known to pass up his favorite exercise of eating rather than make a public appearance in a studio commissary.

But if Mr. Hitchcock is shy, he is also the murder-master of Hollywood, whose film excursions into the more sinister aspects of crime have made him a connoisseur of sophisticated dialogue, dramatic acting and exotic sets. His first apprehension at finding Doris Day beside him dwindled as the minutes went by and she made no overtures to speak. It dawned on him that he was in the presence of a person even more shy than he, an emboldening experience. It even encouraged him to speak.

"You are Doris Day, are you not?" he asked in his meticulous Oxford English.

She yielded a frightened smile and a nod of assent.

"You can act," he said accusingly.

A startled expression crossed her face. No one had ever accused Doris of that before.

"I saw you in 'Storm Warning.' Quite good, quite good indeed. I could use you in one of my pictures."

Having talked himself out in some thirty words, and being quite flustered as a result, Mr. Hitchcock bounced himself off to a more neutral corner. To this day Doris does not know if she got out more than a blurted, "Thank you."

But the die was cast. Doris took the words home with her and treasured them, and began to think about them. Could she really act? Or would she always be the girl next door until some younger candidate came along and made her obsolete? It was time, she decided, to find out.

Other matters were coming to a head, as well. Down at her agency Al Levy had his hands full just watching out for her movie contracts. Young Marty Melcher was working long hours on her radio and recording contracts. For reasons never quite clear to him, Marty was also handling such of her non-musical enterprises as balky lawnmowers, faulty plumbing, blown light fuses and the weekend shopping. It was just a convenient arrangement. As he and Doris both knew, romance was for the birds, and they got along splendidly well on a platonic basis. What was more, he, too, thought Doris could act.

It was Terry who precipitated matters. Too young to be disillusioned about romance, and delighted at an occasional chance to have a man around the house, he suggested that Marty's handyman status be made permanent. Suddenly struck by the wonderful fitness of the whole idea, Terry's mother and her agent forgot all about platonic friendship. Love, too long held back by a bitter, we-know-better restraint, swept the two of them away like a flood.

"But it's not true that we interrupted a shopping trip, and went to find a justice of the peace with our arms loaded with packages," laughs Doris. "We weren't in that big a rush. We waited until my birthday, April 3, 1951, and went to get married by Justice of the Peace Leonard Hammer. We wanted a quiet marriage so we didn't tell anybody in advance, not even Mr. Hammer. When we got there he was tied up for another hour or so. We didn't want to be conspicuous sitting around the hall, so we went shopping for some new draperies to kill time, that's all."

So careful were they to keep the marriage quiet that among other people they had failed to notify in advance was a witness. Needing one, Marty searched through the small town hall, closed for the noon hour, and returned with an obliging young man named Richard Turpin. The ceremony concluded, the happy young Melchers stole quietly away. They had accomplished the impossible—an unpublicized wedding of a major Hollywood star.

Except—as screaming headlines informed them a couple of hours later—that the obliging Mr. Turpin was a newspaper reporter, who knew a story when he witnessed one.

They had planned on no honeymoon, but with the press, radio, and television hard on their heels for interviews, they fled on what Mrs. Kappelhoff informed all callers was a long trip to the mountains, or the desert, or the beach, or someplace. A day or so later they slipped quietly back to Hidden Valley. A honeymoon involving travel and impersonal hotel rooms was not Doris' idea of the happiest way to start her new married life. She wanted *home*.

With a man around the house, quarters became too cramped at Hidden Valley. At this point Martha Raye decided to give up Hollywood in favor of Broadway and the night-club circuit, and her house at Toluca Lake, convenient to Warner Brothers, was so exactly what Doris and Marty wanted that they snapped it up. "Now we've got a house big enough to entertain in," they told each other happily.

But, once moved in, Doris did not want to entertain, nor did she want to go out to other parties. She just wanted to be with her family, with no interruptions. All her working life this girl had always been the paid entertainer, but never the hostess who entertained, and the thought terrified her. When social obligations practically forced her to throw a party, she stood out in the hall trembling, afraid to enter her own living room until Marty took her arm reassuringly.

Occasionally she would run into Hitchcock at one gathering or another, but either he was too busy with his current work, or he regretted his previous loquaciousness, because he made no second mention of her dramatic ability. For the time being, that was all right. Marriage had calmed some of her restlessness, and at Warner Brothers she was being given a chance to develop her talents in still another line. She, who had been a professional dancer at fourteen and been told she could never dance again, was now becoming a dancer. The crash that had shattered her leg had not destroyed her




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PHOTOPLAY FOR JULY

talent or her will. Uncertainly and on painful muscles at first, she danced with growing confidence. In "Lullaby of Broadway" she did some of the most difficult steps the art has to offer, including the trick of dancing up and down a long flight of stairs.

Doris Day was dancing again. She had a happy home-life. Her studio was happy with her talents and perfectly willing to pay her hundreds of dollars for making pictures that were fun to make. But to her, one question now became paramount.

"Can I act?"

She quit the studio. She quit to freelance, to wait for some producer—any producer—to give her a solid dramatic part. It is a rough decision for any actor to make. Rougher still for Doris, who had a million-dollar reputation as "the girl next door," but little more than her own intuition to assure her she could act. As one critic remarked, with more flipness than charity, it was like quitting musical comedy to wait for an offer from grand opera.

Doris had plenty of offers. She was too valuable a property to remain ignored. But her would-be producers all wanted to star her in the same sure-fire roles that had helped keep Warner Brothers a prosperous concern. She turned them down, but a gnawing doubt began to creep in. Lonely years of breaking into Hollywood, in which hard work was her only antidote to misery, were now taking their toll. And she had worked harder than she or anyone else knew. Easy lines that an experienced actress could toss off with the lift of an eyebrow had been an ordeal for her, and the difficult lines that she had mastered were not so much the product of inspiration plus training as they were of sheer perseverance. To mental turmoil was soon added a health problem, memories of which are painful even today.

At this critical point she wanted comfort only from Marty, from Terry, and from her mother. Least of all did she want to be hunted up by the press and interviewed on love, marriage, success and the details of her private life. In return for this "lack of cooperation," the Women's Press Club of Hollywood voted her their Sour Apple of 1954 as a symbol of their disapproval. Upon receipt of this news, Doris came close to collapse.

"It was the lowest period of our married life," Marty admits frankly.

Then came the big offer from M-G-M to star with Jimmy Cagney in the highly dramatic "Love Me or Leave Me," a turning point in her professional life. The picture was based on the life of Ruth Etting, a famous singing star of early radio and speakeasy days, who in private life was the unhappy victim of too many bouts with the bottle and with a husband whose tenderness seldom rose above a belt on the jaw.

Marty, who had given up his role as agent in favor of keeping business out of the family, was perfectly willing to let his wife find herself in a difficult role, but her friends were horrified.

"How can you play Ruth Etting?" she was asked countless times. "You don't drink. You can't stand brutality. And think of your fans. They know you as the wholesome girl in the high-necked gingham dress. How can you let them down in a picture that deals with sex and booze and even murder?"

But Doris went ahead. She turned in a performance so outstanding in its dramatic intensity that it won for her the International Laurel Awards Poll conducted by motion picture exhibitors. On the strength of tickets purchased at the box-office window, Doris Day was the top actress of the world, successful as never before.

Shortly before the end of shooting on "Love Me or Leave Me," Doris ran into Alfred Hitchcock.

"Now," he said.

"What?" asked Miss Day.

"'The Man Who Knew Too Much.'"

"Good."

It was one of the shortest negotiations in Hollywood history, but then, because of the length of the title, it was pretty long-winded for those two at that. Doris knew she wanted to work for Hitchcock, and Hitchcock knew he wanted Doris for the remake of his all-time favorite movie. Need they say more?

With the release of "The Man Who Knew Too Much," Doris made permanent her right to be called a dramatic actress and a star of the first magnitude. Then came "Julie," an independent venture by a new company called Arwin Productions, which happens to be Mr. and Mrs. Martin Melcher. Now she is busy with "The Pajama Game," a vehicle for the full measure of her triple-threat talent, as a singer, as a dancer and as a dramatic actress.

But it is not in the flowering success of her current career, deeply satisfying though it is, that the real climax of Doris Day's story comes. It is in her personal life, her fresh hold on the world, created by her years of struggle, of pain and joy.

In part that fresh look arose from her recent work. "When Marty and I were working as business partners on 'Julie'," Doris says, "it made us realize how important our family life is, and I think that is the most important realization that has ever come to me."

But the climax is more than that, too.

Last summer Doris took a serious operation in her stride. Upon release from the hospital she asked her doctor, "Will I be able to play tennis?"

Thinking she was asking only if the operation would interfere with her tennis style, he answered, "Think nothing of it. You can play all the tennis you want."

Whereupon Doris hired an instructor and put in an hour a day on the courts for the next week. When she reported her progress to her doctor, he was appalled. "I didn't mean you could play tennis *now*," he protested. "I meant after you had recovered from your operation."

"Oh, that," said Miss Day. "I recovered from that the day I left the hospital."

That's Doris Day on the health side. But more important, her "rest" in the hospital had given her time to think over certain other matters. As a result, she had decided that she was going to learn about baseball, and swimming, and tennis, and fishing, and all the other sports she never had time for when other kids were picking them up instinctively. She would recapture her youth while she was young enough to enjoy it, and old enough to appreciate it.

That's exactly what she's doing, with enthusiastic support from Marty and Terry, who are enjoying their roles as sports instructors to the full. And Doris is having more fun than she ever dreamed possible.

All the confusion and all the indecision are gone. And what will happen in the future? Back once more to the drifting, aimless program of letting whatever will be, will be? No, it's a delightful philosophy and makes a charming song, good for a fortune in records alone, but it's no longer for Doris. She has found her career, her family and her home. Whatever will be had better be in the direction of making all three of them richer, more satisfying, more her own—or she will bat the charming philosophy right in the eye. And that goes for the fortune, too. THE END

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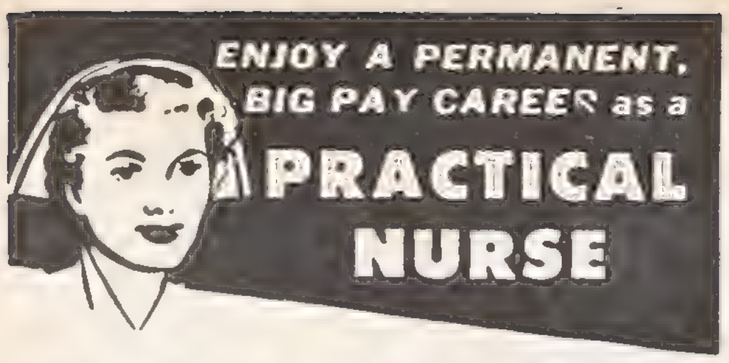
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# The Dream That

(*Continued from page* 59)

trivial. And yet, the minute you settle down to the everyday living of marriage, those are the things you spend your days with, and they get to be all important. *I know.*"

Vera, who jumped headlong into an early marriage at eighteen, after knowing the boy a month, was floored by the enormity of the job she'd undertaken. Her youth, spent living in Y's and supporting herself since she was fourteen, hadn't prepared her for the job of being a homemaker, and the day-to-day business of keeping house was difficult. For many reasons, her first marriage was never happy. Her second marriage, to Gordon Scott, has been different.

"When Pete and I (I guess I'll never be able to call him Gordon)—when we decided to get married, it may have seemed sudden, but we'd had a long time to get to know each other, and I'm glad of it. It gave our love a chance to simmer, a chance to develop, and for me to think things through and plan the kind of home we'd have.

"I must have been thinking of marriage unconsciously ever since I started my collection of fancy china about a year ago, and put it on a shelf in the kitchen that I called my 'hope shelf.' It got me started thinking in terms of making a home for Pete, of building something for us to share together.

"Isn't it odd, I've always felt that here in America, where we teach our girls to be secretaries, actresses, teachers, file clerks and writers, we teach them almost nothing about the most important job of all: the business of making a home? My own little girls, Debbie and Kelly, will start early learning about the things that make a home. After all, a homemaker is what every girl wants most to be—so why not teach her as much as possible, as soon as possible?"

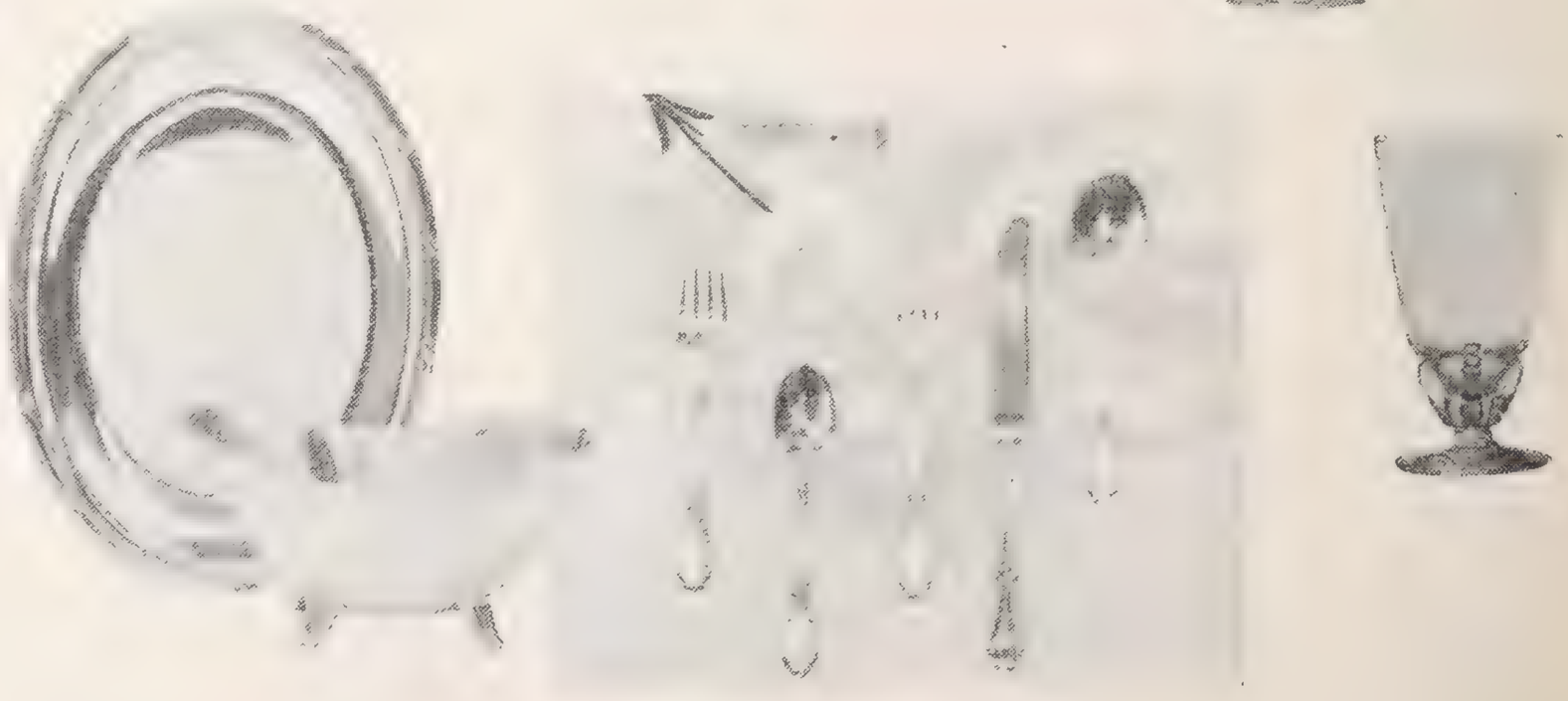
We think Vera's thinking sound, and we agree. Whether you're living at home, refurnishing a house that's been under way awhile or, most happily of all, getting started as a Mrs. in a brand-new household of your own, you want to learn as much as you can about linens, sheets, towels, silver, glass and china, for they're the little things which make a house a nicer place in which to live. And here are tips—some are Vera's, some ours—to help you do it!

**Set a Pretty Table:** You're lucky—you can be as new-fashioned as you please, and still be in the best of style. "My grandmother never saw a place mat in her life," says Vera, "but I wouldn't be without a set." You, too, can have attractive, inexpensive place-settings for every day and choose them from among styles frilly as organdy or sturdy as plastic. And your tablecloth needn't be white, as Grandmother's most likely was. It can be almost any color of the rainbow, or something that even the rainbow hasn't seen: a pastel sprinkled through with the glint of gold, for instance, or a vivid, bold plaid, or a print. You can have a tablecloth that's been treated with a finish to make it stain-repellent, or you can have one that's plastic-coated. And if you want it, you can have a beautiful cloth of light-as-air lace, woven of strong-as-steel Dacron. It's all yours, for just the taking.

"In making a selection, however," Vera reminded us as we spoke, "point out that the pattern in color and design should

*Put sparkle on your table with Fostoria's "Chalice" stemware, right. Sherbet (or shrimp), water goblet, iced tea, each $2*





*What a dream's made of—gleaming silver plate to light up a home. Above, a versatile gravy boat and tray in 1881 Rogers' "Croydon." $16.50 plus tax*

*Timeless beauty for lovers of the elegant, Towle's "Fontana" sterling pattern in a graceful fountain-inspired design. Six-piece place setting, $38.50*

# Lasts a Lifetime

complement both the china and glass of the place setting and blend with the color scheme of the rest of your room." Also be careful about the size too. For instance, if you choose one of the new oval tablecloths for an oval table, you won't have horrible folds of a rectangular cloth gathering and hanging limply at the sides.

To test your table linen for quality—and the test is just about the only thing you'll find hasn't been improved upon: it's the same one Grandmother used. Simply slip your fingernail under the seam of the hem. If the stitches are tiny and firmly placed, you'll have a hard time penetrating, and the tablecloth will last longer than if the stitches are loosely placed and easy to get through.

**Choosing Your China** (and here's a page right out of Vera's scrapbook): Get re-acquainted with three good words, while you're about the business of selecting your dishes. They are: *porcelain earthenware* and *pottery,* and they're the three main groups into which dinnerware falls.

*Porcelain* (also called china) is made of highly-refined clays fired in a kiln at intense heat. You can see the shadow of your hand when you hold it to the light, hear a bell-like ring when you tap it with your finger.

*Earthenware* is fired at a lower temperature and for a shorter period of time. It must be glazed before you can use it.

*Pottery* is made of unrefined clays in their natural state and is less highly fired than earthenware. It's heavier, non-transparent, and because it's porous, it's non-resistant.

In expense, the three groups rank roughly in the order given.

Select your dinnerware according to your taste, your plan for living and your pocketbook, "But by all means choose a pattern you won't tire of," warns Vera, "one that will blend nicely with your color scheme." (She chose eggshell white.) If your pattern is one that comes in open stock, you will be able to buy individual pieces later on, whenever you want to. What you'll probably want at the outset will be butter plates, luncheon plates, salad plates, dessert plates, and teacups and saucers—in a service for four, at least. Later on, you'll add other pieces such as cereal bowls, multiplied by the number of settings you have, and fill in (whenever breakage occurs).

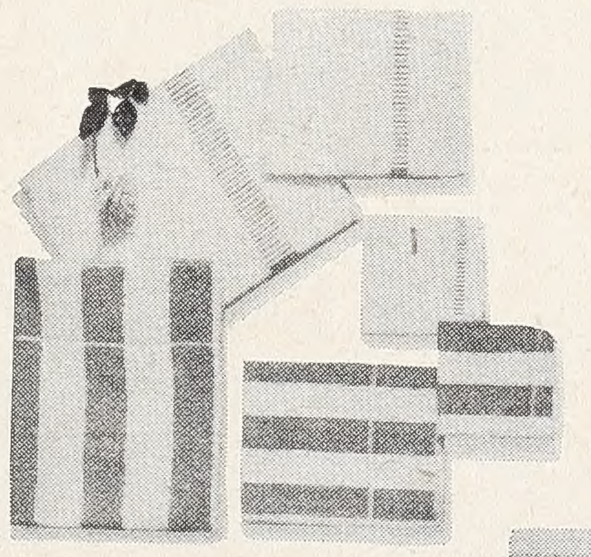
**The Gleam of Glass:** "This much is clear as crystal: it's easy to shop wisely for glass, when you know the facts," laughed Vera. "But it's getting those facts." Perhaps you aren't an expert either, but you'll look like one if you watch for good design and proportion in the glassware you buy. Each piece should be easy to hold and well balanced. It should "feel right" when you hold it.

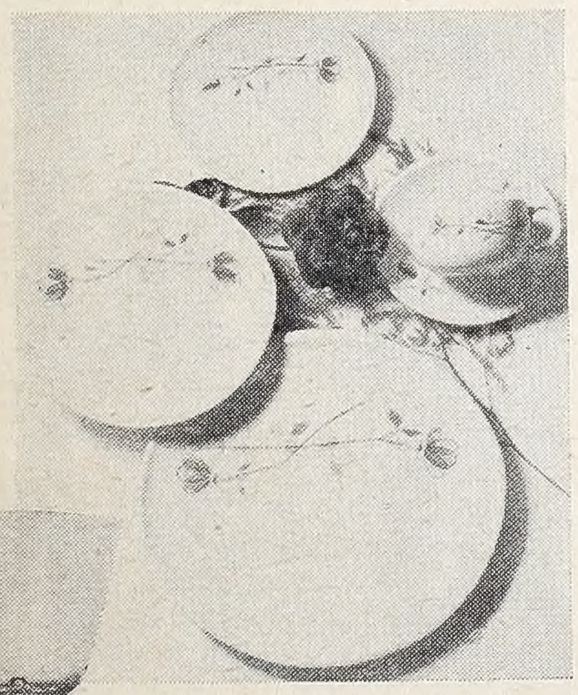
In buying stemware, be an "expert" and be sure that the stem and the base, and the base and the bowl, are firmly joined, since these are the points at which breakage most often occurs. Good glassware has the glow, luster or clear sparkle of fine crystal. It would be asking too much to insist that every piece be entirely free of bubbles, waves or specks—but it wouldn't be doing so to insist that these marks be few, and in inconspicuous places.

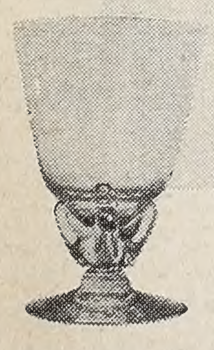
If the glassware is decorated (by etching, cutting or engraving) the cutting should be sharp and true, the etching

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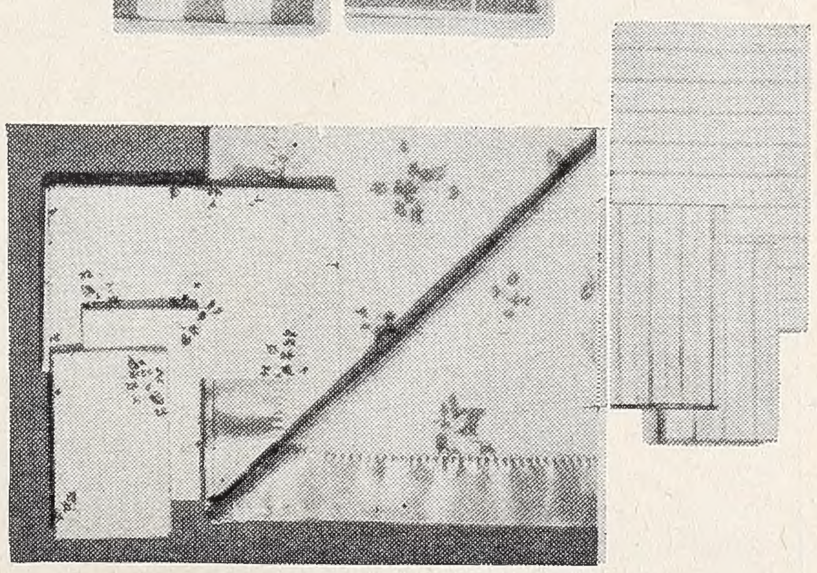
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ST. PAUL, MINN.....Golden Rule
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.....The Paris Co.

### Sea Nymph Hi-Lo swimsuit

NEW ORLEANS, LA.....D. H. Holmes
NEW YORK, N.Y.....Arnold Constable
TUCSON, ARIZ.....Korby's
WASHINGTON, D.C.....The Hecht Co.

### Rose Marie Reid alphabet towel

DETROIT & NORTHLAND, MICH.....Kline's, Inc.
ST. LOUIS, MO.....Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

clear and distinct. Pressed glass should not show prominent marks or ridges.

"I started off with one good basic set of glassware," offered Vera. "Iced tea glasses, water, juice and sherbet glasses—eight of each."

**Set Your Place in Silver:** In the matter of silver flatware, there are two roads to take. You could take the high road of "sterling" and slowly build for a lifetime of service. Or you could take the quick road of "silver plate" and round up your silver service quickly and inexpensively.

Sterling silver ("It's easy to recognize, because it has the word 'sterling' stamped on each piece") is made almost entirely of silver, with a small amount of alloy added to give extra strength and durability. Silver plate, on the other hand, is much less expensive (though it's adequately suited for service) and is made of a basic white metal which has been coated or "plated" with silver. The quality of the silver plate depends on how heavy this "plating" is, and how well pieces are reinforced with additional silver at points of wear. The heavier the piece of silver plate is, the better it is considered to be. It's a matter of weight: the weight determines the quality.

"Of course, sterling is the best," Vera agreed with us. "But if your budget won't allow it, you can choose plated silver if it's guaranteed by a reliable house, with a trade name you recognize." Buy your service from the most reputable retailer in town and study the claims of the manufacturers, too. More than that, do a little detective work yourself: Is each piece well balanced and comfortable to hold? Are the base and handle joined firmly? Are the fork tines uniform in length and the spoon bowls smooth? And is the finish (whether it's shiny or satin) flawless? You'll be using your silver service often, so it's worth taking the time to investigate.

Stainless steel flatware is another alternative to sterling, and some of the reliable silver houses are now making stainless that is both attractive and well-made. Points-of-purchase to keep in mind when buying stainless steel are as follows: make sure that each piece is not the same thickness throughout, but that it is "rolled" so that it is thickest at the point of stress, and then tapered for balance and good design. Hollow-handled knives, and skillful finishing are also "quality" notes.

If you aren't buying a complete set outright, the best idea is to build your service a place setting at a time. In other words, you'll want to buy one each of: salad fork, butter spreader, cream soup spoon, luncheon knife, luncheon fork, teaspoon. And then start all over again when the place setting is complete. You'll have a wide choice of very decorative or simple patterns, depending on your taste and the décor of your home.

"A service for four would seem to be the minimum—anything over that, really nice to have," suggested Vera. "Remember, too, that the sparkle of silver pieces, such as candelabra, serving dishes, tea sets, can add gracious living to your home and last a lifetime."

**Tips on Towels:** The more loops the merrier (the heavier the better) might apply to toweling and terry cloth, for the more loops to the square inch in the weave, the more absorbent the terry cloth will be, and the "thirstier" the towel when you apply it to your skin. Good towels feel soft and fluffy, even after many washings, and it's a good idea to buy the best quality you can afford and to stay with the well-known brands.

In addition to bath towels, you will want and need face towels and washcloths, fingertip towels for guests and an extra supply for weekenders. But if you aren't a one-track-mind girl normally, try to get that way about the subject of towels and colors: you don't want too many colors confusing the bathroom color scheme. Two good basic colors (or one solid color, one plaid or stripe) should be adequate for expressing your color sense. (Vera has one set of black towels.) And you'll want the rest of the bathroom accessories—curtains and mats, for instance—to blend into a harmonious whole.

**The Best of Bedding:** "Percale? Muslin? I can never remember the difference," admitted Mrs. Scott. So we looked up the answer. It's easy to see the light, and to discover the difference between percale and muslin, when you hold them both up to the sunshine. Combed percale is tightly woven of long, even threads, and feels like silk. It's more expensive than muslin, which is loosely woven of heavier cotton, and lets the sunshine through in larger doses when you're making the test.

"If you're not using a contour sheet, sheets should be large enough to stay tucked in when they're in use" says Vera, "—especially if you're a gymnastic sleeper like Gordon." Fortunately, they're made in standard, extra large, and fitted sizes, so that you can easily find the sheet you need for the type of bed you have.

Sheets and pillowcases, which used to be white, now come in a garden-variety of colors and pastel stripes, flower-splashed prints, and sheets with scalloped borders. "I bought so many I had no more storage space—and had to get a hope chest," laughs Vera. "Actually though, it's such a handsome piece of furniture to add to our dressing room, that I don't mind a bit."

Vera thinks a suggested list of bedroom linens should include six sheets for every bed—two on the bed, two in the laundry, and two for the hope chest.

**Blanket Statements:** Covering the subject neatly, one might make the blanket statement that covers should give warmth. That's the primary function of blankets, and for that reason, wool is most preferred. There are, however, a good many miracle fiber fabrics of which blankets are currently being made, such as nylon, Orlon, Acrilan and Dacron, used alone or in a blend, which often offer the added attractions of being mildew-proof and non-allergenic. "I use cotton comforters for the girls' beds," said Vera. "They're less expensive than wool, but don't offer as much warmth for the amount of weight. However, in California, they're ideal."

A good woolen blanket should be soft and fluffy to the touch and slightly "springy." The nap should be even, and the weave, regular. You don't get warmth from mere weight, you get it from the layers of air and "pockets" built into the blanket, so the finer and the closer the weave, the more "pockets" of air there are and the warmer the blanket will be.

Blankets not only come in a wide range of colors, solid or printed, but there is an assortment of sizes too: for a standard double bed, a blanket should be 80 by 90 inches; for a single bed, 72 by 90 inches. There are, however, king-size blankets which measure 90 by 109 inches.

Summing up: your home (and the things you have in it) reflects the kind of person you are. Shop for it wisely, and you—and the people in it—will agree that "home is where the heart is." "Making a home for her loved one is every American girl's dream," explained Vera. And fortunately, it is a dream that lasts forever. THE END

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YOU'LL SEE: Vera Miles in Paramount's "Beau James."

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